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**Class No.....**

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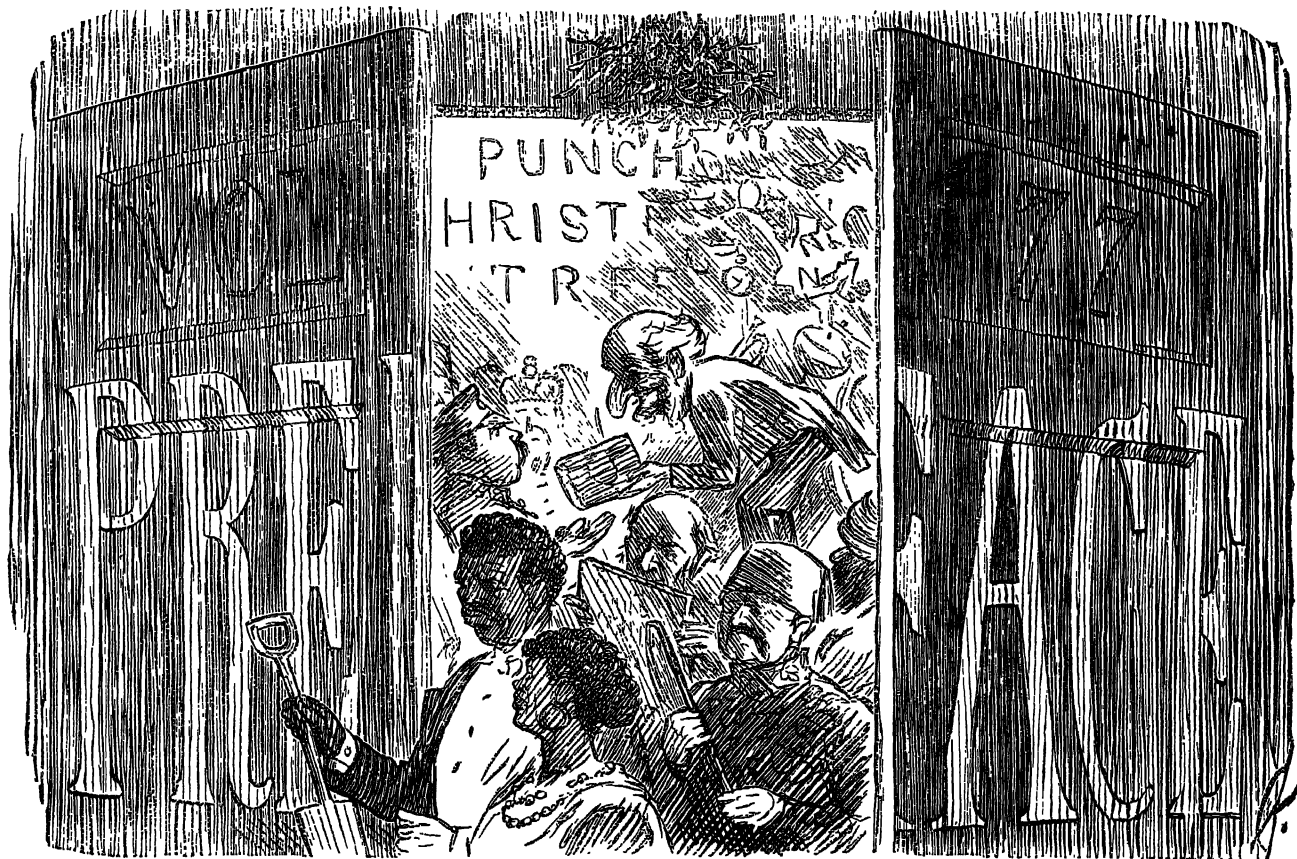






LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1879.





I HAD been reading ALPHONSE DAUDET's *Rois en Exil*.

I had laid down the book, heavy of heart, and no wonder, from its powerful pictures of effete Kingship and Queenship, heroic, but heart-broken in the hopeless struggle with crowned cowardice, effeminate profligacy, and Paris-pampered lust.

Methought, had the Author wanted materials for a second series, here is my LORD BEACONSFIELD busy in piling them up for him.

'Tis true the Kings *he* is dethroning are black or brown, and more or less barbaric. But what capital food for the satirist in the contact with European civilisation of CETEWAYO and SECOCENI, YAKOOB KHAN and ISMAIL PASHA,—and those who may yet be added to their number, if rope for adventures is still to be allowed the adventurous.

As I tried to set the tale of discrowned monarchs and desperate strife of Christian with Heathen to the tune of the Christmas bells, methought I was suddenly rapt—if in the spirit of my own blue-fiery bowl I know not—to the foot of my own Christmas-Tree!

Dazzling were the lights that sparkled among its leaves as I stood full in their splendour, presiding over the distribution of the fruit of Wit and Wisdom from its well-laden boughs.

PUNCH, like the POPE, appeals, "*Urbi et Orbi*,"—to a public numerous and dense as the population of London, and wide-reaching as the World!

But it was the dim, discrowned Kings I chiefly kept my eye on. They were numerous, and new ones kept coming in every minute, thanks to our *imperium in imperio, et extra imperium*. Their wives, I was glad to see, had as a rule stuck to the poor potentates in their downfall. CETEWAYO, above all, was blessed with a numerous train of Kaffir Venuses. His prayer, when made prisoner, had not been, like AJAX's, for "more light," but for "more wives." His better-halves, or rather twentieth-parts, for they ran to scores, had followed him to PUNCH's Christmas-Tree.

The light was reflected from their rounded forms as from life-size Florentine bronzes, with more dazzling effect than could be matched in any West-End ball-room—the dresses being less in the way, and the colouring at once warmer and more *au naturel*.

More chary of their charms, but not less faithful to their Lord in exile, were the harems of YAKOOB KHAN and ISMAIL PASHA. But I am bound to say that the *yashmaks* of the Egyptian beauties were anything but opaque, and that in this respect the charmers of Cabul showed themselves less civilised than the belles of Cairo.

But it was time to dismantle the tree, and appropriate its fruits.

"Precedence to Monarchs," I exclaimed, "even dethroned ones!"

CETEWAYO stepped forward first in answer to my summons.

"Assegais?" he exclaimed, eagerly, as he put forth his hand.

"On the contrary. Spades and hoes, for the culture of mealies, instead of spears for the destruction of men."

The ex-Monarch of Zulu-land frowned as he took the peaceful gift, and turned away in deep disgust.

"And for me?" wheezed ISMAIL, ex-Khedive of Egypt, as he elbowed his way with scant courtesy to the front rank.

"A donkey-driver's saddle and whip—instead of the Pasha's divan-cushions and the *kourbash* you have made so bad a use of. See that you treat your donkeys better than you did your Fellaheen!"

I do not understand Arabic, but I have no reason to believe, from the expression of the old fellow's face, that the language with which he received my gift and my recommendation was in the nature of a benediction.

For YAKOOB, ex-Ameer of Afghanistan, I found it difficult to choose an appropriate Christmas gift. But remembering his reported saying that he would rather be a grass-cutter in the English camp than a ruler on the throne of Afghanistan, I thought I would not be far out if I presented him with a grass-cutter's knife and rope.

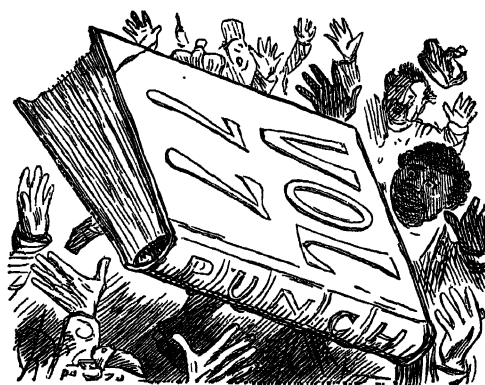
He took them with a sigh and a salaam, and sorrowfully shrunk back to his obscure corner, amidst the scowls of his harem, who did not seem quite so reconciled to abdication as their Lord and Master.

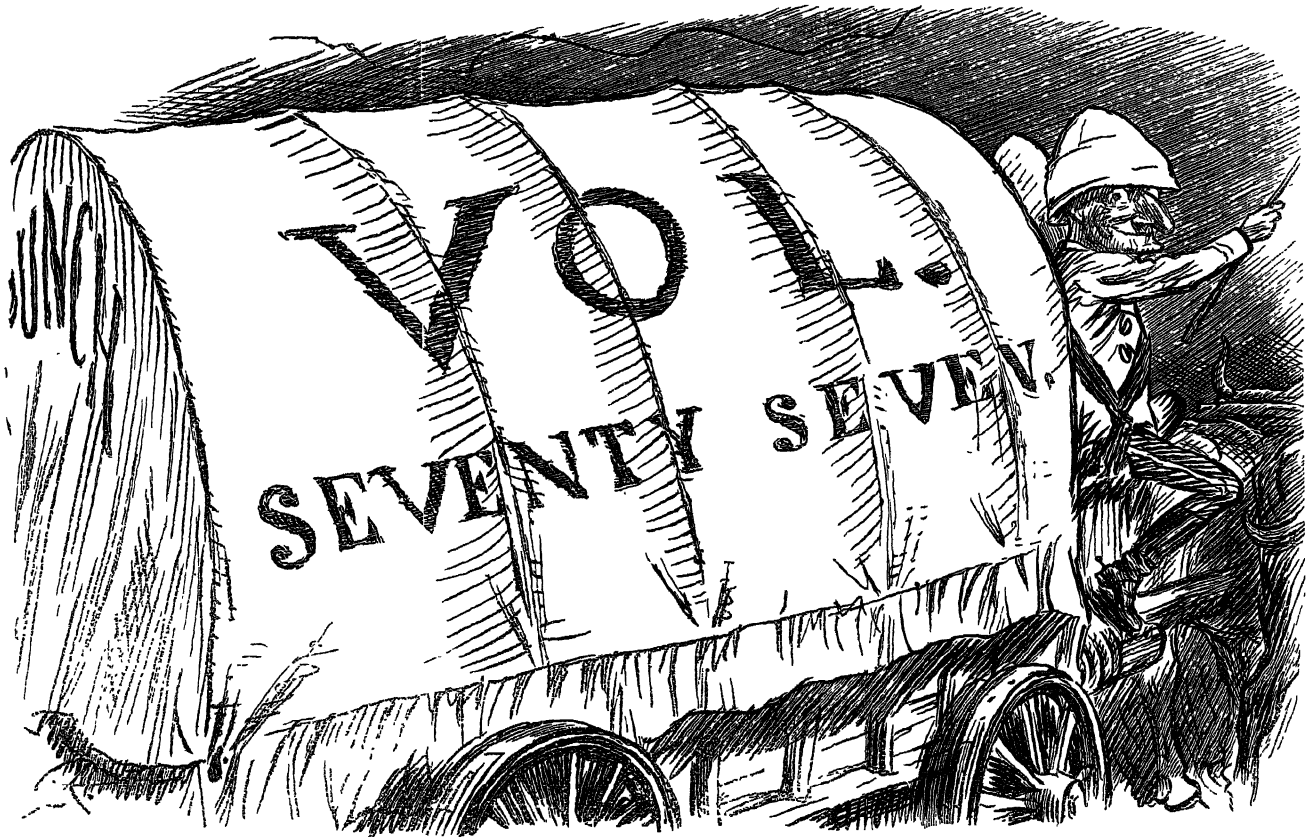
"But these," I said, "oh, ye downfallen Princes, are but the first-fruits off PUNCH's Christmas-Tree. He has another and a more precious gift—rife with blessings of witty counsel and wise warning, of sweetness and light,—not to you only, but to those who have wrought your downfall—to Princes and Peoples, to Pope and Czar, to King and Kaiser, to Chancellor and Minister, to General and Private, to Agitators and Agitated, to Gentle and Simple, to Rich and Poor, to Masters and Workmen,—in a word, to ALL!"

So saying, I tossed into the forest of outstretched hands my

## Sebenty-Sebenty Volume,

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT OF THE WORLD!!





## John Caird Mair, Lord Lawrence.

BORN, MARCH 4, 1811. DIED, JUNE 27, 1879.

Not in the far-off church, where his grey head  
He bowed in worship, should that head be laid;  
His place, of right, is with our famous dead,  
Who sleep within the Abbey's storied shade.

There let him sleep, where they too are at rest,  
Who helped him stay our empire when it reeled—  
CLYDE, POLLOCK, OUTRAM—kings of men confest,  
He chief in council as these chief in field.

We saw him, grave and grey, deep-furrowed, stern,  
Of visage something rugged: face and frame  
Bespeaking strength; not swift, nor slow to learn;  
In choice of men of an unerring aim;

Just, and in justice armed, nor fearing, then,  
What chance or change might bring, as one that knew  
The world is ruled of God and not of men,  
That what's begun in right is half brought through.

In his proconsulships, from small to great,  
He held his name, knowing 'twas England's too,  
So high and stainless, he to love turned hate  
And made of sullen foemen followers true.

Right manhood's heart he won, where'er he came,  
Gentle for all his bluntness and plain ways;  
Still taking Truth and Justice for his aim,  
Unswayed by pride, or profit, or men's praise:

Then, when at length came trial's testing hour,  
And all our Indian Empire shook and swayed,  
Like a great city in an earthquake's power,  
He bridled panic, and confusion stayed,

Till fluttering Fear took strength of his strong will,  
And where Defiance braved Obedience bowed,  
And, crippled of its power to work us ill,  
Baffled Rebellion crouched before him, cowed.

While he, a wall of shelter, tower of strength,  
Stood full against the storm, and to him drew  
All means of best defence, until at length,  
Our armour's weakest part its strongest grew:

For there stood LAWRENCE, with his calm, clear eye,  
His iron will, wise judgment, winnowing ear,  
Nor prone to trust, nor boastful to defy,  
As high above all favour as all fear.

That England's Empire from that furnace came  
Unshattered thanks to this man most are due;  
And let not scorn be heaped upon his name,  
Because small men's small fears he never knew;

When, gauging India's and her foemen's power,  
From the Great Mountains to the Southern Blue,  
He would not join the clamour of the hour,  
Nor, to 'scape fancied risks, run danger true,

Burdens on India's poverty to lay,  
That shadowy frontier shadowy foes may ward;  
And, for dim fears and distant, waste away  
Strength that wise rule and justice best can guard.

Lay him with the Great Dead, who, living, held  
High place with the best Living; let him sleep  
After his life of toil, who heart unquelled  
Unspoiled, unsoured, unspotted, still could keep.

A simple-mannered, rude and rugged man,  
But true, and wise, and merciful and just.  
Of all these monuments, when all we scan,  
Which rises o'er more justly honoured dust?

### In the Event of a Dissolution.

"The Members of the Huddersfield Working-Men's Conservative Association have presented Lord BEACONSFIELD with a Malacca cane, with gold handle."

ONE prospect this Malacca cane awaits—  
It may prove useful in Malacca Straits!

THE RIGHT STICK.—Now Protection is rearing its head again, a good use for the Cobden Club would be to floor it.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HEN Lord GRANVILLE  
(Monday, June 31)  
had gracefully  
uttered the House  
of Lords' regret for

Lord LAWRENCE, Lord BEACONSFIELD said that Lord LAWRENCE'S services had been eminent, and would be honoured and remembered. A grave in Westminster Abbey had been offered, and accepted by his representatives, but not paid for by the nation.

The Queen in Council has decided to grant a Charter to a Northern University, to be called by her name, and to have Owen's College for a nucleus. Let Oxford and Cambridge look out . . . . As the North has beaten the East in cottons, and the West in woollens, it may yet outsoar Isis in the mysteries of letters, and outpace Cam—reverend Sire—in his footing slow upon the road of Science.

The Lord CHANCELLOR rose to propound the Government University Bill. It omits the one thing needful—money. It opens another turnpike on the road to learning, but does not provide the needful to pay the tolls.

No wonder a meeting of Irish Members has already declared it unworthy the acceptance of the Irish people. How can a Bill be worth accepting with "no effects" written across it, on presentation? It is doomed in the hour of its birth—in all probability will

hardly see Second Reading, unless somebody "puts money into it." Who will venture?

Lord BEACONSFIELD, with that admirable command of countenance which lifts him so high above all competitors on the comic stage—even now with the admirable artists of the Comédie Française in the lists against him—said that it was the intention of Her Majesty's Government, if possible, to pass the Bill this Session.

(*Commons.*)—Questions. Colonel STANLEY said a cat with nine tails had been solemnly sealed, and would be let out of the bag for any Honourable Member at the Horse Guards, in the War Office. If any unwonted sounds of sport or anguish are heard near either office, passers-by and dwellers in the neighbourhood will know that it is Honourable Members sitting in judgment on the harmless, necessary cat . . . . . perchance trying it, or having it tried, on each other.

Government in its recognition is like JOHN GILPIN in his pleasure—

"Although on honour it is bent,  
It has a frugal mind."

There is no precedent for burying Lord LAWRENCE at the public expense. But his family are welcome to bury him in Westminster Abbey at their own. Official England will open the National Valhalla to those who wish to do a great man honour, but they will be expected to pay at the door. For shame, my Lord BEACONSFIELD!



## LA CHASSE AUX LIONS.

*Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (bursting into her husband's smoking-room). "PONSONBY! QUICK!! PEN, INK, AND PAPER!!!—AND WRITE IMMEDIATELY!!!!"*

*Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHAT IS IT NOW, MY LOVE?"*

*Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHY, MONSIEUR DE PARIS IS COMING OVER WITH HIS FAMILY TO VISIT ENGLAND. WRITE AND SECURE THEM FOR THURSDAY WEEK. WE SHALL HAVE CROWDS—ALL LONDON!"*

*Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "MY LOVE, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL NEVER COME TO THE LIKES OF US!"*

*Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "YOU GOOSE! IT'S NOT THE COMTE DE PARIS! IT'S MONSIEUR DE PARIS, AS THEY CALL HIM—THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER, YOU KNOW. DO AS I TELL YOU!"*

*[Ponsonby did as he was told. All London came to Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's Thursday Afternoon—but Monsieur de Paris DIDN'T. He took his Wife and Children to Madame Tussaud's instead, to see the Guillotine! Faithless Monsieur de Paris!! Poor Mrs. P. T.!!!]*

Army Regulation and Discipline actually made way from Clauses 83 to 121, in spite of the determined efforts of Messrs. PARNELL and O'DONNELL to put spokes—and spokes—and spokes—in its wheels.

*Tuesday (Lords).—*LORD STANHOPE moved a Bill to authorise the Sanitary Authorities to establish denominational burial-grounds; but with no provision meeting the demand for leave to bury in parochial burial-grounds with such religious services as are demanded by the representatives of the dead.

LORD GRANVILLE opposed, and pointed out that this was a step back from the Government concessions of 1877. But their Lordships voted for Second Reading by 116 to 65. The Bill will do nothing to settle a vexed question, which has established itself where vexed questions should not come in "God's acre" . . . the Friedhof—the Court of Peace.

In answer to LORD TRURO's question if the PRINCE IMPERIAL had been himself in command of the reconnoitring party with whom he met his death, LORD BURY said it was impossible: not holding a commission in the Queen's service, he could not have held a command. But impossibilities will sometimes happen. And if the Prince was not in command, what are we to think of the conduct of the officer who *was*—and whose name we do not print, as it suggests an obvious joke, which, if he be what we hope he is, must cause bitter and, let us hope, undeserved pain both to him and his friends?

*(Commons).—Morning Sitting.*—Has Government paid too much commutation for the East Indian Railways? Has it transferred, in fact, £3,000,000 out of the Indian Treasury into the shareholders' pockets, more than they had any right to?

MR. FAWCETT's figures seem to bear out this stroke of financial

bungling, which would be quite in keeping with other feats of Indian finance.

MR. HUBBARD said the Government had made a fair bargain; so thought Sir H. PEEK and Mr. FRESHFIELD, who ought both to know. But Sir G. CAMPBELL and Mr. RATHBONE, who ought both to know too, agreed with MR. FAWCETT.

MR. STANHOPE said the terms were Council-countersigned twice over—by the Indian Council here and the Indian Council there, and by Committees of both Councils besides. The Indian Government flattered itself it had got the line for 30 per cent. under its value. LORD G. HAMILTON said the Government could not have made a better bargain. MR. COURTNEY argued that the value of both capital stock and annuity had been extravagantly computed. In the end, the Government agreed to MR. FAWCETT's Resolution, which is very much like saying to the India Office, "Don't do it again."

It seems as if the shareholders had had decidedly the best of the bargain, and the Indian Treasury just as decidedly the worst. Of course we are most of us shareholders on this side of the water, and rather chuckle over the bargain than otherwise. Besides, doesn't everybody do the Government in a business of this kind?

In the Evening Sitting MR. VIVIAN complained of the want of more provision for Higher Education in Wales, and moved a resolution that it was the duty of Government to second local efforts to supply the want.

TAFFY, according to MR. VIVIAN's showing, is decidedly ill-used in the way of help for higher education out of the public purse. If Wales were treated like Ireland and Scotland she would get £8000 or £10,000, where now she gets nothing.

Mr. VIVIAN praised Welsh Wales and the Welsh Welsh, and spoke up like a stout Cymry for all things Cymric, language, character, orderliness in peace, gallantry in war.

Mr. GLADSTONE said the Welsh Members had a right to what they asked for. The difficulty is to say exactly what they do ask for—a subsidy for their own local Aberystwith College; a new University, more College Endowments at Oxford?

After Wales had urged its claims by the Cymric mouths of Messrs. MORGAN and LLOYD, Lord G. HAMILTON recommended Wales to wait and agree as to what it wanted.

Mr. VIVIAN said he would press his Motion.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he had better not.

But he did, and was defeated by nearly two to one:—

"TAFFY is a Welshman, 'tis TAFFY's greatest grief,  
That though he loveth learning, as JOHN BULL loveth beef,  
JOHN won't spend on TAFFY's teaching half what JOHN spends on his own;  
And, for books when TAFFY hungers, JOHN denies him e'en a bone!"

*Wednesday.*—Mr. SULLIVAN, amidst wonderful unanimity, got a Second Reading of his Bill for prohibiting the sale of spirits before they had been a year in bond. Twelve months, it is said, will charm the especially diabolic element, the fusel oil, out of the spirits. If so, all spirit-drinkers should wish well to this Bill.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON supported the Bill, as a step in the right direction. Only for "one" year he would have liked to read "a hundred"—would fain, indeed, have the evil spirits kept in bond for ever!

The Landlord and Tenant Bill for extending the presumption of Ulster Tenant Right all over Ireland, and generally giving a lift to the Tenant and a taking down to the Landlord wherever possible, was sharply criticised by Mr. GREGORY from the English family solicitor's point of view, defended by Mr. LAW on the ground of justice, and talked out by Mr. GOLDNEY and the Irish Attorney-General between them.

*Thursday (Lords).*—In answer to Lord GRANVILLE the LORD CHANCELLOR said the Government intentions as to Irish University Education were bounded "by the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill" he had just introduced.

Lord BEACONSFIELD assured Lord ORANMORE that Government didn't mean to foist in any Endowment Clauses. If Lord O. or his friends thought proper to do so, they might rely on respectful consideration. What the Irish Members complain of is that there is no consideration for supporting the Bill—no consideration, i.e., in L. S. D., which is what they want.

It is news even to *Punch*, as he hereby confesses, that the many-sided activity of South Kensington embraces examinations in Agriculture, as well as in Cookery—examinations which have been passed by above two thousand successful candidates; more than two-thirds of them Scotch and Irish; that there is a class of fifty teachers, whose expenses at South Kensington are now being paid, that they may attend a course of lectures on the principles of Agriculture. Teaching the principles of Agriculture anywhere except at the plough-tail! What would our grandfathers have said!

*Commons.*—Mr. ANDERSON extracted a nice little confession from Mr. W. H. SMITH about 1200 tons of Dutch hay which the Government bought at £5 15s. per ton, kept till it was spoiled, and then sold at 34s. a ton. How would Mr. SMITH like to do business on that system?

Committee on Army Discipline Bill. Mr. PARNELL again in his favourite rôle of Amender-General—Mr. O'DONNELL seconding.

Mr. CALLAN, while on punishments, described certain Cats he had seen at the Admiralty—one a Sea-Cat—of a very objectionable nature.

Mr. PARNELL referring to the "Marine Cat," Mr. SMITH said there was no Marine Cat distinct from the ordinary Sea-Cat. What was sauce for Jack was sauce for Jolly. Up jumped Mr. CALLAN, and declared that neither First Land Lord nor First Sea Lord knew anything about Sea-Cats. He had discovered the Marine Cat, but the Sea-Cat was still hid away in the Admiralty bag, and nothing would draw it. "The First Lord was bound to produce the Sea-Cat; and unless he had the decency to do so, he hoped they would go on dividing."

Here came a diversion. Mr. BIGGAR, being pulled up on an allusion to "honourable or dishonourable gentlemen," said he had said "Gentlemen," not "Members."

After this little discussion the House returned to the chace of the Sea-Cat. Was there a Sea-Cat conformable to sealed pattern, or was there not? This raised a tremendous row. Enough to worry even a Sea-Cat out of its nine lives, if not its nine tails.

Mr. O'CONNOR POWER said it should be a case of "produce the Cat, or stop the Bill."

Mr. O'DONNELL believed 500,000 Londoners would assemble in Hyde Park, to demand the production of the Cat.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved to take down something—whether Mr. POWER's threat or Mr. O'DONNELL's was not clear, and did not get settled in the confused squabble which was kept up till the House reported progress.

*Punch* is sorry it cannot report its own progress in good sense, good temper, and good behaviour.

*Friday (Lords).*—King CETEWAYO and Mr. LEONARD EDMUNDS divided the Sitting between them.

*(Commons.)*—The old fight, which old men had flattered themselves was fought out thirty years ago, is to be begun again. The books of the Anti-Corn-Law League are going to be overhauled; ADAM SMITH may shake in his shoes; the bones of CORDEN may stir in his grave. Protection, by its CHAPLIN, prays for a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of Agricultural Depression, and how far they have been caused or can be remedied by Legislation. It is a foregone conclusion of several of the most prominent of last night's speakers—the mover, Mr. MCIVER, and Mr. BENTINCK—that the Legislature can and ought to intervene for the good of the land—in other terms, of the landlord. All other interests but his can easily adjust themselves to altered circumstances. But if rents are to be kept up, consumers must put their hands in their pockets. Other not less prominent of last night's orators, as Mr. BRASSEY, the O'DONOGHUE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Lord HARTINGTON, are equally satisfied that Legislation can do nothing for Agriculture except stand clear of it; that the depressed state of it is due to natural causes, and that it must look to natural laws for remedy.

*Punch* stands apart, judicially-minded, but, as at present advised, a confirmed and convinced Free-Trader. Believing that two and two make four; that nobody gives anybody anything for nothing; that a busy and hungry country like England cannot be the worse for the superabundance of beef and bread produced in America, while she has the wherewithal to exchange for it; that Free Trade in this country, irrespective of others, has done, and is doing its best to help the exchange of what we make for what other countries grow; and that the man who fights and works with both arms free, has an advantage over him who does both with one arm tied behind him, *Punch* does not as yet see his way to any other conclusion than that which he arrived at thirty years ago, that Free Trade is the best thing for free countries and free men, and that if other countries do not recognise the truth of this, this is no reason England should not.

It is curious to see all the old fallacies, the brains of which *Punch* thought had been knocked out when he was a youngster, coming up again as lively as ever. Time was that "when the brains were out, the man would die." It has not been so evidently with the British Protectionist. Let Lesser BEN rat. Big BEN's motto is, "As you were!"

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?



Will he send it as loan exhibition to the South Kensington Museum?

Will he see if he can get Mr. GLADSTONE to accept it?

Will he let it out, at per night (for the benefit of the "working-man") to the Fairy Queen in the next Covent Garden Pantomime, as the feature of an appropriate topical song?

Will he (at a family gathering) consult any of his uncles as to its value?

Will he try to dispose of it, at an advance if he can, at a reduction if he must, as a crown to the Prince of Bulgaria?

Will he (always for the benefit of the "working-man") raffle it by means of an Art-Union of 1000 lots at 10s. a lot?



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 12, 1879.



SWAIN & Co.

1879.

ROYAL ACADEMY CANVAS-BACKS; OR, A HIGH (ART) TIDE.





THE IRISH HORSE; OR, NOT CAUGHT YET.

PAR (confidentially). "THEY 'IM WID THE GOOLDEN GRAIN, YER HONOR-RE!"



Will he give Lord B. another chance—for the last time of asking?

Will he find out if the Directors of the Crystal Palace can suggest anything in regard to it?

Will he see if he can place it, on satisfactory terms, in the "extra rooms" at Madame TUSAUD'S?

Will he ask if the King of BURMAH wants anything of the sort?

Will he attempt to transfer the gift to Lord CHELMSFORD?

Will he strive to get a "round" for it in the Variety Programme at the Westminster Aquarium?

Will he offer it cheap to Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT'S transatlantic *impresario*?

Will he wire Mr. BARNUM about it?

And if everything fails, will he return all the Pennies and keep it himself, to be worn when he makes his last appeal to an ungrateful country at the Alexandra Palace "on mutual principles."

#### AD MISERICORDIAM.

WHAT will you do for us, dear July?

May was as chilly as Dian's heart,

June could do nothing but pipe her eye;

Prithee, sweet, play a less pluvial part—

Shut up the waterworks, "square" the sun,

Let us have time to get warm and dry;

Send us some flowers, some fruit, some fun.

Won't you now, dear July?

We have been fretted and frozen so!

Worried and wetted, bothered and blown!

We are so weary of frost and snow!

Water and wind have so lowered our tone!

Roses, strawberries, summer-shine,

Breeze that's balmy, and sward that's dry—

These are the pleasures for which we pine.

Pity us, dear July!

Swit'ning, that dread damp Saint's at hand,

Ah! we've no spirit to chaff or scoff;

But, seeing June has so deluged the land,

Get him for once, dear, to let us off!

Man is not wholly amphibious yet,

Will be so, probably, by-and-by;

Meanwhile, pray spare us *perpetual* wet—

Do, there's a dear July!

#### EXAMINATION-PAPER FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF THE WELSH.

(To be answered by Natives of the Principality.)

Who were the Men of Harlech? Why, when, whence, and whither did they march? What did they come to?

Give a short life of Taffy, and the incidents of his trial for cattle-stealing. Trace the origin of the popular rhyme.

Explain the difference between a Welshman and a Welsher—(a) in characters; (b) in races.

Given a Welsh captain who finds a leak in his ship on St. David's Day, what ought he to do with it?

Draw an ideal character of a Cymric prince, and show the traits therein very like Wales.

Explain what an Eisteddfod is, and what it is not, and give your notion of what it ought to be.

State the differences by which the Welsh-rabbit is distinguished from the English, and give the approved methods of capturing and cooking the animal.

Write down in English the pronunciation of "Cwmddfgrbth" and "Llndwlltwyrhiwdgwynthllynfach," and resolve the words into their derivative elements, supplying the missing links.

Give your explanation of the conduct of the Welsh consonants.

Account for the establishment of the Welsh harp at Hendon.

Give your reasons for supposing that the original etymology was Hwddwn.

Give a list of the principal Welsh singers and harpers now gracing the nobility's concerts.

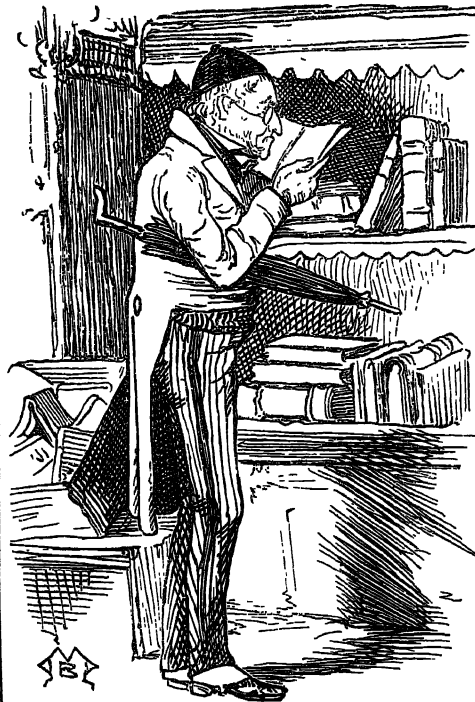
Write down the words of "JENNY JONES." Give her pedigree, and her relationship to Bumper Squire JONES.

Give the Cymric etymology of CARACTACUS and CYMBELINE, with an outline of the chief incidents of their reigns.

Give your reasons for not accepting the legend of AUGUSTINE, as told in English histories; and show that the "Angli" whom he compared to "Angeli," must have been Cymri, and not Angles. Can you reconcile the legend with probable race-theories?

THE ENGLISH HOME-RULER.—The Lady of the House.

#### HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.



Note.—For 'AMSTEAD, 'AN-  
OVER SQUARE,  
'ANWELL, 'AY-  
MARKET, &c., see  
"H."

ARCHERY.  
—Principally  
practised at 'Ar-  
row-on-the-'ill  
(also vide "H")  
and at Stratford-  
le-Bow.

Ask me to show  
Where is Strat-  
ford-le-Bow?  
I reply, oh!  
I'm sure I don't  
know.

Every visitor  
to town should  
supply himself  
with bows, ar-  
rows, and a qui-  
ver full of 'em.  
There are few  
better amuse-  
ments on a fine  
summer's even-  
ing in London  
than to take a  
seat on the top  
of a threepenny  
'bus and shoot  
at old Gentle-

men's hats as they walk on the pavement below. It is rather an expensive form of practising, as the arrow is generally lost, though, should the omnibus stop suddenly, it will be instantly returned, if the elderly person who has been playing the part of "Jemmy" to your "William Tell," can discover the right owner. There is also capital practice to be had from the upper windows of any house in a square.

ARMOURER'S COMPANY.—An admirable institution, where residents, or where visitors to London, wishing to give their nurses a holiday, can send their children-in-arms to be taken care of during the day. The motto over the door is the ancient one of "Children in arms, half price!"

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.—Chief Army members here are General Comfort and Private Dinners. The superintendent of the naval requirements is called the Steward, the treasurer a Purser; and the election of members of this profession is through "Vote by Ballot."

ARTHUR'S CLUB.—One of the oldest Clubs in London, dating from King ARTHUR'S time. Here is preserved his well-known round table. Inquire at the door.

ASHES.—Very few in London. Some in our parks, but ashes are not pop'lar trees. The ashes of the grate are generally removed to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.—One of the liveliest places in the Metro-  
polis. No visitors to London should miss spending at least one evening here. Most of the Members are Archdeacons and Bishops; and their perfect execution of Bishop's glees every evening, from eleven P.M. to four A.M., is a thing to be heard. Dancing in the front Hall from eight to ten during the winter. Visitors are admitted, free of charge, but are expected to put something into the box at the door on leaving. Every Thursday there is a Harmonic Meeting, with the Senior Churchwarden, or a Colonial Bishop, in the Chair. As the latter is generally sent over here on business, he is called the *Sent*, or *Eau-de-Colonial* Bishop. Saturday is usually a rollicking night; but their joyous Sunday evenings during the season are famed far and wide. There is a fine Smoking-room at the back, a good Rat-pit, and some excellent amateur sparring with the gloves every afternoon. A Boxing-class is held during the winter, and prizes are given for running matches between the Members, dressed in aprons, and gaiters, and shovel hats. For further particulars, inquire of the Hall Porter, or of Dean STANLEY, the celebrated African Explorer. The Athenæum Club, as may be seen from the description here given, is "The place to spend a happy day." Open always, wet or fine, winter or summer. All amusements under cover.

THE LAST WORDS OF JUNE.—Après moi le déluge.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 12, 1879.



EXTREMES MEET. ('ARRY AT THE FANCY FAIR.)

Fashionable Beauties. "POCKET COMB, SIR! ONLY HALF-A-CROWN!"—"BOX OF TOOTHPIECES, HALF-A-CROWN!"—"FLOWER FOR YOUR BUTTON-HOLE, HALF-A-CROWN!"—"MY CARTE DE VISITE, HALF-A-CROWN!"—"CIGARETS A SHILLING A-PIECE, HALF-A-CROWN, IF I BITE OFF THE END!" [In the 'light of his uprightness, our 'Arry drops his 'Arry-Crowns as a bloomin' Lord.]

## WHY I WENT TO KILBURN.

BECAUSE my interest in Agriculture dates back to a very early period in my life—the happy time when I was sent to a farmhouse in the retired village of Wisby-in-the-Willows to be restored to convalescence after an attack of whooping cough.

Because I wished to know something more of Kilburn, its society, scenery, parochial charities, and educational institutions.

Because having witnessed all kinds of parades both at home and abroad of rank, beauty, fashion, and millinery, I thought a “parade of British and foreign cattle” would be an agreeable change.

Because, being somewhat of a pedestrian, it occurred to me that it would redound to my credit to take a walk of eleven miles of shedding.

Because after an experience of tandems, stage-coaches, and fours-in-hand, I jumped at the prospect of seeing some “bee-driving.”

Because, having friends in the Island of Cyprus, I wished to seize the opportunity of knowing something about the cheese of that favoured spot.

Because I thought I should like to have a peep at the International Dairy, and the International Dairy-Maids.

Because I was desirous to see the Implements on a fair proportion of their seven hundred stands, either “at rest or in motion”—I was quite impartial, and without the slightest bias either way, except that the “Haymakers” sounded alluringly rural, the “Steam Scarifier” moved me to a secret shudder, and, as an old Volunteer, the “Improved Drill” had for me an attraction that could not be gainsaid.

Because, with the prospect of a General Election, I felt I must make the acquaintance of the “Polled Breeds.”

Because, being connected by family ties with the honourable profession of the Law, I was eager to have a glimpse of some, at least, of the 125 Judges.

Because I felt a deep interest (this is all owing to the mud) in the Southdowns and the International Competition in Currant Jelly.

Because I was led to expect that I should behold Lord BEACONSFIELD as a Sweet Pea—in which expectation I was disappointed, for he turned out to be only a Chrysanthemum.

Because it was represented to me that there would be an opportunity of having my boots first dirtied, and then cleaned on an entirely new principle—without the intervention of blacking.

Because I thought it would “please the pigs” if I went.

Because my cousin, a wealthy agriculturist, a bachelor advancing in years, and particularly partial to my second daughter (age four), had come up from Lincolnshire to stay the week with us, and pointedly asked me to accompany him to the Great Show.

## Christmas and Midsummer.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year. Does it? It did, in time past, and so did the Cattle Show, coming just before Christmas. But now we have had a Cattle Show held at Midsummer in weather which would have been seasonable had Christmas been close at hand. Can Christmas this year then be going to come twice; the first time, at the usual period of harvest? Is that one of the consequences to be expected from the conjunction of Saturn and Mars?



## A ROUGH CALCULATION.

*Facetious Conductor.* “WILL TWO OR THREE GEN’LEMEN GIT OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?”

## Well Earned.

WHATEVER we may think of the *Comédie Française*, there is one thing it cannot show us—an actress like ELLEN TERRY. This Lady is going to have her first benefit in London on Wednesday, July 9. She has already given London many a benefit in the beauty of her performances of *Portia*, *Olivia*, *Ophelia*, *Queen Henrietta Maria*, *Lilian Vavasour* in *New Men and Old Acres*, *Mabel Vane* in *Masks and Faces*, and other parts which we need not mention. Let London do its duty in giving her something like a benefit in return. *Punch* drinks her health in “a bumper”!

## HE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED IT.

It was not likely that poor TURNERELL’s wreath would be accepted. LORD BEACONSFIELD has such a confirmed habit of kicking over the *Tracys*.

CETEWAYO A COMPOSER.—Hasn’t he sent in to the Camp at Tugela Overtures for Peace?



### THE DIVINE SARAH.

(For whose sake we've all Gone Wrong.)

*First Critic (at ab. 21).* "BEATS RACHEL HOLLOW IN ONG-DROMACK, HANGED IF SHE DON'T!"

*Second Critic (ditto).* "So I THINK, OLD MAN! AND IN L'ETRONG-JAIR SHE LICKS MADemoiselle MARS ALL TO FITS!"

### THE WHOOP OF THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.

"Alcohol, purified from fusel oil, is perfectly harmless."—Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam, as quoted by Mr. O'Sullivan, in the House of Commons, at propos of the "Spirits in Bond" Bill.

Who-o-op! But that's one for Sir WILFRID's nob!  
He a worried world of its whiskey rob?  
Pooh! Calling it poison is all pure flam—  
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

It isn't "the crathur" our peace would spoil,  
'Tis that plaguy pestiferous fusel oil.  
Once get rid of that there; no harm in a dram—  
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Put in coffee or tea, fusel oil, says he,  
Will make a man tight, nay, produce D. T.  
Who-o-op! That's a smasher for teetotal sham,  
From Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Keep the spirit in bond till a twelvemonth be past?  
Faith, I do not mind that, so I get it at last.  
But to say the pure spirit does harm is a cram!—  
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Who-o-op! That Dutch Professor he settles 'em quite.  
And it's I am a Dutchman if he's not right.  
Pure whiskey is harmless and mild as a lamb—  
Says Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam.

Who-o-op! it's all my eye. I've a "blend" from Skye,  
Which is one of the primest that cash can buy;  
And I'll go and I'll drink, in an extra dram,  
To Professor BURRELL, of Rotterdam!

[Does so, and speedily finds himself in a sweet state of—shall we say "fusel oil"?

### A KHEDIVE AT A REDUCTION!

Mr. PUNCH is delighted to find that the new Ruler of Egypt, although offered a Civil List of £150,000 a year, has refused to accept more than one-third of that sum. This welcome moderation encourages the hope that economy will now be the order of the day on the banks of the Nile. Prince TEVFIK has shown great self-denial in this matter, as the following account of "personal expenditure" will amply demonstrate. *Mr. Punch* publishes this interesting document pour encourager l'autre at Constantinople.

*Household Account of H.H. the Khedive for the week ending Saturday the —.*

	£	s.	d.
<i>Monday.</i> —Breakfast. Tea, toast, and an egg . . . . .	0	0	7½
Supply of Manilla Cheroots for the week . . . . .	0	0	10
New Fez for State occasions . . . . .	0	0	6½
New Suit (for ditto) as advertised . . . . .	0	16	6
Extra White Waistcoat . . . . .	0	4	3
Dinner (Chop and Potatoes) . . . . .	0	0	8
Personal Attendant (at Dinner). . . . .	0	0	1
Tea and Bread and Butter. . . . .	0	0	4
Egg with ditto . . . . .	0	0	1
<i>Tuesday.</i> —Breakfast . . . . .	0	0	4
State Banquet (twenty covers) . . . . .	1	0	0
One dozen Champagne (the "Imperial" brand) . . . . .	1	12	0
Washing of White Necktie . . . . .	0	0	0½
<i>Wednesday.</i> —Breakfast and Lunch . . . . .	0	1	0
Personal Attendant at same . . . . .	0	0	1
High Tea (with Liver and Bacon) . . . . .	0	1	3
Rahat Lakoum . . . . .	0	0	1½
<i>Thursday.</i> —Hire of Orders, &c., for State reception. . . . .	0	10	6
Bun . . . . .	0	0	1
Cup of Tea. . . . .	0	0	3
Soup for Supper. . . . .	0	0	4
Bread. . . . .	0	0	4
<i>Friday.</i> —Bread for fasting . . . . .	0	0	2
A glass of Sherry . . . . .	0	0	6
<i>Saturday.</i> —Charwoman for Palace (half day) . . . . .	0	1	6
Washing Bill for self and suite. . . . .	0	2	4½
Lunch to English and French Consul-Generals . . . . .	2	10	6
Wine for same . . . . .	0	5	0
Beer for same . . . . .	0	1	0
Cigars for same . . . . .	0	1	6
Tea and egg . . . . .	0	0	4
Extras . . . . .	0	0	2
	£7	13	0

### MY SCHEME.

(As Sung with great Success by the L-d Ch-ne-ll-r.)

"Is the Bill to be part of a scheme which it is not desirable at once to make known?"—Earl Granville in the House of Lords.

ARR—"My Queen."

WHY and when were we driven to moot it?  
Was it knocked off in an afternoon?  
Will the Roman-Catholic Bishops hoot it?  
Have we set it afloat too late?—too soon?  
Did we try it because we feared a flounder?  
No matter. Since still we reign supreme,  
Admitting that nothing simpler, sounder,  
Have we ever turned out than, "My Scheme, my Scheme!"

I will not say that it's all-sufficing,  
For captious critics may find it tame;  
I will not style its provisions enticing,  
Nay, more, I'll grant that they're somewhat lame.  
But still, when they hint we're near capsizing,  
And our party "split" is the common theme,  
For a bit of superior temporising,  
There's nothing to touch, "My Scheme, my Scheme!"

I own that a Bill should be pleasing, plastic,  
And make for the moment a decent show;  
And you ask if *this* is at all "elastic,"—  
And I answer, "Wouldn't you like to know?"  
So with that, and the hint "Catch a weasel sleeping!"  
Whatever may be your Party dream,  
Be sure that Office is still worth the keeping,  
Though it cost us such shifts as, "My Scheme, my Scheme!"

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.—From Lord BEACONSFIELD's head, to TRACY TURNERELLI's hands!

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



NOW, asks Lord ORANMORE (Monday, July 7), is Irish landlord shooting to be prevented, and the want supplied of sharper legal looking after the preservation of this particular description of game. Now rents as well as lives are in danger, what, he asked, was Government going to do for the protection of both, or either?

The Duke of RICHMOND said they were consulting with the local authorities of Mayo, Galway, and Roscommon, where the Secret Societies were looking up, their open defiers being shot down, and the demoralising habit of pay-

ing rents strenuously discouraged. The priests had, in many places, denounced these doctrines from the altar—following the example of the Roman-Catholic Archbishop of Tuam—a staunch insister, *Punch* is glad to hear, on the distinction of *meum* and *tuum*. But with a knot of Irish Obstructives setting the SPEAKER at defiance in the House, what chance is there of Irish constituencies obeying the law out of it?

(Commons.)—Latest news of CECREWAY's peaceful advances, and Lord CHELMSFORD's warlike ditto. Lord CHELMSFORD doesn't much believe in the one, and JOHN BULL does not much believe in the other. It is a most musical campaign, what with CECREWAY's overtures on one side, and the CHELMSFORD series of movements in A flat, preceded by the Ekowe fugue, on the other.

The Banking Bill is not derelict. It is only aground. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER still hopes to get it afloat again. Sanguine man!

Great Cat Show in St. Stephen's. Four Cats exhibited in the Cloak Room—fine specimens of the "Naval," "Marine," "Approved," and "Prison" breeds, distinguishable by the insertion, length, numbers, and knots, in their tails.

Mr. PARNELL much concerned about the labelling of the Cats.

Mr. SMITH answered for the Naval Cats, that the labels had my Lords' sanction.

But this was not all the night was destined to hear of the Cats which of late have made so many nights hideous.

When Colonel STANLEY announced that the War Office had determined to limit the punishment of the lash to offences now punishable with death by the Articles of War, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN protested. He had understood on Saturday that the Secretary for War had pledged himself to do away with the Cat altogether. This Colonel STANLEY denied, and a confused scrimmage of several hours followed over the questions, first, what Government had promised and meant, and next, what Government had better do—whether the War Secretary's offer was a concession, or a mockery,—whether, when the Cat was confined to offences punishable with death, the obnoxious animal would not, in point of fact, have rather a larger run than before.

In the course of this long and loose shindy, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declaring his intention of persevering in his opposition unless the Secretary of War went as far as he had understood him to go, the Marquis of HARTINGTON was impelled to disclaim all responsibility for the course taken by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his friends, which he said was injurious to the Liberal cause, and still more, to

the dignity of Parliament, in which *Punch* entirely agrees.

This brought up Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who referred to Lord HARTINGTON as "the late Leader of the Liberal Party"—on which Mr. FAWCETT sharply lectured Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Sir CHARLES DILKE stoutly defended him. Ultimately, a Motion to report progress was negatived by 250 to 36, which probably measures very fairly the strength of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's *Intransigente* following with the Irish Obstructive element thrown in.

Altogether, *Punch* wishes he could draw a curtain over the night's records. Even if the banishment of the Cat from the Army and Navy be a consummation devoutly to be wished in the interests of humanity, as many Liberals think, for the credit and popularity of the Services, it is impossible to imagine a good end forwarded in a more objectionable way, or one likelier to redound to the damage of the Liberal Party.

If the tactics of the Irish Obstructives are to be tolerated, still more imitated, legislation will become impossible and all respect for Parliament out-of-doors must come to an end. Whatever may be said against the offhandedness and flippancy of a few Jacks in Office, the behaviour of Messrs. CALLAN, PARNELL, O'DONNELL, and O'CONNOR POWER, is such as no self-respecting legislative assembly can tolerate. If the House can't check it, it had better shut up shop, and write over the door—"Closed, for repairs in the machinery."

Tuesday (Lords).—On Second Reading of Irish University Education Bill, Lord KIMBERLEY showed that Roman-Catholic Ireland had a grievance—viz., that the vast majority of the Irish population had no University Education they could avail themselves of—and that the Bill did not meet it. What was wanted was payment for results without reference to the place of education. Without that the Bill was a mockery.

Lord CRANBROOK declined to enter into the question of grants. In other words, he wants the other side to play the money card.

Lord O'HAGAN said the line to take was the line they had taken with Intermediate Education last year. This measure, without endowment or grants, was an abortion—a plum-pudding without the plums. But it might be amended, by putting in the plums—meaning the money-clauses.

Lord SPENCER said very much the same thing, speaking from his experience as an Irish Viceroy. So did Lord POWERSCOURT.

Lord SALISBURY said the Roman Catholics wanted an Endowment. England would not give them one. There was the difficulty.

Lord GRANVILLE said there *was* the difficulty, and this Bill did not meet it. The Government said they could not propose Endowments, but they said nothing about grants.

The LORD CHANCELLOR admitted the difficulty—but suggested no way out of it.

So the Bill was read a Second Time, with a *consensus*, that if it is to be made acceptable to Ireland "money must be put into it."

Only the Government shrinks from this in the presence of strong anti-papal prejudices among its rank and file, and hopes to throw the *odium* of proposing anything of the kind on the Opposition. Never was anything plainer, or more pitiable, or less promising.

(Commons.)—Morning Sitting.—A Mr. GRISELL has been offering to buy up the opinion of a Select Committee. He is to be examined by a Select Committee. Oh, 'tis a joy to see the engineer hoist with his own petard.

"GRISELL!" The name reminds one of a firm once much in the public mouth—"GRISELL AND PETO." This is "GRISELL AND PETIT," who may get more than Mr. G. meant to bargain for.

In Committee on Army Discipline Bill, several clauses got through in comparative quiet. House penitent, or headachy, after last night's debauch.

Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD snatched a vote against the Government, by 76 to 56, for putting Commerce and Agriculture under a distinct department, with a Secretary of State and Cabinet Minister at the head of it. A slap in the face for Lord B., half a fluke half a farce, for all that is likely to come of it at present. Still, if ever the wheelwork of Government came to be overhauled, the vote may be referred to.

Wednesday.—Mr. STEVENSON brought in his English Sunday Closing Act—sequel to the Irish ditto. "Thus





## HAD HIM THERE!

*Priest.* "YOU DRUNKEN SOT! THE VERY BEASTS OF THE FIELD GIVE YOU A LESSON! THEY LEAVE OFF WHEN THEY HAVE QUENCHED THEIR THIRST."

*Paddy.* "YES, YER RIV'RENCE. BUT WHERE DID THE BASTES IVER COME ACROSS A STRAME O' WHISKEY!!?"

bad begins, but worse remains behind." He had presented a petition in favour of the Bill signed by 70,000 members of the British Women's Temperance Association. This is female representation—of males—with a vengeance! Why, he asked, should hundreds of thousands of their fellow-citizens be deprived of their weekly day of rest because some people wanted to have their beer fresh?

Why, *Punch* asks, should some millions of our fellow-citizens be debarred of their Sunday draught of beer, because a few thousands can't go into a public-house without making beasts of themselves?

The Government opposed the Bill in a half-and-half way, and finally the House settled the matter by (165 to 162) adjourning the Debate, that Mr. STEVENSON might withdraw his Bill, and bring in another on the same lines, but less obviously unworkable. Better out it for good, says *Punch*, and don't come again.

*Thursday (Lords).*—Earl STANHOPE's unsatisfactory Bill, which under shadow of amending the Public Health Act gives powers for creation of denominational burial-grounds, passed into Committee by 117 to 69, after a vain attempt of Lord KIMBERLEY to stay its progress. A distinct step backwards in burial legislation.

*(Commons).*—Another night *carbone notanda*—of which *Punch* declines to bottle any of the noxious essence.

The SPEAKER having stationed two of the Committee Clerks in the side gallery to take a fuller note of the night's discussion than that supplied him in the usual course by the Clerks at the table, Messrs. CALLAN and PARNELL chose to challenge this as an act of terrorism, meant to overawe Irish Members; and on the SPEAKER taking the chair to explain that the step had been taken by his direction and for his information, and that the minutes supplied him had no reference to particular Members of the House—either Irish, Scotch, or English—Mr. PARNELL and Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, amidst indescribable excitement, not only challenged the SPEAKER's authority, but actually charged him with a breach of privilege. Yet the lights did not burn blue, nor did the roof fall in to crush this parrioidal pair!

Let the Kilkenny Cats fall foul of the Marine and Army Cats

and welcome, but when they fix their sacrilegious claws in the SPEAKER's wig, *Punch* stands aghast, and declines to do more than record the awful deed of impious daring!

Most of the night was wasted in denunciation of this unprecedented outrage on the sanctity of the Chair. But after the long and furious storm had blown over, such progress was made with the Army Discipline Bill that, somehow, in the small hours, the last clause was reached! For this relief much thanks!

*Friday (Lords).*—In spite of an honest Protestant wail from Lord ORANMORE, the Irish University Bill went through Committee, on its way to L. S. D., or to Limbo. Who can say? We back Limbo.

*(Commons).*—The House rallied round the SPEAKER, in a phalanx of 421 to 29, against Mr. PARNELL and his knot of supporters, mostly Irish, but with some half-dozen English *Intransigentes* among them.

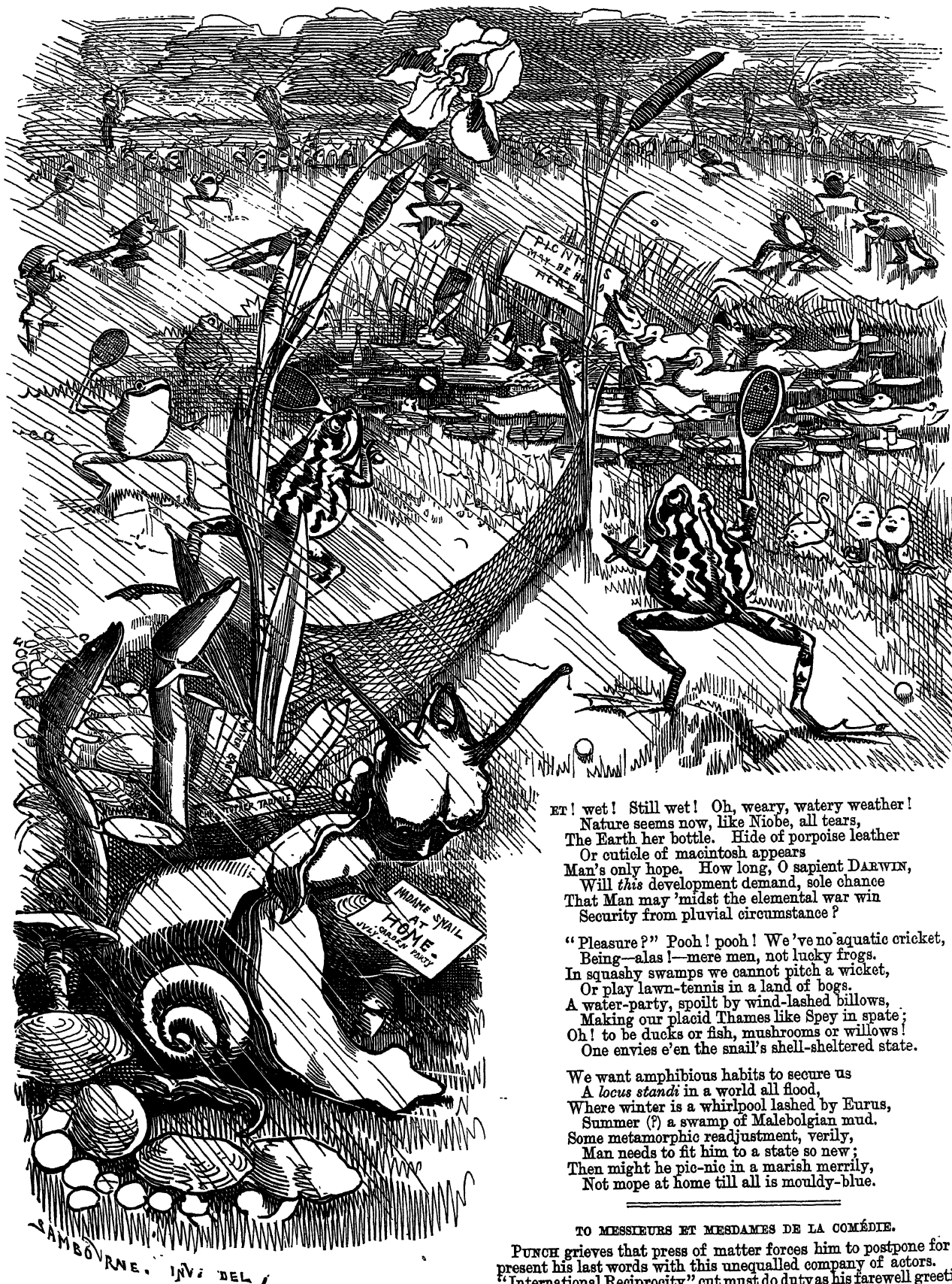
The Collective Wisdom feels that its authority must be supported in the person of its chosen head—who, if its "servant," as Mr. PARNELL calls the SPEAKER, is its steersman and sailing-master also. The only alternative before the House is to maintain its respect for itself, or to forfeit that of the country. Irish indiscipline must bend, or be broken. For once we defy even Mr. GLADSTONE to find a third course.

## HIGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

OUR Oxford Correspondent telegraphs that the Temperance Society has memorialised the Council of the University against their proposal to grant the Degree of B.N.S.

AN IRISH FACT FOR DARWIN' (latest example of development).—Making cat's paws out of cat's tails.

THE FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Personally conducted—  
not politically.

A WET WORLD, MY MASTERS!

ET! wet! Still wet! Oh, weary, watery weather!  
 Nature seems now, like Niobe, all tears,  
 The Earth her bottle. Hide of porpoise leather  
 Or cuticle of macintosh appears  
 Man's only hope. How long, O sapient DARWIN,  
 Will this development demand, sole chance  
 That Man may 'midst the elemental war win  
 Security from pluvial circumstance?

"Pleasure?" Pooh! pooh! We've no aquatic cricket,  
 Being—alas!—mere men, not lucky frogs.  
 In squashy swamps we cannot pitch a wicket,  
 Or play lawn-tennis in a land of bogs.  
 A water-party, spoilt by wind-lashed billows,  
 Making our placid Thames like Spey in spate;  
 Oh! to be ducks or fish, mushrooms or willows!  
 One envies e'en the snail's shell-sheltered state.

We want amphibious habits to secure us  
 A *locus standi* in a world all flood,  
 Where winter is a whirlpool lashed by Eurus,  
 Summer (?) a swamp of Malebolgian mud.  
 Some metamorphic readjustment, verily,  
 Man needs to fit him to a state so new;  
 Then might he pic-nic in a marish merrily,  
 Not mope at home till all is mouldy-blue.

TO MESSIEURS ET MESDAMES DE LA COMÉDIE.

PUNCH grieves that press of matter forces him to postpone for the present his last words with this unequalled company of actors. His "International Reciprocity" cut must do duty as his farewell greeting.



### APPEARANCES.

*Hairdresser.* "TREMENDIOUS 'ED OF 'AIR, SIR! BETTER LET ME CUT THE 'OLE OF IT HORF!"

*Eminent Violinist.* "WHY?"

*Hairdresser.* "WELL, YOU 'LL EXCUSE MY SAYIN' SO, BUT IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM FIDDLER CHAPS, YOU KNOW!"

### A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

THINGS be terrrrible bad down here I d'azzures 'e now, good Meäster *Punch*,  
Never avore i' me life zeed I veäces zo dour an' zo dunch  
As I zeed at our last rent audit; tho' th' Steward were smilin' an' kind,  
And th' dinner 'twere a good dinner, an' noo vaüt t' find wi' th' wind.  
Tisn't we varmers' losses! We be moäst gotten used to that;  
'Tis the landlord's cares an' crosses, an' th' trouble he's got under his hat!  
How can he 'unt th' 'ounds, an' gie we th' anneral ball,  
Ef things goos on like this, an' rents continers to vall?  
Noo kippers there'll be, an' noo watchers, noo spannels, noo pheasants,  
Noo shuttin' at all, a'moäst, an' not noo zort o' geäme vor noo presents!  
What's th' use o' gurt House ef there isn't t' be noo moöre eatin' an' drinkin'?  
An' marble halls vor me Lord t' zit in, cheese-parin' an' thinkin'?  
Not a geäme o' cairds I zuppose, ne'er a bet, nor noo spoört at noo reäces;  
What's th' use o' gentry at all ef th' can't kip up thirzelves i' th'r pleäces!  
Let th'-times be niver zo hard, I shall still, I zuppose, ha' a voäte;  
But what es th' use o' a vice a-kept a-stuck down i' y'r droäte!  
I do like vor th' agent to come, an' th' lawyer zo joo'ler and jolly,  
An' th' canderdade kissin' th' missus—tho' I own *that* mid be a folly;  
There's a chance then th' agent to pin, to git vrom un what things y' mid wont,  
An' ef I do g'ie un my voäte, why, I tell 'e, I think nothing on't!  
To goo voätin' 'ithout a kind friend just cõe's fancy an' favoir to fix,  
'Tis like fillin' a zieve wi' dry zand, or bildin' a tun 'ithout bricks.  
Why th' zosiarable fabric, be zure, u'd crumble away in a week,  
Ef man onto man wer'dn't kind, a tryin' h's best int'rests t' zeek!  
Vor Old England's zeäke I do wish they'd clap on purtection ageän—  
'Tis zo plain as th' nose on y'r veäce, or how many meäke vive to a beän!

'Ithout it noo varmer can thrive, nor noo landlord his  
high steätion maintain,  
Nor noo banker git his little pickin's! So y'r zarvent I  
now d' remain.

JERÉ SMALLBONES.

P.S.—Ef ye care vor t' hear vrom th' West, I mid zend 'e,  
b'times, a short letter;  
They mid tell 'e that I be a fool, but I tell 'e that I do  
knew better:  
This 'ere agaricult'ral distress I've studied th' case vor  
zo long,  
That out ov my zufferin's at last, as the pote zes, I've  
bust into zong!

### FROM OUR CLIMBING CONTRIBUTOR.

*Account of a terrific ascent of the celebrated Ritupatopza  
Cone, and of all the highest points of the hitherto  
inaccessible Hiarandhia Mountains, in a Letter to  
the Editor, bearing date two weeks ago.\**

SIR,—When you appointed me your Climbing Corres-  
pondent, you did well and wisely.

"Excelsior" is my motto, and "Excelsiorwaterior"  
when I can't get anything better.

This, you may think, is levity, but I am a light climber,  
as I am a light sleeper—in fact I have a horror of any  
man who is a dark sleeper. Mind, it's a dark "sleeper"  
that upsets the train—and that will upset my train of  
thought, if I allow myself to dwell any more on this  
fascinating but abstruse subject.

You, Sir, wanted me to do the Matterhorn.

"The Matterhorn be blowed!" I replied, gaily, and  
then went on to show that the Matterhorn had been  
blown long ago by somebody who only wanted to trumpet  
his own fame to the world. But your object, Sir, was  
simply to sound me. In return, I gave no uncertain  
note.† I made an advance—a friend in your interests  
made another;—and away I went.

I will not descant on the terrible moment of parting.  
I had to tear myself away from the partner of my bosom,  
to bid her leave the weekly bills till my return, which I  
pretended "would be in about ten minutes, as I was only  
going to call on my solicitor," and then locking the door on  
her and descending the stairs, five steps at once, alpen-  
stock in hand, I gained the street just in time to put up  
my umbrella suddenly, and so avoid either a flower-pot,  
or a waterjug, or a slop-basin—I had not the heart to  
stay to examine what it was—that my wife, in her  
supreme agony, probably stretching out her arms to call  
me back—I'm glad I wasn't within a yard of them—  
had upset in a very paroxysm of grief.

"Call me back," did I say! She would have called me  
something else, much stronger, had I stayed to hear it.  
I did not wish to have *le cœur brisé, ni la  
tête non plus*. *Adieu!* as we say at the Comédie Fran-  
çaise,—I mean in Paris, not London, as of course I am  
miles away from that gay and festive scene.

In a minute afterwards her head was out of window,  
and I heard her shrieking after me—

"Always the same to your old wife JOAN!"

—words of the song, you know, but very much out of

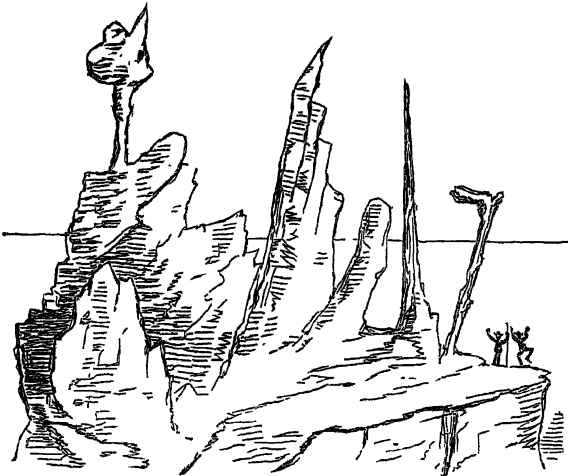
\* *Note by Editor.*—It is absolutely necessary to preface this  
letter, and any others that may appear from the same source,  
with the remark that, for the life of us, we can't remember who  
our Climbing Contributor is, where he climbed from, or where  
he's climbing to. He asserts, as it appears from internal  
evidence in his otherwise interesting and doubtlessly truthful  
narrative, that we appointed him officially "Our Climbing Con-  
tributor" for the coming season. We have no recollection of  
having so far committed ourselves; and, indeed, to have any-  
thing to do with the employment of a Climbing Boy, would be  
contrary both to our principles, and to an Act of Parliament to  
that effect made and provided, all to the contrary notwith-  
standing, &c. We just make this statement, in case of a difficulty  
arising.

† *Note by Editor.*—Not quite so sure of that. We remember  
this circumstance well. It was a five-pound note, and we declined  
it with thanks, not having sufficient change about us to cash it  
at the moment, though if he had only called the week before,  
it might have been done, and so, perhaps, might *we*. If we  
do our Climbing Contributor an unintentional wrong in mistak-  
ing him for somebody else, we heartily beg his pardon, and hope  
he'll call at our office and set matters right.

‡ This is the first we've heard of it. Though probably not  
the last.—Ed.

tune. She has no ear, and sometimes, I wish I hadn't *two*, when she becomes at all demonstrative—as with a beating heart and with scarcely a dry eye in my head, I turned the corner, and hailing a Hansom Cab, dashed off to the station.

That is how I left. How I arrived I will not stay to tell. Enough that here I am, and from here I send you this account of my first ascent, the first ascent ever made of the Ritupatopza Cone, the highest point of the Hiarandhia range, of which I here enclose a graphic sketch.



Sketch showing Niggernose Point, Krutch Rock, and Tooth Peak.

This will give you some rough idea of the difficulties that had to be surmounted. The figures are myself and "CHARLES his friend."

I've got a stick in my hand. Friend is dancing. He is exhilarated by the air, for we are 500,000 feet above the level of the sea. The level of the sea is represented in the background. Compare our figures with the rocks, though, after all, they will give you but a slight notion of the relative heights.

I had vowed to reach Niggernose summit before night. When I say it is to be done, it *must* be done. There are but two words with Yours Truly. It is either "On" or "Off." Sometimes both at once.

My sketch will give you some faint idea—and "faint" is about the word for the ideas of most timid natures, when on these dizzy heights,—of the really perilous nature of the ascent. No larks.

By the way, while I was hooraying at the top, I noticed somebody evidently making a sketch of me and the mountain together. I immediately took out my telescope, and by its aid read the words, "For the *Graphic* newspaper." So if you see anything like this in that publication before mine has time to appear, you'll know what value to put on it. Catching sight of my telescope, which he probably mistook for a rifle—such is the effect of a

Ascent of Niggernose, showing Our Climbing Contributor's Progress up to the top.

guilty conscience—he shut up his book and ran off. I could not descend in time to ask any questions, and my men, who were waiting below, could not, or would not: give me any information. But to proceed.

(To be continued in my next.)

#### HOW TEWFIK ASTONISHED THE POWERS.

"SEND for NUBAR?" said TEWFIK, in a towering passion. "Must I really? I'll show them that whatever has become of the old bar to European influence, I can set up a new bar of my own." So he sent a telegram, telling NUBAR not to show in Egypt—at his peril!

THE MOST TO BE GOT BY INVADING ZULULAND.—A Military Crawl.

## THE VOICE OF VANITY FAIR.

FANCY fairs have once more become the fashion. To assist Ladies who are new to booth-keeping, and who naturally feel awkward, and some, perhaps, even modest, as Ladies will, particularly young Ladies, till broken-in to the business, *Mr. Punch*, always ready to oblige the fair sex, has jotted down a little bit of "parade-patter," like that with which the Cheap-Jack opens his auction, which he thinks may be found useful on these occasions:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, or rather Gentlemen, for here we drop the Ladies, be in time—be in time—open your eyes when you look at me, and shut 'em when you look at my goods. . . . A half-penny cat may look at a King, and surely a half-crown customer may look at a Lady! I don't know who you are, and I don't care. ARRY's as good as his master here—at least his money is—and that's what I'm after. Bless you, there's no occasion for an introduction—tip us your tin, and we'll waive the bowing business. And now you've seen me, how d'ye like me? Twig my costume. Ain't it fetching? I've put it on in defiance of my husband and my brothers, and my uncles and my aunts—and the fogies of the family generally, of both sexes. Awfully jolly—ain't it? And it's a case of manners to match! Oh, chaff away—and see if I can't give you as good as I get. Don't be afraid, I'm not here to be shocked. I'm ready to bite you off the end of a cigar, sign you a *carte*, breathe on a rose, or pin you in a 'button-holer,' as soon as look at you. Fire away!—don't be particular about your jokes. I rather like 'em strong on these occasions. I'm not proud, bless you! I've not a notion who you are, but I mean to make a customer of you before you're many minutes older—if you've any money to be wheeled out of your pockets, and you can't be muff enough to come here if you haven't. We're here to pick pockets, don't you know? That's our little game! Charity covers lots o' things.

"If you think me pretty, you're welcome to say so, only you must pay for it. Handsome is that handsome does—don't you know—and I flatter myself I'm going to do you handsomely. So come on, and don't be shy. Buy, buy, buy! Down with your money, like bricks, to build me up the biggest tottles in the day's takings. Never mind *her*, nor her, nor anybody but *me*. This is the only shop in the fair, and I'm the only shop-woman! Now look alive! It's so nice to meet a Lady in this free-and-easy style, don't you know? Say what you like to me; I'm bound to take it all in good part—*risqué* or not. I shouldn't be here if I were squeamish, don't you know? Come, buy, buy, buy! Have a rose with a kiss on it,—that's half a sov. extra,—thank you! Sold again, and bagged the money! Or my *carte* in costume? Here's a fetching one—in attitude, and a great deal of me for the money. If I sign it, it's an extra five shillings, and ten for the *carte*—no, thank you,—no change out of a sovereign! Not if I know it. You pay your money and take your stare—and your chaff, if you're up to it—I'm not particular. Must not be particular in these hard times. Besides, it's quite correct. There's Mrs. GRUNDY keeping a stall herself. So, step forward, step forward, and get your money ready, and see what an English Lady can do for charity! Vanity and bad taste, forwardness and free-and-easiness, *Le mot pour rire*, and *Le bonnet par-dessus les moulins*,—charity covers 'em all! Buy, buy, buy! Any amount of chaff in—but no change out. Here we are—in full fig! Nothing charged for staring. Here's your Queens of Beauty and Fashion. All a chaffing, all a laughing. All a selling, all a swelling. Walk up! Walk up! Walk up!"

## A Cry From the Country.

THEY tells us we ought durun a run o' good times to ha' put by zummut fur a raainy day. Yaa! What we'd a got to put by fur we finds to be a raainy year.

Make hay while the sun shines, should us? Azy work when the sun's out long enough. This here zummer when 'a wun't show his veace for five minutes at a time 'tood be what ye med call a rapid act o' haymakun.

## Views about France.

THE Monarchy—A head without a body.

THE Empire—A body without a head.

THE Republic (Red)—A body that wants to be all head.

THE Republic (Moderate)—A body that should show a-head—the sooner the better.

## A WORD IN SEASON.

WHY is the weather like the late KHEDIVE?—Because it has rained long enough, and ought to abdicate in favour of the Sun. May we hope that whatever weather we are to have (even if changeable), it will not prove Tew-fickle for toleration.





## AT BULLONG.

*Paterfamilias (who will do the Parleyvooring himself instead of leaving it to his daughters). "OH—ER—J'AI BEZWANG D'OON BOOTAIL DE—DE—DE—HERE, YOU GIRLS! WHAT'S THE FRENCH FOR EAU DE COLOGNE?"*

## "WHEN CAT MEETS CAT!"

KILKENNY aboo! Dared the Saxons to say,  
Oirish cats could do nothing but claw one another?  
Ah! shure thin we'll give them the devil to pay,  
When their Bills we obstrueth, and their progress we bother.  
Their Cats are before us,  
Mol-rowing in chorus,  
It's an illigant shindy that looms full in view.  
Clapperclaw 'em, and rend 'em,  
Skedaddlin' we'll send 'em,  
To the glorious cry of "Kilkenny aboo!"

Kilkenny aboo! Though 'tis two agin four,  
And each wid nine knots in their nine tails, who cares?  
Faix! one thrue Oirish feline's a match for a score  
Of Saxon grimalkins, for all their big airs.  
Hooroo! for the ruction,  
Who prates of Obstruethion?  
Shure, we'll pare down their claws and we'll cut their  
tails, too!  
By sheer caterwaulin',  
And blusther and bawlin',  
To the slogan sublime of "Kilkenny aboo!"

Kilkenny aboo! Come on one, come on all!  
Be your tails ne'er so many, it's we'll make you turn 'em:  
Though ye hiss, spit, and growl, though ye sputter and squall,  
We've our wages to win yet, and faix, boys, we'll earn 'em!  
Wid your whip-cord that cracks  
Into dacent boys' backs,  
Too long ye have worried the world, wirrasthrue!  
Soldiers' friends—that's the chat!  
'Tis we'll kill the cat,  
To the glorious cry of "Kilkenny aboo!"

Kilkenny aboo! Shure our mutual slaughter  
No more shall make mirth for the low Saxon boor.

Henceforward when we're in our native hot wather,  
He shall have his full share, and a little dhrop more.  
Though NORTHCOTE may hate us,  
And HARTINGTON rate us,  
We'll hould on our way bould as BRIAN BORU,  
And gaily lay whacks on  
The back of the Saxon,  
Cryin' down wid their cats, and "Kilkenny aboo!"

## SERVES HIM JOLLY WELL RIGHT.

MY LORD, *Leamington, July 4, 1879.*

SINCE you have persisted in your unaccountable refusal of the Wreath which an adoring people has, through my unheard-of exertions, offered for your acceptance, I am now on the point of forwarding the People's Tribute to CETEWAYO as a mark of England's appreciation of his heroic defence of his country and kingdom against its white invaders. Trusting the great African potentate may feel no such scruples in accepting the National Tribute of the British Working-man; as have had weight with your Lordship, I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's Obedient Humble Servant,  
TRACY TURNERELLI.

*The Right Honourable Lord Beaconsfield,  
Hughenden, Berks.*

## Expulsion of the Hyksos.

*(Shakespeare on the Situation.)*

Sultan { *(to the European Powers).* How now? Back, friends!  
(to ISMAIL PASHA). Shepherd, go off a little.  
(to PRINCE HUSSEIN). Go with him, Sirrah!  
Ismail Pasha (to HUSSEIN). Come, Shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.  
[*Exeunt ISMAIL and HUSSEIN.*  
As You (and we) Like It, Act. III., Sc. ii., vv. 147—151.]



“WHEN CAT MEETS CAT;” OR, “KILKENNY ABOO!!!”



## LEX TAIL-IONIS.

(From the humanitarian point of view.)



ABOUT Cats, their right number  
of tails and such vanity,  
Let pedants and martinetes  
wrangle and brawl;  
There is only one Cat in a tale  
with humanity,  
And that's the Manx Cat,  
which has no tail at all!

## Equal Law.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—I see in to-day's police-reports that a Lady of Nottingdale was charged with keeping nine cats in one room, and that Mr. BRIDGE, the Magistrate at Hammersmith, decided that if the nuisance was not abated the offender would be severely dealt with.

Now, as a similar nuisance is being at present caused at the House of Commons through the keeping of four cats in an alcove off the cloak-room—viz., the Naval Cat, the Marine Cat, the Approved Cat, and the Pri-

son Cat—would it not be even justice to deal with the offenders and their Cats in this case as sternly as Mr. BRIDGE has dealt with Miss CECILIA HOLBECK and her nine tame pets?

If we count tails, the House of Commons' case is much the most flagrant.

I am, Sir, Yours,

A MARINE CAT.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After going to "Drink.")

SIR,—When about two months since I saw *L'Assommoir* at the Ambigu, I felt sure, that, in any representation of the piece on the English stage, three scenes would be done as well in London as in Paris. These three were the *Lavoir*, or Public Wash-house, the scaffolding scene, with the sensational fall from the top storey, and the interior of the drinking-shop, *L'assommoir* itself. The broad action, startling effect, and scenic realism, I was certain, could be presented even better on the London stage, than on the Parisian. At the same time I was equally sure, that to reproduce the peculiar French fun of *Mes Bottes* and his two companions was impossible, and, if attempted by the adapter, would be just so much labour lost.

For the hero's part I could imagine no English Actor suited, except, perhaps, Mr. IRVING, and I doubted if for that of *Gervaise* could be found any one equal to HÉLÈNE PETIT.

It also struck me that it would be a fatal mistake merely to transfer *L'Assommoir*, from the Ambigu to a London theatre, under an English title, instead of boldly taking the story with its series of strong situations, finding London equivalents—they are all to hand including the public wash-house—and giving us a really good English melodrama, inculcating the excellent moral of the advantages of judicious temperance over brutal sottishness.

Finally I was unwilling to believe that the awfully repulsive scene, where *Coupeau* returns from *l'hôpital des fous* only to die of *delirium tremens*, could ever be tolerated on our stage. And on the whole I anticipated but a very mediocre success for any adaptation of *L'Assommoir*.

As far as the first part of my opinion went, I find I am right; as to the last, I am wrong. *Drink* at the Princess's is such a genuine success, that the house is densely crowded every evening, seats have to be booked in advance, and how many hundred nights it may have before it, and how large the profits for the fortunate speculators may be, it is impossible to predict.

As there has been scarcely any adaptation of the original, but, for the most part, merely a "transference" and translation, comparisons may be fairly drawn between its representation here and in Paris, and in two instances with advantage of the former.

The two cases in point are the Scaffold Scene, and the omission of the drunken Undertaker, who interrupts the dance at the marriage of *Coupeau* and *Gervaise*, and pronounces the melancholy "tag." On the other hand, the Stage management of the Scene outside the *Assommoir* (Act II.), and of the interior of the *Assommoir* (Act V., Scene 2), is not equal to that at the Ambigu. Our stupid inartistic

custom of insisting on the Principals "having the stage to themselves" for their scenes, and of their always "taking the centre" for any business of importance, destroys that illusion of reality, which, in these two instances, was so admirably arranged at the Ambigu, and could have been so easily imitated here. It would take too long, and serve no purpose, to go into details; but I will merely indicate my meaning by pointing out that in Paris the workpeople did not at a certain "cue for music" march across from left to right, and then disappear, to allow the Principals to talk, until the "cue for music" came again, when they once more reappeared, and went through the same mechanical, organ-figure business. No; at the Ambigu the workpeople dropped in by twos and threes; then one singly, then four or five, all characters, and passed across the Stage, as naturally as possible, during the courting of *Gervaise* and *Coupeau* in front. Is it likely that if Tom the Workman stops to make love to Polly the Laundress as they meet in Oxford Street, that every foot passenger would at once move off discreetly, and give them the pavement to themselves? Yet this is what is invariably done on the stage, no matter whether the scene be laid in a market-place, or a thoroughfare, or any place of public resort. At the Ambigu the picture of the interior of the *Assommoir* was one of real life, the chief actors in the drama being seated at a table, on the right of the Stage, while the other tables were perpetually occupied by fresh *consommateurs*, who drank, chatted, paid, and walked out, when the *Garçon* wiped the tables, and in another second entered more *consommateurs*, to go through the same business, never interfering with the chief action of the Scene, but aiding it, by keeping up the illusion of reality.

Mr. READE has omitted one very powerful and important scene, the birthday-party at *Madame Coupeau's*, which, though far too long in the original, could have been judiciously curtailed and retained. Instead of this, he has introduced a front scene into Act V., where the business is made up out of what should have been in the wedding scene, and what belongs to the birthday scene first mentioned. The relief of the piece is divided between *Mes Bottes* and *Phœbe Sage*, a small share falling to the former and a very big one to the latter. Both parts are capably played by Mr. HAYNES and Miss FANNIE LESLIE, and their dance at the wedding is uproariously encored.

*Lantier*, the hatter, is made rather too American by Mr. REDMUND, who, but for this, is a faithful copy of the original; while, as for his companion in vice, *Virginie* (Miss ADA MURRAY), I must say she is, without exception, the wickedest woman of her size, weight, and age I ever saw on any stage, bar none. She has got "a bad part" with a vengeance! And night after night both she and *Lantier* are called before the curtain by the justly incensed gods, to receive a complimentary hissing.

Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD, as *Goujet*, the total abstinence man, has curtailed the magnificent flaxen beard of his prototype much as Mr. READE has trimmed the piece; and if he would not drop his voice so frequently, and be a trifle less self-conscious, his performance of this part, all round—and Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD must be considered "all round"—would be nearly up to the original mark. His delivery of the temperance speech, well adapted from the original, would gladden the heart of Sir WILFRID, and might even induce Cardinal MANNING to take a box at the Princess's.

Miss AMY ROSELLE—who appears here "by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire"—what a subject for an historical cartoon in next year's Academy—"S. BANCROFT, Esquire, kindly giving permission to Messrs. CHARLES READE and WALTER GOOCH to avail themselves of the services of Miss AMY ROSELLE," who will be represented as on her knees, tearfully begging not to be allowed to depart from her happy home at the Prince of Wales's, in Tottenham Court Road, and S. B., Esquire, comforting her by saying, "My dear, it's only round the corner! It won't be for long!" But he's mistaken. It may be for years, and it may be for ever—Miss AMY ROSELLE—"by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire"—(I can't resist it)—plays *Gervaise*, and plays it fairly goes, as playing goes, though too much at the audience, and not for the audience, with whom the interesting character itself is of course the favourite that enlists all sympathies. Her dying scene—where she doesn't die (perhaps by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire), is certainly good, though Mr. CHARLES READE, in order to end happily, has made his *Gervaise* treat the Angels very shabbily, as when she is dying she hears them singing a hymn of her childhood, and then actually sees them beckoning to her to come, whereupon she not only accepts their invitation, but asks them to keep her a place—a front place—as she will be with them directly, and immediately afterwards she revives, by the aid of cakes, warm soup, and a second-hand fur cloak, and closes at once with a very substantial offer of marriage from the temperate but impulsive *Goujet*. And so poor *Gervaise* remains at the Princess's by the kind permission of S. BANCROFT, Esquire, and the Angels.

Now for Mr. WARNER as *Coupeau*, the weak, the unfortunate, the erring, workman, the "fearful example" of this highly moral tale. Well, one big step in his downward course having been



### "STARTLING EFFECTS!"

*Peep-Showman.* "ON THE RIGHT YOU OBSERVE THE 'XPRESS TRAIN A-COMIN' ALONG, AN' THE SIGNAL LIGHTS, THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SIGNIFIES 'DANGER.'"

*Small Boy (with his Eye to the Aperture).* "BUT WHAT'S THE YALLER LIGHT, SIR?"

*Peep-Showman (slow and impressive).* "THERE AIN'T NO YALLER LIGHT—BUT THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SIGNIF—"

*Small Boy (persistently).* "BUT WHA'S THE OTHER LIGHT, SIR?"

*Peep-Showman (losing patience).* "TELL YER THERE AIN'T NO"—(takes a look—in consternation).—"BLOWED IF THE DARNED OLD SHOW AIN'T A-FIRE!!"

cut away from him by Mr. CHARLES READE—I mean the scene at the wedding—the transition from sobriety to sottishness is more sudden and startling than it was in the hands of GIL-NAZA.

That Mr. WARNER's *Coupeau* is only an English workman in a French dress arises from the necessity of rendering the part intelligible to an audience that is even now inclined to laugh outright at the notion of the doctor having ordered a poor miserable out-of-work plumber, just returned from the hospital, to drink nothing stronger than claret!

His scene with his wife and little child in Act IV. is as good as it was in Paris, but

then the scene itself is just one of those touches of nature that go straight to the heart of an audience. Success here is rather due to the situation than to the Actor. The child is absolutely natural! This is the highest praise.

But his great Scene—*Coupeau's* death from *delirium tremens*—was too protracted. In Paris it was not one whit shorter; longer, perhaps; but one was so horrified by it, that one wished it over, so that the wretched man's sufferings might the sooner be ended. But here I wished it over, because the Actor's energy seemed to be spent, and one felt that it was with difficulty he was keeping up the excitement to the end, and that it was absolutely necessary to introduce the child, suddenly running in, to be nearly murdered by its father, in order to momentarily divert the audience's attention from the father to the child, so that it might be brought back again to the father, a second afterwards, for his fall and death.

At the Ambigu I breathed freely when the Act was over, for *Coupeau's* sake, not for GIL-NAZA's; but here I was glad when the curtain terminated, not *Coupeau's*, but Mr. WARNER's sufferings.

His make-up was—thank Heaven!—less repulsive than GIL-NAZA's, and, without comparison, and putting aside that this is imitation and not original creation, Mr. WARNER's acting in this scene is decidedly powerful. In the French piece there was no episode of the child, nor do I remember *Coupeau's* thrusting his hand through the window, and cutting his wrist.

One word as to the finish of Act III., which Mr. READE has improved by omitting the Undertaker; instead of whom he has introduced *Lantier*, who enters without saying a word, and confronts *Gervaise* and *Coupeau*, who shrink from him with horror. Tableau, and down with curtain. Applause. In reply to applause, up goes curtain, discovering same group, and to them enters *Goujet*. He sees the tableau—starts—pulls out a photograph, shoves it under *Lantier's* nose, who, in his turn, starts back—no one uttering a sound; and the position of the whole is suddenly changed—*Lantier* being horror-struck at the sight of a wretched likeness of himself and his first wife—probably done on the sands somewhere by an itinerant artist, all framed and glazed for one franc fifty—and down goes the curtain on the group.

But if after the first tableau there had been no applause—"But if there is no applause, Mr. PUFF?" asks one of the actors in the *Critic* when the author has them all at a dead lock—how then? Would the curtain have gone up amid dead silence? Necessarily. Let the audience be silent one night and try it.

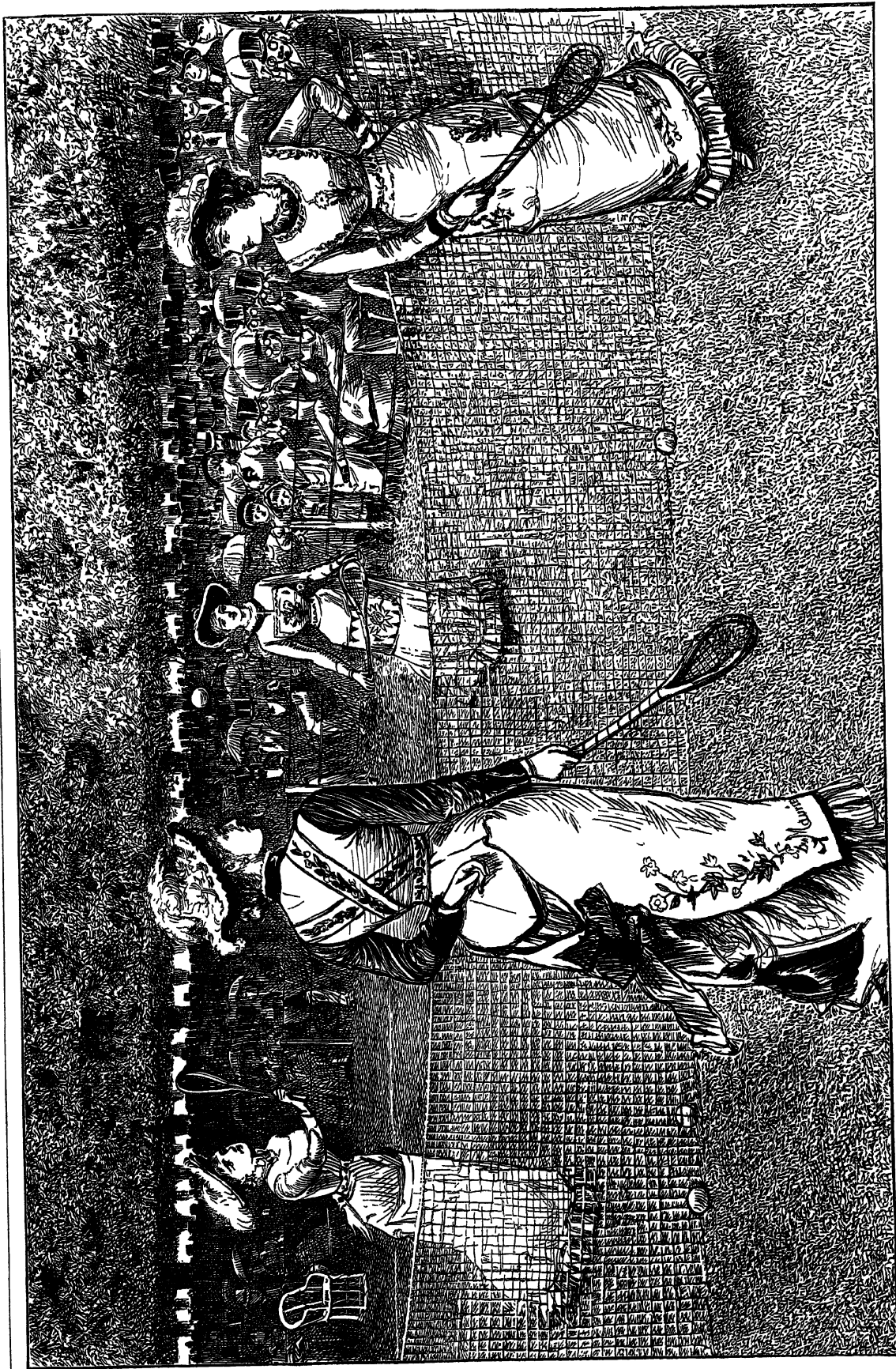
So much for *Drink*. And now I am dry, which is more than I can say of this July weather.

"Now to the post—  
These lines I send 'um.  
Drink!—this my toast—  
*Nunc est bibendum!*"

I see a piece advertised called the *Worship of Bacchus*. Are we going to be flooded with drink? Is the tap turned on everywhere? The East End will now revive various versions of *The Bottle* to which *L'Assommoir* in very many respects bears a curious family resemblance. I shall follow a masterly policy of abstention, and am sincerely,  
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LIKE CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—  
Carrying Corn to Chicago.





# INTERNATIONAL RECIPROCITY.

GAULS OF LUTETIA! WE SALUTE YOU! AND WE THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS FOR THE LOAN OF MESDAMES BROHAN, FAVANT, BERNHARDT, BROCHAT, CROIZETTE, SAMARY, REICHEMBERG, JOUASSAIN, BARRETTA, DUDLEY, LLOYD, BIANCA, MARTINE, AND THIERARD, WHOSE HANDS WE KISS, AND WHOM WE HAVE ENGRAINED IN OUR MOST AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE. OUR QUEENS OF THE STABLE ARE POWER THAN YOURS, AND WE LOVE THEM SO MUCH THAT WE CANNOT SPARE THEM TO YOU; DESPAIR NOT, HOWEVER, FOR WE SHALL COMPENSATE YOU IN THE NEXT YEAR, WHEN WE SHALL SEND YOU THE GAME OF "FELONIE-FAUNE." *ÇA VA JOLIMENT POUR REATER!!*

"ELYSIAN FIELDS," WE WILL LEND YOU SOME OF OUR BEAUTIES, WHOSE NAME IS LEBRON, AND THEY SHALL PLAY FOR YOU THE GAME OF "FELONIE-FAUNE." *ÇA VA JOLIMENT POUR REATER!!*

## PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

(After the Conservative Banquet in the City.)

*Salisbury to Hartington.*

DEAR HARTY,  
You read what I said in the City?  
Be assured 'twas well-meant. Your position I pity.  
You are really a very good fellow, you know,  
But your shocking Circassian followers—oh!!!

*Hartington to Salisbury.*

DEAR SALLY,  
I READ, and—I think—understood  
Your most flattering words; you're exceedingly good.  
My "Circassians" chafe me, I own, but don't dream  
I'm in need of a CECIL'S Circassian Cream!

*Salisbury to Hartington.*

DEAR HARTY,  
Don't huff! You're disgusted I know,  
At those sub-gangway chaps, they're so awfully low.  
Your patience and pride they must terribly tax;  
But things always go quishy when Discipline's lax!

*Hartington to Salisbury.*

DEAR SALLY,  
YES! Discipline's such a fine thing!  
Yet I fancy that once you were fond of your fling.  
But having knocked under to DIZZY, of course,  
You would have no Irregulars now in the force.

*Salisbury to Hartington.*

DEAR HARTY,  
Now pray do not get in a passion,  
I may have been Ishmael, never Circassian,  
Your Bashi-Bazouks, I am sorely afraid,  
Will yet turn on their leader,—unless they're well paid!

*Hartington to Salisbury.*

DEAR SALLY,  
Paid, eh? Well, there's much in a name,  
But when Ishmael turned Issachar, what was his game?  
When the "strong ass"—pray pardon me!—stoops to the burden,  
Is it present or future he looks to for guerdon?

*Salisbury to Hartington.*

DEAR HARTY,  
Ass? Issachar? Guerdon? Dear me!  
I have not an idea what your meaning may be.  
You surely don't hint "vulgar lore" may hook  
A Marquis as well as a Bashi-Bazouk?

*Hartington to Salisbury.*

DEAR SALLY,  
OH no! But when Issachar shows  
A hard 'mouth to hard bit, a stout back to sore blows,  
Some will fancy the prospect of fodder and stall  
Has its weight,—which may prove him no ass after all.

*Salisbury to Hartington.*

DEAR HARTY,  
YOU'LL scarce keep your "stall," my sweet Whig,  
There's a darker, more dangerous spirit!—you twig?  
We are sweetly united, and know what we're at,  
But "Circassian" Leadership—just fancy that!

*Hartington to Salisbury.*

DEAR SALLY,  
THAT slap—though 'tis smart—shows your hand.  
I twig, and the country will quite understand.  
Scares and bogies have served you good turns, there's no doubt,  
But do you not think they're a *leetle* played out?

HAPPY THOUGHTS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL  
FOR 1879.

THINK of packing up your own clothes, and looking after your wife's boxes.

Think of the early rising, hurried breakfast, and getting to the Station in time to catch the morning train.

Think of the railway journey from London to Dover, with an anxious mother, a self-assertive nurse, and a couple of teething babies for possible fellow-travellers.

Think of getting on board the steamer as it rocks from side to side in the harbour.

Think of the two hours on the Channel.

Think of the buffet at Calais.

Think of the journey to Paris, and the *salle d'attente* at the end of it.

Think of the *quatrième étage* at one or other of the grand hotels.

Think of the difficulty of getting hot water, and general absence of soap.

Think of the *table d'hôte* with a party of "personally conducted" tourists.

Think of the morning promenade under an umbrella in front of the bonnet shops, at an average of five shillings an inch.

Think of the stuffy theatres, and the revivals of pieces you saw for the first time about thirty years ago.

Think of the money you will have to spend in cabs.

Think of the bill, three sheets long, that you will have to settle before having your luggage put in a *remise* for the Station.

Think of the slowness of *Grande Vitesse*, and of having to assist (merely as a spectator) at family luncheons into which garlic has been freely introduced.

Think of the *embarras* of hotel omnibuses on arriving at your destination.

Think of sight-seeing in general, and of churches and galleries in particular.

Think of the Rhine in a mist, the Righi in a fog, and the Simplon in a down-pour.

Think of damp beds, uncivil waiters, and indigestible dinners.

Think of the drains of Cologne, the Musquitos of Venice, and the Mud of Genoa.

Think of the extortions of hotel-keepers, waiters, chamber-maids, guides, cab-drivers, and money-changers.

Think of the last week's *Times*, and the day-before-yesterday's *Galignani*.

Think of the undesirable people whom you are sure to see, and the pleasant friends you are certain not to fall in with.

Think of the hurry-scurry of train-catching before day-break, and room-securing after midnight.

Think of the effects of indifferent French cookery, partially-fermented Italian wines, and toothachy Swiss honey.

Think of the chances in life you will miss for ever by being abroad at the very time you are wanted in town.

Think of the letters and bills that will greet your coming home again.

Think of all these discomforts, and a thousand more, and then light your cigar, stir your grog, poke the fire (now necessary in the middle of July), and thank your lucky stars that you have remained at home.

VERA EFFIGIES.

It is rumoured that Lord BEACONSFIELD has expressed his willingness to accept and wear Mr. TRACY TURNERELL's Wreath—at Madame TUSSAUD'S.



## JUST IN TIME.

*Constant Traveller.* "HULLO, JOHNSON! YOU HERE? HAVE YOU LEFT THE 'GREAT MUDLEY GOODS YARD'?"

*Retired Shunter.* "YES, SIR. THERE WERE TEN OF US WHEN I JOINED EIGHT YEARS AGO; SO, AS THE OTHERS WERE ALL SMASHED, I THOUGHT IT WAS ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE!"

## COMING TO THE POINT.

(*The Reflective Obstructive to Himself.*)

If I go to the Academy at the most crowded hour of the day, pick out the picture at which there is the greatest rush, then open my umbrella before it, and obstinately refuse to move one way or the other for two hours, why am I, after some altercation, removed by the Police?

Why, also, if I spring suddenly on to the seat of my stall at the Opera, and insist, in the middle of the Third Act of the *Huguenots*, on showing the audience, in a shrill *false* *setto*, what I would have done with the *finale* had I been MEYERBEER, am I hissed down and got out, not without a scuffle, by five box-keepers?

Why, too, if at my Club, I persist in taking all the daily and weekly papers from the reading-room and sitting on the whole of them during my lunch, does my conduct ultimately oblige the Committee to come to the unanimous resolution that I must be got rid of?

Again, why may I not get, with the Dean, into the pulpit at Westminster Abbey, upset a traction-engine in Rotten Row, keep the diving-bell at the Polytechnic (full inside) six hours under water, drop a portmanteau into the works of the New Law Courts' clock, lay sleepers here and there across secluded portions of the suburban lines, and indulge in other obstructive feats of a similarly brilliant character, without, sooner or later, arousing the susceptibilities of the police?

In short, if when, *outside the House*, I am not allowed to hinder the progress of a single perambulator, why, when *inside* it, have I every facility given me for bringing to a dead-lock the affairs of an Empire?

And, lastly, why is it that, under such circumstances, nobody commits me to the charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms?

## THE CLOUDS AND THE CLERGY.

WHEN the rain overlong hath been raining,  
Or the skies have withheld the due drops,  
And the farmers all round are complaining,  
With some cause, in alarm for their crops,  
Then the Bishops take counsel together,  
And advice to their clergy decree,  
Bidding prayers to be read for fair weather,  
Or for wet—which'er needful may be.

Less sage, it may be, than satirical  
Himself the philosopher shows,  
Who remarks that they pray for a miracle;  
It may happen for aught that he knows.  
But if reverend divines see good reason,  
Prayer's aid to the farmers to lend,  
Why not pray early on in the season,  
And not wait till it draws to an end?

On their faith if they place full reliance,  
Why allow drought or deluge a run?  
Why, with forecasts now furnished by Science,  
Remain mute until mischief is done?  
The future's climatic conditions,  
Daily cabled, we get from far climes;  
Might not, therefore, church weather-petitions  
Be preferred to more purpose betimes?

## A Stand-up for St. Swithin.

MONSIGNOR PUNCH,

AN incredulous person, hailing from Llandaff, writes to the *Times* an impudent letter, audaciously impugning the venerable and uniformly verified legend of S. Swithin, on the fallacious ground that the day of the translation of his sacrosanct relics, in July, 971, took place on "the 15th, Old Style; that is, the 27th now." Is not this sceptical sophist aware that the Calendar in which the Festival of S. Swithin stands appointed for the 15th of July, was reformed by a Pope, and therefore S. Swithin's Day, Old Style, and S. Swithin's Day, New Style, are both the same, and altogether identical for all ecclesiastical purposes, miracles inclusive. Ask Cardinal NEWMAN whether it is not so, if you doubt the authority of

HAGIOLOGUS.

AT WIMBLEDON.—WORK FOR A CARVER.—To cut out our crack shots. Why don't you, Doctor?

## ENGLISH, PLAIN AND PARLIAMENTARY.

THE principal business of the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons nowadays appears to consist in calling "Hon. Gentlemen" to order for using unparliamentary language. The chief offenders are the Irish Members, who seem to find extreme difficulty in mastering the English tongue in its official form. To assist these rough-and-ready debaters, *Mr. Punch* has prepared the following table, which may be advantageously resorted to in moments of excitement. The first phrase has already received sanction from the Chair.

## Plain English.

To sneak out of one's place.  
To tell a downright lie.

To brag like a bully.

To whine like a coward.

To cringe like a cur.

To listen like a spy.

To behave like a fool.

To act like a rogue.

## Equivalent in Parliamentary Language.

To leave the House covertly.  
To confuse fancies with facts, no doubt inadvertently.  
To revel in the language of unlimited strength.  
To falter under a deficient sense of self-respect.  
To pay an exaggerated deference unworthy the dignity of an Honourable Member.  
To obtain information in a manner which has not hitherto approved itself to the scrupulous self-respect of this House.  
To forget the dictates of wisdom and sound policy.  
To overstep the limits which separate the domains of Civil and Criminal Jurisprudence.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT



(Lords, Monday, July 14.)

WHY should Lord STRATHEDEN be so much concerned about Russian evacuation that he is determined to make a motion if the Russians won't? His eagerness to sustain the Government was ill-rewarded by Lord SALISBURY, who plainly said the Government wanted none of his sustaining. Lord STRATHEDEN shut up, stung but not squenched, his motto being "*Morsus emergam*."—"the more I am sat upon the more I will not be put down."

Has Government been coquetting with the Irish Roman Catholics in the matter of University Education? Lord EMILY asserts as much, distinctly referring to a proposal for settlement negotiated some time ago to the Prime Minister signed by almost every Catholic

ago with the Irish Executive, in favour of which, he says, a petition was forwarded to the Prime Minister signed by almost every Catholic of position and importance in Ireland, with a result of expectations only raised to be dashed by a measure as unjust as it would prove abortive.

Called to his legs by Lord GRANVILLE, Lord BEACONSFIELD declared that he had listened to "the extraordinary speech of the noble Baron with amazement," that "nothing of the romance in which he appeared to be indulging" was known to Lord B.; that the Cabinet knew nothing of this negotiation of these schemes and plans; that no proposition on the subject ever came to Lord B., directly or indirectly; that he knew nothing of any authority for Lord EMILY's statement; that he entirely repudiated it, and was sure his colleagues would do the same.

Lord EMILY explained that he had spoken not of Her Majesty's Government, but of the Irish Government, and that he had himself seen the proposition to which he had referred.

It is clear either that the Irish Government keeps Lord B. in the dark, or Lord B. the Irish Government. Let our readers explain it which way they will, it is wonderful that St. George's Channel should set such a gulf between the Irish and English segments of an Administration.

The LORD CHANCELLOR tried to explain the difference between what Government had done last year in the Intermediate Educational Bill and what they declined to do now.

A distinction without a difference, says Lord SELBOURNE; and so says *Punch*.

(*Commons*.)—After some hours' desultory talk, the CHANCELLOR, rising to ask for priority of Government orders on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, took occasion to announce the "Happy Despatch" list of Bills which it was proposed to put out of their misery. Of those already on their way but one remains—"The Remnant of an Army"—the Army Discipline Bill. (See its embodiment in *Punch's*

Cartoon.) That will pass. The Bankruptcy Bill has a faint hope of surviving, and the Banking Bill, reduced to a skeleton, may escape the common fate. For the rest—

They are gone, they are dead,  
In cold obstruction laid—  
And there's none to shed a tear o'er their  
grave,  
Save where private Members weep  
Their small Bills laid asleep,  
That through many a weary sitting they had  
watched in hopes to save!

The Army Discipline Bill! And even that all but solitary survivor how sorely mutilated! Messrs. O'DONNELL and O'CONNOR POWER gravely rebuked the House for its grievous waste of time and its general misconduct of business. *Punch* congratulates them on their command of countenance.

Sir R. PEEL indulged in a lengthy and lively disquisition on the misconduct of the Zulu War, the shortcomings of Lord CHELMSFORD, the unfair treatment of Colonel WEATHERLY and Captain CAREY, and a number of incidental topics, for which divagations he got rapped over the knuckles by Colonel STANLEY and Lord HARTINGTON, who took occasion to preach the House a neat little sermon on the duty of not attempting more business than it could grasp, and doing *that* a little better. They must have a night for the Zulu War, and another, with Sir CHARLES DILKE, for the Berlin Treaty, *à propos* of Greece.

At last the House got into the postponed clauses of the Army Discipline Bill, and stayed there muddling the rest of the night.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—Lord TRURO and Lord SHAFTESBURY in support of Second Reading of Bill for unconditional prohibition of Vivisection.

The more sympathy *Punch* feels with the humane feeling that prompts these Lords, the better pleased he is that their horror of suffering is not to be allowed to stand in the way of its alleviation. This is the ground and justification of experiments on living creatures, carried on under due regulation and control.

Earl BEAUCHAMP, Lord CARNARVON, and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, whom *Punch* congratulates on his courage as much as his clear-headedness, urged the sensible, and unsensational, side of the argument—that the lower animals may reasonably and religiously be made to suffer for the alleviation of greater suffering among the higher animals, provided always that such suffering is inflicted under due safeguards and not wantonly, nor in excess of the true requirements and objects of science.

Lord EMLY's last night's "romance" being again referred to, Lord BEAUFIELD said that probably it would be found that the Lord Lieutenant *might* have conversed with Irish Prelates and others on the subject—but *he* knew nothing about it. It was only a guess of his. As for negotiations!—bless you, there had been nothing of the kind. Lord EMLY must have been dreaming. Lord B. at least can't throw any light on the matter.

Mysterious, very. But there is such a thing as guarding a chief's responsibility: such a thing as unaccredited or accredited negotiation or discussion—or undertaking—or bargaining—there are a great many words will do—of which disclaimer being found convenient, it may be disclaimed, and nothing to show for it!

(*Commons.*)—The Army Discipline Bill again. More tampering with the Cat and his tails,—which keep growing "fine by degrees and beautifully less."

At last, after Sir G. CAMPBELL's proposal



"HE HAD A FRUGAL MIND."

*Mourner.* "LOOK HERE. I SHAN'T WEAR 'EM AT THE GROUND. COULDN'T YOU STAND A PAIR OF SLATE-COLOUR INSTEAD?"

*Undertaker.* "VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT WE NEVER DO ANYTHING IN 'MITIGATED'!"

to confine the floggees to a "bad list," Lord HARTINGTON rose to say that, as the Debate had raised serious doubts whether the Government retains a clear, fixed, and firm conviction that the Cat is indispensable for the maintenance of discipline, the Opposition had reconsidered its position and had determined, that unless the Government could see their way to confine corporal punishment to cases where death would, but for it, be actually inflicted, the sooner the Cat is buried, once and for ever, the better. He could not give Mr. PARNELL the credit of having brought the Opposition to this conclusion. It was due to the Government's want of clear conviction as to the indispensability of flogging.

Colonel MURE followed this up by proclaiming *his* conviction that from the moment the Cat was brought into the House of Commons its knell was sounded.

Colonel NORTH groaned over the awful fact that a Colonel should confess as much.

Mr. A. G. HARDY as became the son of an ex-Secretary of War, upheld the Cat in the name of humanity—as the milder alternative for death.

Messrs. HOLMES, MUNDELLA, O'MORGAN, and CHAMBERLAIN, gave their reasons against the Cat; Sir G. BOWYER and Mr. MACARTNEY theirs for upholding it; Sir R. PEEL thought the Government concessions sufficient; Messrs. BIGGAR and O'CONNOR POWER crowded excusably over the sudden conversion to their views of the Leader of Opposition. And then the Debate passed into the rest of the postponed Clauses, but with occasional inroads of the Cat.

It is evident that the animal is in his flurry. His last struggle is approaching. Between Irish obstruction, a Government in the last Session, and an Opposition on its preferment, what chance is there for the doomed animal! Another year ought to see the end of him. When it comes, *Requiescat in pace!*

*Wednesday.*—The Bankruptcy Bill—the one hope of the Session, after the Army Discipline Bill—talked out by Mr. PARNELL. What chance has it of again getting its head above water? It is such a half-and-half measure that *Punch* doubts if it is much worth praying for.

It may be a step in the right direction. They say it is. But it is such a little, timorous, sneaking, half-hearted, half-and-half step! The Bill speaks with such a doubtful sound against the rogues and rascalities of insolvency as now practised, that *Punch* is not at all sure it might not be better to leave the matter entirely to the hands of a less flaccid and moribund Parliament.

*Thursday (Lords).*—Lord HUNTLY objects to the railways carrying American meat and corn cheaper than English. If they do, they have, doubtless, good carrier's reasons for it. Does Lord HUNTLY insist on all goods being placed in the market at equal cost of carriage? How would the English farmers like that?

(*Commons.*)—Mr. LOWTHER made a bungling attempt to reconcile Lord EMLY's statements of proposals that had passed between Roman-Catholic magnates and Government bigwigs, with Lord BEACONSFIELD'S categorical denial. "No proposal had ever been made to the Irish Roman-Catholic Bishops by the Irish Executive. No doubt official communications had taken place between members of the Irish Government in their individual capacity, and persons of different religions and politics."

JOHN BULL may be a flat, but he is not flat enough to think Lord BEACONSFIELD likely to leave himself without a bolt-hole.

On Report of Army Discipline Bill, Lord HARTINGTON did his *volte-face* over the Cat, and was defeated on Division by 289 to 183.

The Cat is a nasty beast; and the less we see of his claws on soldiers' and sailors' backs the better. Henceforward, it is to be hoped, we shall see so little, that even if the Cat survive, it will be more for terror than for torture. *Punch* does not like to see the tail of the Opposition wagging its head in this way.

The next thing we are likely to hear of the obnoxious animal will be its solemn interment—not with military honours.

In the meantime, if it be true that you cannot keep the worst blackguards in order without the Cat, suppose we set ourselves seriously to get rid of the blackguards, and of the necessary Cat with them.

## HOW WE DEBATE NOW—LEGISLATION IN EXCELSIS.

SCENE—Not Billingsgate.

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* Well, and what are you staring at now?

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* What am I staring at? What are you going to do with that there Bill?

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* What am I going to do with this here Bill? Pass it,—that's what I'm going to do with it.

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* Oh, you're going to pass it, are you?

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government (doggedly).* Yes, I'm going to pass it.

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition (with irony).* Oh, are you? With the Cat, I suppose?

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* Yes, with the Cat. But what's the Cat to you I should like to know.

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* Oh, the Cat ain't nothing to me! Oh, no, nothing all, of course! But, if you're after keeping the Cat—

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* Who said I was a-going to keep the Cat?

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* Who said you was a-going to keep the Cat? Oh, you said nothing about it. Of course you didn't! We all know that, don't we?

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* You seem to know a deal—you do!

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* Oh, do we? Well, deal or no deal, leastways we knows that.

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* Oh, you do, do you? You know all about the Cat?

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* Yes, we do know all about the Cat.

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* Oh, do you? Well, I'm going to drop the Cat—there! What do you say to that?

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* What do I say to that? Well, you're a nice 'un, you are!

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* And you're another! *Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* Call yourself a Government? Why, I'm ashamed of you!

*Irreproachable and Imperial Government.* Shamed of yourself! A respectable Opposition indeed—a precious lot you are!

*Responsible and Dignified Opposition.* A precious lot? And what are you? Why, you're a low, grabbing, time-serving—

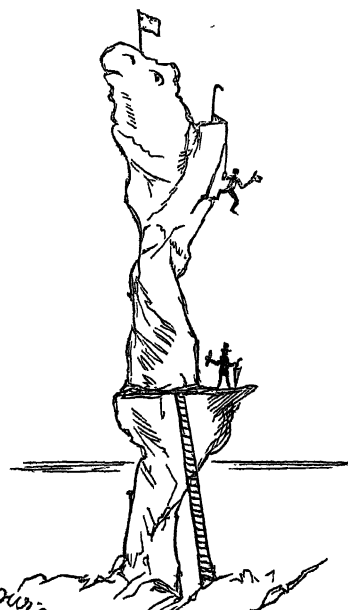
*Irreproachable and Imperial Government (taking up a brickbat).* Would you? Yah!—get out with you!

[And so the Bill is passed.]

## OUR CLIMBING CONTRIBUTOR.

(*Letter continued.* Boy arrived post haste at the Office, left the enclosed, gave a receipt for sixpence to the Clerk, who paid him on his own responsibility, and left hurriedly.)

On the 17th instant I went up the Hippopotamus Head. I took a friend, with a telescope, who went with me as far as the ladder would reach, and who saw me do it.



Your own Climbing Boy did it  
and delited in it

ASCENT OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS HEAD.

(Sketch, with Artist's Signature.)

one foot at a time always planted on some projecting crag, so as to steady myself while swinging from point to point. N.B.—Travellers bound for a Climbing Continental Trip, should at once invest in these stocks. List of the market prices sent on application to the Office on receipt of four stamps.

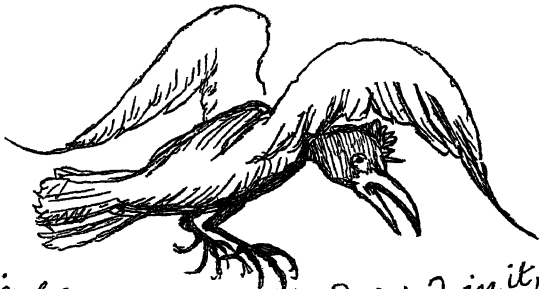
The flag-staff at the summit shows where I ultimately inscribed my name—the first—and took possession of the Hippopotamus Head in the name of Old England.

The next morning we started at early dawn from a Moist Sugar Estate, belonging to a wealthy friend of mine, and mustered a party of six.

One white, myself; one brown, my friend; and four native servants, as black as your go-to-meeting hat on Sundays. The four niggers scarcely count, as two blacks don't make one white, nor four either.

We had provided a rope two thousand feet long, thread, javelin-men carrying our alpenstocks, brass band, drum, and cymbals—but of course these do not count as climbers, though I managed to get the man with the big drum up some considerable height, because I

found the noise he could make was most useful in scaring away the huge birds of prey that would otherwise have proved awkward customers to deal with.



*Climbing Boy did it, Delited in it,  
Dropped it, and didn't do it again*

SKETCH OF A "GRYPER," OR VERY TALON-TED VULTURE.  
(Signed by Artist. None genuine without this Signature.)

Here is one I contrived to wing, and sketched him as he managed to fly away, uttering at the same time a peculiarly shrill scream, which, had it not been drowned by the beating of my own drum—(do you know the song, "*But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard*," eh? Here's a chance for something like it: "*The beating of my own drum*," &c. More anon)—would have, I think, rendered me deaf for life.

We breakfasted on the first plateau we could find, the niggers serving us famously, and the javelin-men holding umbrellas over us to screen us from the scorching rays of the early morning sun. Then, after a whiff of tobacco, we walked through a virgin forest of at least a thousand years old—a very old maid this virgin forest, eh?—where the vegetation was luxuriant to a degree that I have never seen equalled even in the Southern Tropics. Huge fallen trees, that had only succumbed to the mountain tempest, lay in the way, like Giant Obstructionists. Sometimes a perfect thicket of them stood before us—unfelled, unfallen; another, we axed leave—and axed branches too—to bring in a bill which would settle the Giant Obstructionists completely. Like the celebrated

"Man from Datchet  
Who brought his hatchet,"

all our good Fellers went to work, and by hook and by crook, by axe, hatchet, and bill, we made one grand trunk line in less time than it takes me to write five ordinary ones.

Then we heard the shrill, clear note of the *ciccaleri* (pronounced as an Italian word—whence the insect originally comes) and the *Hopoponax*, whose movements are so quick as to baffle all our attempts at catching it.



*Climbing Boy drove it, did it, Delited in it, and delivered it*

HOPPOPONAXES AT PLAY IN THE LONG GRASS.  
(From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—Signed.)

Many a hearty laugh have we had as we tumbled over the rocky ground, and went head-over-heels over the stumps and boulders in our vain attempts to secure one of these beautiful insects.

After a thirty-mile walk we stopped for lunch, selecting a shady

spot as free from white ants as was possible to find in was literally swarming with them. They are peculiar to this country, and, when irritated, have the power of inflicting on their victim a deadly sting. It is difficult, of course, to know what irritates them, or when they are irritated, which, as a rule—so the natives say—can only be ascertained distinctly (or "*dis-sting'd-ly*," as the natives express it) by results.

Five white ants, irritated, stinging together, will kill one black man. If, however, they are not irritated, their bite will not produce any other effect than that of a swelling. They live in the rough prickly bark of trees, and their nests cannot be taken, it being impossible for any hand to get at them without being severely lacerated by these bristly points; in fact, the extraordinary barks of these trees is far worse than the ordinary bites of these insects. Fortunately for the black inhabitants of the plain—who are peculiarly plain black inhabitants—they seldom ascend to these heights; and when they do, if bitten, they return at once with a swollen head or arm, or finger, and are venerated by the superlatio as having received an inspiration from the Good supposed to inhabit these mountains. The suffering diately receives presents of nuts, beads, and flour, and "*swelling*" about the place.

I must apologise for not sending any more to-day another ascent of sixty thousand feet to make before if my boy with post-bag, whom I am now lowering b not reach the village by nine, you will not get this for I have telegraph apparatus with me for communication but we can't yet fix it. *Au revoir!* Yours, still on ti



PORTRAIT OF BLACK  
BITTEN BY A WE

## AT CHISELHURST.

(Saturday, July 12.)

From thy Throne's height and mother's pride co  
To this uncrowned grief, and childless woe;  
Place on her brave boy's bier the violet crown,  
The only one it was his lot to know.

Thy youngest daughter weeping at thy side,  
And thy four princely sons to bear his pall!  
Of such a grief all sympathy falls wide,  
And yet 'tis well our QUEEN should give her a

England partakes the sorrow of her QUEEN,  
Would whisper cheer to the reft mother's head  
Stripped sudden of its one branch, straight and  
So fair of spring-tide leaf, so sound at heart.

Little these English mourners think of thrones,  
Past or to come, or factions' fierce debate;  
No thoughts are theirs that harden hearts to sto:  
And poison wholesome sympathy with hate.

Gather, grey skies of sorrow, o'er the gun  
That bears his body to his father's grave—  
Unlooked-for goal of race untimely run—  
And, Heaven, sustain that saw not meet to sa

## Etymological.

From a Harrow Boy at Lord's.

BOWLED. A man is said to be bowled, from the Lat *est cautus*—because he is not caught.

AIMS FOR AGRICULTURISTS.—Plain living and hig



## CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Tommy. "WHAT BEASTLY WASTE!"

## SOME "WHYS" OF WIMBLEDON.

(As they occurred to a Contributor who has not got a Prize.)

WHY is the Camp situated between two Railway Stations, and near neither?

Why must you, to get to your destination, either puff up a high hill or pick your way over a rutty common?

Why must you live in utter discomfort in a bell-tent with a lot of other fellows for a couple of showery weeks?

Why are you not supplied by the Government with either planks or heather?

Why is the Staff permitted to revel in boarding, carpets, elaborate furniture, and flower-gardens?

Why is the Members' Camp permitted to assume the appearance of a collection of Stock Exchange boudoirs?

Why are not the messing arrangements better managed?

Why are sisters, aunts, and cousins allowed to mince about in other fellows' quarters?

Why are elderly females permitted to make a raree-show of a fellow's camp-quarters?

Why is Major SMITH of Lloyd's, or Captain SPOOKS of Capel Court, countenanced in peacocking about in Levee uniform?

Why are Privates BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON allowed to strut through the camp in two helmets, a wide awake, one tunic, two suits of dittos, and a pair of plaid trousers between them?

Why is the shooting so badly managed?

Why is the marker invariably asleep when a fellow clearly makes a bull?

Why does he just as invariably mistake other fellow's misses for inners?

Why does one's rifle, so good at practice, always go wrong when it comes to competition?

Why do all the earwigs take my tent for a trysting-place?

Why is it always raining, when I want it to be fair, and, scorching hot when I'd give anything for a breath of cool air?

Why, after making up one's mind never to come to Wimbledon again, does one always find oneself under canvas within half a mile of the windmill?

## THE LUCKLESS "YOUNG GENTLEMAN."

(AIR—"The Jolly Young Waterman.")

AND did you not hear of that luckless "Young Gentleman,"

Who at St. Stephen's but lately did ply  
His pencil and paper with skill and dexterity,

Till his sly toil caught the SULLIVAN's eye?  
He looked so calm, and he worked so steadily,  
His Pitman's Phonetics he marshalled so readily,  
And he eyed the debate with such business-like air,  
You'd have sworn his proceedings were all square and fair.

What sights of long speeches he heard in that gallery,  
So frothy, so fierce, and so foolish withal!  
How his ears must have ached when the Home-Rule Circassians  
Gave the rein to their *penchant* for shindy and squall,  
For abuse and obstruction, for snapping and sneering,  
But a trifle to him was their jibing and jeering;  
Not a rope's-end for party or brogue did he care,  
His task was reporting them all square and fair.

And yet but to see now how strangely things happen!

As he scribbled on thinking of nothing at all,  
He was spotted by SULLIVAN, POWER, and CALLAN,  
Who protisted, and straightway began *such* a brawl!  
"Obnoxious and unprecedented Reporter!"  
The Shindyites yelled, and a world of hot-wather  
Was dashed o'er that luckless "Young Gentleman" there,  
Mr. SPEAKER's note-taker so square and so fair!

## NEW INVENTION.

"THE Tell-Tale Mariner's Compass"—evidently an invention for imposing some limit to the tales which are told to the Marines.

A SOLITARY EXCEPTION.—The one Dog who hasn't had his day this year—the Blue Skye.





## “THE REMNANT OF AN ARMY!”

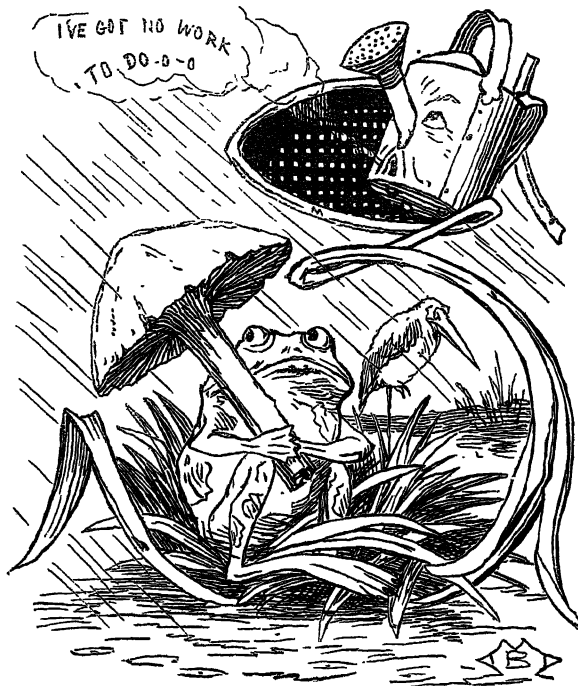
(WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO MRS. ELIZABETH BUTLER, *née* THOMPSON. SEE ACADEMY CATALOGUE, No. 582.)

“The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any Picture more thrilling with the suggestion of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor.”—*History of our Own Times*. JUSTIN MACARTHY. Vol. I.





## SIGHTS FOR THE SEASON.



Festoons of larks at the Poulterers' and Fishmongers'.  
Pantomimes produced at the principal theatres.  
Holly and mistletoe. Roast beef, turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pie.  
Hunt the Slipper. Blindman's-Buff. Snapdragon.  
The Compliments of the Season. Midsummer Cards. Many Happy New Years.

KATES in the iron-mongers' shop-windows.

Ladies going about in furs and waterproof garments.

Soup-kitchens open in Leicester Square, and other centres of poorly populated districts.

Letters in the newspapers recommending lentils as nutritious and palatable articles of food; with directions for dressing them.

Appeals from correspondents on behalf of hospitals, asylums, and benevolent societies.

Almanacs. Flights of field-fares and red-wings.

Codfish and oysters.

## THE RESCUE OF BURNHAM BEECHES.

BURNHAM Beeches' preservation  
Let us all, good people, sing;  
Praise to London's Corporation:  
Glory to the City King!

They already Epping Forest  
From the Philistine had saved,  
To their power when need was sorest,  
Scheming builders in had caved.

Tree and bush, 'gainst bricks and mortar,  
Still, thank Gog! shall hold their own,  
In their leafy woodland quarter  
Birds still build their nests alone.

Dryads, wood-nymphs, elves, and fairies,  
Oberon, Titania, Puck,  
Powers whose charge the wild wood's care is,  
Send the Common Council luck!

Round the Mace twine wreaths of myrtle,  
Aldermen with ivy crown,  
With a blessing may their turtle,  
Thick and clear, alike, go down!

They have saved from desecration  
Lovely wild and forest fair.  
Be perpetual, Corporation!  
Live for ever, my LORD MAYOR!

## PROVERBIAL ACUTENESS.

"DROUGHT never bred dearth in England," says one old English proverb. "It never rained flour in England," avers another. Of these two opposite saws one is probably quite as sharp as the other.

CURIOUS NATURAL PHENOMENON (*during the late Eton and Harrow Match*).—A Gosling producing two Duck's Eggs!

## THE VOLUNTEER BODY, AND THE REGULAR SKELETON.

"VERY fair shooting indeed," observed H.R.H. the Duke, as he lounged into the garden outside the Cottage at Wimbledon.

"Fair. Hm—yes—perhaps we may say 'Fair,'" returned the *real* Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who makes it a rule never to be too enthusiastic.

"Come, we *have* had a few intervals of fine weather," continued H.R.H., lifting his jovial beak out of a goblet of champagne-cup, "and so we can afford to be charitable. Not so many centres as usual, but, taken all round, the practice has been decidedly respectable."

"Hum!" grumbled the Field-Marshal. "There is one practice I think abominable. Look at those idiotic displays of furniture and jim-cracks—ugh! fitter for girls' boudoirs than soldiers' tents! And the warrior scowled in the direction of certain tents furnished in an unduly luxurious fashion.

"Yes, I wish they would make up their minds to rough it a little more thoroughly," assented H.R.H. "I fear that Woolwich is not the only place for self-indulgence. But, for all that, the Volunteers are not half a bad lot."

"In these hard days we want them to be more than half good," grumbled F.-M. PUNCH. "Anyway, I daresay my branch of the service will compare with *yours*—eh?"

H.R.H. seemed anything but at his ease. At this broad hint he observed—

"After the Committee has done sitting, let us hope we shall get things to-rights a little. And that reminds me that I have an inspection. I am sure you will excuse me. The gallant Onety-Oneth will be waiting."

"You will stay where you are, Sir!" said F.-M. PUNCH, who can be determined when he pleases. "The Onety-Oneth are old friends of mine, and I mean to inspect them myself. You may follow me at a distance if you please. I trust I shall find the regiment in a satisfactory condition."

"Anyway, Sir, it won't be my fault," shouted H.R.H. nervously, as F.-M. PUNCH, setting spurs to his horse, cantered off.

Half an hour's ride carried the Head of the Army to the barrack-square of the Onety-Oneth. The officers were drawn up in full uniform to receive the Inspector.

"Come to look at you myself," was F.-M. PUNCH's curt explanation to the Colonel.

"Delighted to see you, Field-Marshal," said the Colonel, with a military salute. "I only wish there were more of us to look at."

"The more reason for making the most of you," replied PUNCH, cheerily. "And now, Sir, what have you to show me?"

"Well, Sir, there's the regimental band—one of the strongest in the Service. Nearly forty, all told."

"Very good," observed PUNCH, "but you can't drive off the enemy with a band of music—unless you are a Highland Regiment with bagpipes for your offensive weapons. What have you besides the band?"

Well, here we are ourselves—about thirty commissioned officers, backed up by as many non-coms."

"But we want something more than that," growled PUNCH. "Go on."

"Well, we have fifty medically unfit or in hospital, and the officers' servants and batmen come to almost as many more."

"Confound it, Sir," interrupted the F.-M., impatiently, "what's the use of *them* in the face of an enemy. Have you nothing more to show me?"

The Colonel looked very blank as he retired to consult with his officers. At last his face brightened as he advanced, and, with a cheerier tone, exclaimed—

"Sir, I am happy to say we have something more to show you. Here, you! bring him up to be inspected."

A number of Sergeants hurried away, and returned escorting a small boy in a uniform evidently many sizes too large for him.

"Who is this?" asked the F.-M., in astonishment.

"This is the great curiosity of the regiment, Sir—the Private!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed H.R.H., who had now joined the group. "How is it that I did not see him when I inspected you a week ago?"

"The fact is, we only recruited him yesterday, Your Royal Highness."

"Come," said PUNCH, "we had better return to Wimbledon—the Association Camp is a pleasanter sight than this."

"Please, Sir, it isn't my fault," again urged H.R.H.

"Never said it was," returned PUNCH. And, being in a bad temper, he said no more.

But if JOHN BULL is as silent, he will prove himself more patient than PUNCH believes him to be. *Verb. sap.*



## CLOISTER COSTUMES!

(SUITABLE FOR DEVOTEES AND WET WEATHER.)

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

*For the Use of Visitors to Town in general, and Young Men from the Country in particular.*

**BAKER STREET BAZAAR and MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.**—We add the latter, because no one will wait for "T" if he has had no lunch, and wants to see as much as he can in a day or two. Baker Street Bazaar is a perfect Beehive of industry, including the Wax-works. An annual subscription entitles anyone to become a Fellow of Madame Tussaud's. The amount of the subscription touches four figures, which is in itself a privilege, as the public is ordinarily requested *not* to touch even one figure. Once a year the principal Characters dine at the Mansion House with the LORD MAYOR—a custom dating from the time of the Norman kings, most of whom were brought up at *St. Oire*, in France, and were personally acquainted with the Great Madame Tussaud. After awhile there was a split between the Royal House and the Tussauds, and a rival aristocratic show was attempted to be set up in Westminster Abbey. This made the Tussauds more "waxy" than ever (*vide Schoolboys' History*), and they then completed their establishment on a scale of magnificence which entirely threw that of the Abbey into the shade, which is one reason for the Abbey being so cool on a hot day. The Exhibition at the Abbey now consists

of only a few figures up in a loft, and brings in but a scanty revenue to the Dean who receives a gratuity for exhibiting them. Unfortunately for the exhibitor's perquisites, his visitors are not paying ones, as they generally contrive to come "with an order." (*This will save some time when we come to "W"—Westminster, and "O" Order.*) The principal effigies at Baker Street are most hospitable to strangers, and entertain everyone, whether of distinction or without distinction. N.B. —*A hint to the young Slybootses from the Country.* It is no use waiting at the side door to see the Sleeping Beauty, MARY, Queen of Scots, or any of the young Ladies of the establishment coming out after the Show is over; and any three-cornered *billet-doux*, whether accompanied by a bouquet or a bracelet, will be immediately returned.

**BALLOONS.**—Anyone wishing to have a balloon during his stay in London, can do so. Apply to the Secretary of the Windham Club, Ayr Street. The charges are two-and-sixpence for the first hour—shilling extra to the man, if taken—and sixpence for every quarter of an hour afterwards, a deposit being paid in advance. The charge for one ascent is usually five shillings, depending a great deal on where you want to go. There is no third class. The descent is ten shillings more. A traveller by this species of conveyance is not compelled, any more than by cab or train regulations, to return by the same conveyance, as, when he arrives at his destination, he may, if he pleases, get out and walk. A favourite excursion, in fine weather, is to the Milky Way, where London visitors can refresh themselves with milk fresh from the cow, and after inspecting the celebrated bull, "Taurus," as well known as PAUL POTTER'S, they can take a turn in the dockyard to see the Ram, and thence, by ticket, to the Zodiacal Gardens. Hire a good horoscope from one of the attendants, and notice the architecture of the new Châteaux en Espagne, and the Old Castles in the Air. If you take our advice, you will let your balloon wait for you, and return as you came. It saves trouble, and thus you will have spent a happy, profitable, and a not unproductive day.

**BANKERS' CLEARING-HOUSE.**—Entrance at side door near the Bank. Here, at four o'clock every day, the "Clearers," as they are called, get rid of all the superfluous cash and notes that would otherwise impede the circulation in the City. Second-hand sovereigns are chucked out in shovelfuls, and five-pound-notes, that have only been used once, are carted off into unclaimed dividends, unless purchased, at so much a packet, by those who happen to be present. No unreasonable offer is refused, and, in fact, the stock is really *given away*. The proceeding is on the plan adopted by the butchers, fishmongers, and confectioners, with the perishable articles at the end of the day, and by Clubs with their used packs of cards. It is simple laziness that prevents everybody, with such a chance at hand, becoming a millionaire in, at all events, a small way. Police are in attendance to keep order, and the band of the Coldstream Guards plays every Saturday from two to four.

**THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**—This great Bank is nearly as old as the oldest cliffs, and used to be known as the Golden Sand Bank. It offers a home to its broken-down *employés* under the name of "Reduced Consols," who are a sort of poor bedesmen, and wear a peculiar kind of gown which is made by the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. At the Bank,



## ARTISTIC AMENITIES.

*Bellamy Brown (pictor ignotus) on a Picture by Rigby Robinson. "QUITE A POEM! DISTINCTLY PRECIOUS, BLESSED, SUBTILE, SIGNIFICANT, AND SUPREME!"*

*Jordan Jones (to whom a Picture by R. Robinson is as a red rag to a bull, as B. B. knows). "WHY, HANG IT, MAN, THE DRAWING'S VILE, THE COLOUR BEASTLY, THE COMPOSITION IDIOTIC, AND THE SUBJECT ABSURD!"*

*Bellamy Brown. "AH, ALL WORKS OF THE HIGHEST GENIUS HAVE FAULTS OF THAT DESCRIPTION!"*

*Jordan Jones. "HAVE THEY? I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT, THEN, FOR THERE'S A CHANCE FOR YOU, OLD MAN!"*

## CRANBROOK TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

THEY tell me the Liberal Party  
To turn out the Tories will seek;  
That the Rads mean to rally round HARTY,  
And oust us. I like their cool cheek!  
But I trust that in manner explicit  
You'll tell the low cads it's no go.  
When your smiles and your votes they solicit,  
My Countrymen, promptly say, "No!"

Poor HARTY can sway them no longer;  
By sub-gangway shouters he's led;  
The tail one can see is the stronger,  
And soon will be wagging the head.  
We hold it in check for the present,  
But once we are forced to let go,  
The results will be deuced unpleasant.  
So, my Countrymen, stoutly say "No!"

Shun the Rads and their arts of seduction!  
Just give them a hand on the helm,  
They will steer the State-ship to destruction,  
And rapidly ruin the realm.  
Shall they tempt you to turn out us Tories?  
Undo our best work at a blow?  
Shall they tarnish our newly-gilt glories?  
My Countrymen, sternly say "No!"

Trust them not! When they'd lead you to ruin,  
And snub the long-suffering Turk,  
When they'd bow to that base Northern Bruin,  
And duties imperial shirk.  
Bid you cripple the Army and Navy—  
And then, just to keep taxes low,  
Make JOHN BULL to his foes cry "*peccavi*"—  
My Countrymen, bravely say "No!"

Will you change the land-laws of the nation,  
And lay wicked hands on the Church?—  
Though they hide it with round-aboutation,  
That purpose you'll spy if you search.  
Will you see our dear Mother abolished?  
The last feudal barriers laid low;  
All the true Tory strongholds demolished?  
My Countrymen, firmly say "No!"

Turn a deaf ear to Liberal storming!  
Nor listen when Radicals rave!  
Don't trust to their talk of reforming!  
Don't calculate what they would save!  
But show the low Radical party  
The tip of a stout Tory toe,  
And when they'd swop BEAKY for HARTY,  
My Countrymen, loudly say "No!"

## CONSISTENCY IN THE COMMONS.

ALTHOUGH both Liberals and Conservatives should agree to abolish flogging in the Army and Navy, they will still, it is supposed, retain their respective Whips. Nobody has yet moved to abolish them.

butchers are offered special facilities for keeping their "joint accounts." The Governor of the Bank has the power of punishing refractory persons by placing them in the stocks. Visitors, anxious to pick up something worth having, should look in at the Bank on "Transfer Days," when all the money changes hands all round—the clerks take different seats for luck, what was in A.'s name is transferred to B.'s, and what was in B.'s to C.'s, and so backwards and forwards all day, the clerks casting up their ledgers and account-books, and catching them again, or catching somebody else's. It is, indeed, a lively scene, and well calculated to excite the admiration of even the resident Londoner.

On the first night of a new moon, all the officials turn their money. The Governor of the Bank is, however, necessarily a poor man, as, though surrounded by coins of all sorts, he, as a loyal servant of Her Majesty's Government, has only *One Sovereign, which has to last him, and remain unchanged for years.*

On "Bank Holidays" the building, and everything in it, is open to everyone. Games go on from ten to four, and are mostly played with official counters. On these occasions the clerks wear suits of dittos, composed entirely of cheques. Go into the bank and take notes. By signing your name at the back of a note you constitute

yourself a partner in the concern, and are at once entitled to a share of the profits, or three thousand a year for life. There is one peculiar department where all complainants are taken to—this is called "the Bullyin' Office." Here the unfortunate person is bullied, and if he still insists on making objectionable remarks—about short change or a bad halfpenny, for example—he is at once accused of falsely uttering, and placed in the stocks by order of the Governor of the Bank of England. What subsequently becomes of him is his own affair, as few ever live to tell the tale; but it is generally supposed that he is secretly handed over to the Master of the Mint, at the Tower, who, when the early lamb season is on, makes him into sauce, and so he disappears from society, and the best efforts of his friends and the police are baffled. There are Mysteries of London—*Reynolds' Miscellany* is probably still one of them; and the ultimate fate of a Bank Annuitant (that is, a prisoner in the strongholds of the banks for years) has still to be unravelled.

**BANKRUPTCY COURT.**—Full Court suit requisite, in order to be presented at this Court. Your ordinary tailor will provide the suit, but it will be absolutely necessary to obtain guarantees as to your qualifications for the rank of a *Chevalier de la première classe* from several respectable tradesmen, to whom you will be consider-

ably indebted for the kindness. If fond of literature, a heavy though not necessarily scientific book on the Derby, will be a sufficient qualification, though it will not entitle you to a decoration. An order once obtained, you can pass right through the Court, in at one door and out at the other, and see all the curiosities for a comparatively small gratuity, as the system of "No Fees" has not yet, we regret to say, been adopted at this establishment.

### ST. SWITHIN'S, 1879.



On Tuesday, the 15th, the anniversary of Saint Swithin, the patron Saint of watery England, was observed with even more than ordinary interest and solemnity.

At Winchester, of which city St. Swithin was bishop, and where he is buried — every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, the legend which is the foundation of all meteorological science — the day was kept as a public holiday. That precious and venerable relic, the Saint's umbrella, was carried from

its jewelled case on the shoulders of the Cathedral vergers, and hoisted on the Cathedral tower, in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation, the Dean and Chapter, the City and County Members, the Astronomer-Royal, the Council of the Meteorological Society, the Clerk of the Weather, and many other civil, military, and ecclesiastical functionaries. A procession was then formed to the spot where St. Swithin's shrine stood, and in front of it were deposited a barometer, an old-fashioned weather-house, the day's *Times*, containing the weather-chart and forecast, and the latest telegrams from Valentia, Shields, Scilly, and other meteorological stations in the United Kingdom. A selection of appropriate music was performed on the organ, including the "*Hailstone Chorus*." At the banquet which followed at night, the two toasts which have been given from time immemorial — "The Memory of St. Swithin" and "The Weather" — were duly honoured.

At Winchester, Worcester, Lincoln, and in other places where churches exist dedicated to St. Swithin, flags were hoisted on the weathercock by the Senior Churchwarden assisted by the Arch-deacon's Apparitor.

The bells of the Cathedral and all the churches in Winchester rang merry peals when the head vergers ascended the tower at noon, and closed the umbrella — the welcome indication that the day was fair.

The rain-gauges and the cones at Greenwich and all the principal weather-stations were decorated with flowers.

In the Metropolis the official inspection of the weather commenced immediately after midnight, and was anxiously continued, without intermission, during the four-and-twenty hours. The summits of the Duke of York's column and the Monument were selected this year as the posts of observation. The Lord Privy Seal and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (having nothing else particular to do) attended in their robes of office on behalf of the Crown. At the Monument the Lord Mayor, who was assisted in his quarter-of-an-hourly registration by the Recorder and the Remembrancer, presided. Refreshments were supplied, and the choir sang "*The Rainy Day*," by LONGFELLOW.

As the day advanced, the betting on the Stock Exchange and at the Clubs was even on fair weather, and, later on, two to one was taken and offered.

At nightfall the apartments of the Meteorological Society, and the offices of the Meteorological Department and the Tithe Commissioners — tithes having been established in England through St. Swithin — were brilliantly illuminated. The day having passed off in London without rain, the leading umbrella and waterproof manufacturers forbore to light up their establishments.

In consequence of favourable telegrams, joyous peals were again rung at Winchester at midnight. The Saint's umbrella was restored to its case by the Mayor and the Dean, amidst a blaze of fireworks, and the city then resumed its usual tranquillity.

There were great rejoicings in the agricultural districts, and in several places an umbrella was burnt in effigy.

### SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

**MONDAY.**—Having sent back Mr. THOMAS BROOKE, of Leeds, his contribution, and having deposited "it" in the hands of my bankers, felt no scruple in commencing my much-needed holiday. Before settling down to my much-required relaxation, thought I would take a little business-tour. Started accordingly. Arrived in Paris, and called upon MM. GRÉVY, GAMBETTA, and Marshal MACMAHON. Very unsatisfactory interviews. After all, who cares for the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour!

**Tuesday.**—By unheard-of exertions reached Berlin. Visited BISMARCK. The Prince was very civil, but thought that Lord BEACONSFIELD might feel offended if he (BISMARCK) accepted my proposal. Learned incidentally that it is not the custom in Germany to appoint Englishmen Field-M Marshals. It appears that no exception can be made to this rule.

**Wednesday.**—Managed to reach Constantinople in time to see the SULTAN. His Majesty was very gracious, but assured me that it was a point of nationality as well as religion with him to wear no head-covering except the fez. We talked about Egypt. It seems that the Great Powers will not permit TAWFIK to be deposed in favour of an Englishman. This international jealousy is very narrow—not to say detrimental to the truest interests of Egypt.

**Thursday.**—Again by unheard-of exertions reached St. Petersburg just as the CÆAR was retiring to rest. Showed His Majesty a photograph of it. ALEXANDER declared it to be "sweetly pretty," but explained that he was too much occupied with the schemes of the Nihilists just now to attend to anything else. His Majesty, however, very kindly offered me an appointment in Siberia. Promised to take the matter into serious consideration, but fear that, accustomed as I am to the air of Leamington, the climate about Irkutsk would be too bracing for me.

**Friday.**—By dint of extremely rapid travelling found myself in the capital of Denmark. Was introduced to a gentleman who described himself as the king of the country. My proposal was eagerly accepted, and I was begged to take the sovereignty of Sweden and Norway, and a large slice of Schleswig-Holstein. My Civil List was fixed at two and a half millions sterling; but just as we were coming conclusively to business, the gentleman was arrested by two keepers as an escaped lunatic. Subsequently called upon the King. His Majesty unfortunately was not at home.

**Saturday.**—Once more by unheard-of exertions reached a French watering-place. Found three hundred and fourteen refusals waiting for me. Wrote to my bankers, begging them to continue to keep it *pro tem* on their hands, and leaving Lord BEACONSFIELD and my ill-requited endeavours to serve him, to a just, unbiassed, and discriminating British public, proceeded, without further correspondence, to the enjoyment of my much-needed holiday.

### Say the Antivivisectionists.

In the name of humanity, truce to this wrangling!  
We'll have no more Cats either mangled or mangling.  
Your Surgeons' Cats' tortures don't teach us a tittle;  
And barrack-cats' tortures avail just as little.

### Good Advertisement for a Rising Young Actor.

(At his service for a Professional Paper.)

MR. HARE is fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. TERRISS. We find in him that scarce article, a good *jeune premier*—*rara avis in Terriss*. [Exit.]

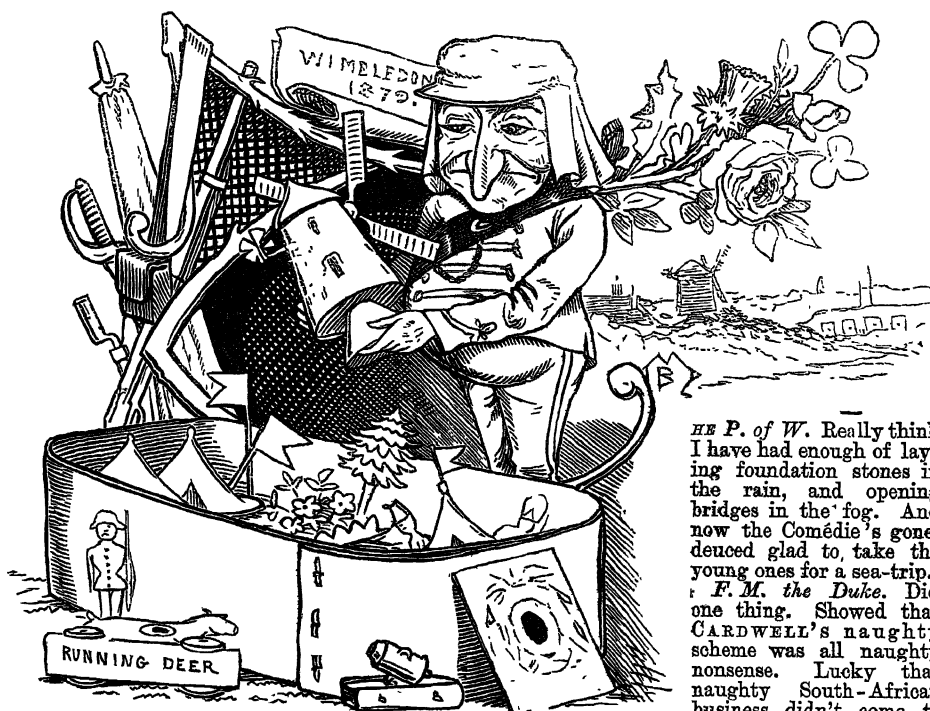
### THE JOKE OF THE CREAM.

At the Kilburn Show, the first prize for Cream Cheese was taken by the Aylesbury Dairy Company. No doubt the Company's Cheese was a sample of the *crème de la crème*.

**AMENDMENT ON IRISH MOTION.**—Vote that the Chairman report Progress. No. Vote that he report Obstruction.

ENGLAND'S TROUBLESOME RELATIONS.—Her Foreign ones.

## BACK-CASTS OF THE SEASON.



CHELMSFORD had time to cut out WOLSELEY. Now, must be off to drink the naughty waters.

*The Premier.* Well, yes—might have been worse—between the Afghans and the Zulus. Saved the Cat and sold TURNERELLI. Not altogether disappointing, if not distinctly satisfactory. Must look up my notes for the 9th. Some gilt still left on the gingerbread.

*The Marquis.* Still playing second fiddle, but we both have Garters. And I go down to dinner first. That's always something. I must continue to dissemble. Suppose I shall have to ask him down to the country in the Autumn?

*The Chancellor of the Exchequer.* Well, perhaps, they were a little trying. So very difficult to know what to do with them. One doesn't like to be too positive, because, after all, one might be wrong. Still, I think that all those education sops must work soothingly. And I really don't see that anybody else has scored, if we haven't. In the meanwhile, we're rid of it all for the next six months. That's a comfort.

*The Leader of the Opposition.* Afraid we made a mistake about the Cat. Mr. What's-his-name—ah, yes, to be sure—CHAMBERLAIN, is so very hard-mouthed in harness. And then, my "Right Honourable Friend" is such a jibber. Still, as Sir FREDERICK BLOUNT would say, "I don't think it will do me any harm" in North-east Lancashire.

*The People's William.* Been very lazy of late. Must devote the entire recess to work up my arrears of correspondence, and with all those Articles for the *Nineteenth Century* hanging over my head.

*The Mammals.* Impossible to say who is worth looking after in these terrible times. Rent-rolls are a mere delusion. What are landed proprietors coming to?

*The Painters.* How the deuce do they think we're to keep up our studios?

*The Lord Mayor.* Take it all round, I think I've done it at a very moderate figure. And now I must be extra economical until the 9th.

*The Opera Impresarii.* That confounded "Comédie"!

*The Managers.* Jolly good thing HOLLINGSHEAD has made of it. If we'd only stood in with him?

*The Shopkeepers.* Never knew such a season. Nothing doing except in umbrellas and waterproofs!

*The Farmers.* No season at all! Everything topsy-turvy, and Kilburn topsy-turviest.

*The Public.* The worst on record! Tired of writing to the papers about it.

*And Mr. Punch.* Bad weather, bad news, and bad times! Heartily glad it's over! Let's hope for better luck in 1880.

THE present wet Summer is just the time for a General Election: it would put all England under Canvas.

## PALACE OR PRISON?

MY DEAR FRIEND,

For so I will take the liberty of calling you, in spite of the purely business character of our relationship—you cannot imagine what a mistake you have made! Take my advice (no fee), and come over at once. This delightful air will do you a world of good. I am sure it is far more bracing than Boulogne.

Then the state and comfort combined of this palatial residence! The rooms are simply charming. A most elegantly furnished suite of apartments—piano and all! My "Gaolers"—I must have my little joke—are such agreeable fellows, brim-full of the pleasantest Parliamentary gossip! Then the view from the drawing-room is simply lovely! You cannot imagine how fine the river looks from the House. The *cuisine*, too, is most *recherché*. I had no idea that the kitchen was so well managed. It almost tempts one to go in for the House oneself. It is evident that the kitchen arrangements, at least, are under the *surveillance* of a Special Committee quite above bribery. Suppose you tried? Eh, old man? You must not mind my chaffing you. The comfort of this delicious little snugery quite makes one chirpy!

There is only one drawback—I am told that I shall have to go, willy-nilly, when the House rises. This will be a sad blow to me. I should enjoy a few months here enormously. In these hard times it is something to be put up rent-free in a fashionable neighbourhood, and the fees are really a mere bagatelle. *Raison de plus* that you should join me at once.

Come, my good friend, come. Exchange the bad air of Boulogne for the warm welcome of Westminster. And believe me

Yours sincerely,

The Clock Tower,  
House of Commons.

THE MAN UNDER THE CLOCK.

## QUESTION AND REPLY.

DOES England to the PRINCE IMPERIAL owe  
A statue? Must *Punch* answer, Yes or No?  
Let him rest as he rests, *in statu quo*.

Why beyond reason signs of woe extend?  
No subjects here to grace their sovereign bend.  
We reared, loved, grieved, wept, tombled: be there an end.

In Westminster, where we our great instal,  
With STANLEY's leave, he has no place at all:  
Woolwich that taught him may record his fall.

And claiming Art's aid, with least need for Art,  
Let Chiselhurst its mural marble part  
Between the Father, Son, and Mother's heart.

## Speed the Plough.

A WAG, at a recent agricultural dinner, made an agreeable fool of himself by proposing the toast and sentiment of "Small Profits and Quick Returns"—explaining that quick returns of rent by the Landlord were needed to permit even small profits by the Farmer.

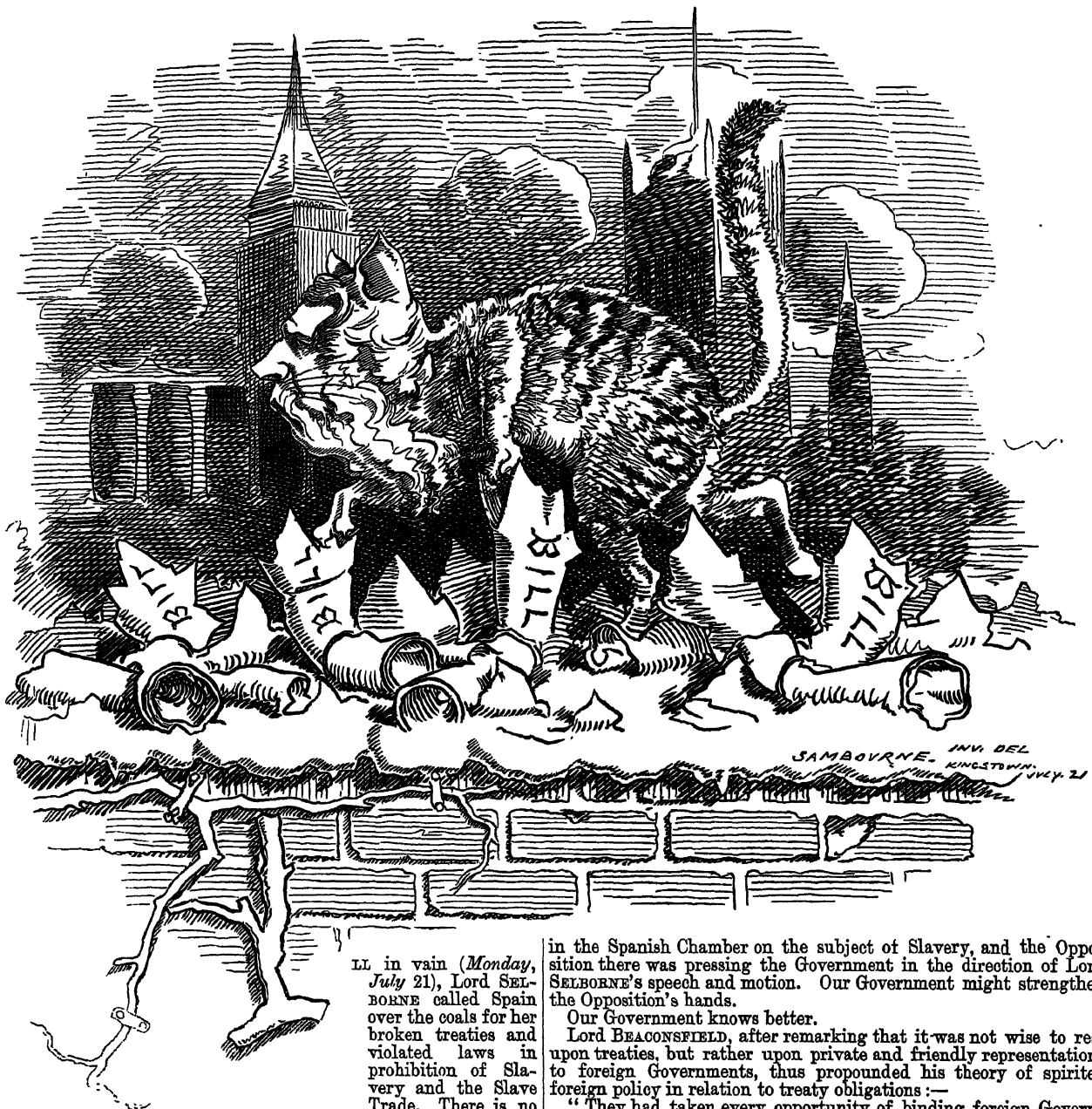
## THE HOUSE OF LATE HOURS.

"So late to bed, and so late to rise,  
'Tis all we shall do to vote the Supplies."

MOTTO FOR THE WOOLWICH MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.  
—"Cadet. Cecidit. Resurgat."



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LL in vain (*Monday, July 21*), Lord SELBORNE called Spain over the coals for her broken treaties and violated laws in prohibition of Slavery and the Slave Trade. There is no more hideous history,

no more damning guilt than that of the Spaniard in this matter. Cuba is the slave-trader's heaven and the negro's hell, and the Don his Devil.

Lord SALISBURY could but admit the truth of Lord SELBORNE's indictment, and argue that we should do more harm than good by moving or meddling. "Slave emancipation was a matter of time and conditions and precautions. It was only by restraining ourselves that we could get rid of one of the greatest evils that ever disgraced humanity ('common form'), and enable the Spanish Government to follow their own high-minded and humane instincts."

Oh! oh! It almost takes one's breath away.

Lord SALISBURY can be bitterly and scornfully satirical; and this was an occasion to justify satire. But isn't the irony of these last words almost too savage?

Lord GRANVILLE said non-interference might be all very well, but how when we had treaties to found interference upon? In 1817, in consideration of £400,000 paid by England, Spain had entered into a solemn engagement to abolish Slavery in all her dominions from the end of 1820. Ever since she had been importing slaves into Cuba by hundreds of thousands. There was a debate now going on

in the Spanish Chamber on the subject of Slavery, and the Opposition there was pressing the Government in the direction of Lord SELBORNE's speech and motion. Our Government might strengthen the Opposition's hands.

Our Government knows better.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, after remarking that it was not wise to rest upon treaties, but rather upon private and friendly representations to foreign Governments, thus propounded his theory of spirited foreign policy in relation to treaty obligations:—

"They had taken every opportunity of binding foreign Governments by treaty. They never contemplated that those treaties should be enforced as a matter of course if there were any apparent reluctance on the part of foreign powers to fulfil their engagements. They had trusted as much as they could to moral influence in order to gain their object."

Bravo, Lord B.! "Moral influence" has answered so admirably with the Turks. Why should it not work as well with the Spaniards? And so, no doubt, it will. One is quite proud to feel one's own Government on such friendly terms with two such "humane and high-minded" Powers.

Army Discipline and Regulation Bill read a Second Time, with godspeeds from the two War Office Viscounts—CRANBROOK and CARDWELL—who can hardly, one would think, feel quite comfortable about our Army just now.

Lord GRANVILLE protested against the measure being considered as necessarily perfect on the points in controversy under it. Considering its Commons' history, it would be very odd if it were.

(*Commons.*)—Monday Popular Concert of Question and Answer. *Inter alia*, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had a curiosity to know where the money for the African War came from. Whereupon Sir STAFFORD gave the House an instructive little lecture on the mysteries of the

Exchequer, particularly the Treasury Chest Fund and its machinery of advances. "Mighty pretty!" as Mr. PEYS would say, "to see with what attention to forms JOHN BULL is bled!"

In Supply, a Donnybrook Fair fight over the Irish Constabulary and Prison Vote, which lasted till four o'clock in the morning. But the ruction, though long, was not lively. Indeed, it was only redeemed from dullness by a batch of Irish reminiscences from the Major. Talking of Ireland, he said, reminded him of South Africa:—

"There were people sent out there to convert the natives. (*An Hon. Member—Missionaries.*) Yes, the missionaries. (*Laughter.*) They were sent out to convert those people, who had a very decent religion of their own if they were left to themselves. (*Laughter.*) These persons went to South Africa for no other purpose to his certain knowledge than to plunder. (*Laughter.*) One of them rushed into his Colonel's tent one day, and said, 'Sir, I want a commando.' 'What is a commando?' said the Colonel. 'A force of men.' 'For what purpose?' asked the Colonel. 'To punish a chief.' 'For what reason—a flag of truce is flying?' 'Oh!' said the Missionary, 'a chief has stolen my horse.' 'Indeed!' said the Colonel. 'I shan't give you a commando; but I will make full inquiries.' He made full inquiries, and found the Missionary had stolen the chief's horse, and the chief had only got it back. That was precisely the case in Ireland. (*Renewed laughter.*)"

Thank you, Major—very much thank you.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—Army Discipline Bill passed.

LORD WAVENEY ventured the bold opinion that the country was not satisfied with an Army System which was disorganised by a little war. Shall we say, "Audacious Lord WAVENEY!" or, "Unreasonable country?"

(*Commons.*)—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE moved that GRISSELL and WARD, breakers of Privilege, attend at the Bar to-morrow.

Sir W. FRASER asked how if they wouldn't come?

Sir STAFFORD said it would be better to wait and see if they came or not.

Mr. WHITTHREAD thought it was a pity GRISSELL and WARD had not been prosecuted in an ordinary court of law for trying to obtain money on false pretences.

Sir STAFFORD said there might be something in that, but still Privilege was Privilege, and a pretty Parliamentary plaything which Parliament ought not to let out of its own hands.

Then Parliament proceeded to another branch of its Privileges—to talk out one of the three miserable survivors of the Session, the Banking Bill.

A great unlimited Scotch Joint-Stock Bank having failed, and all but dragged Scotland into ruin, a cry was raised for statutory limitation of liability. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thereupon introduced a Bill which nobody quite liked, seeing that instead of providing a cheap and easy machinery to enable unlimited banks to become limited, with the consent of shareholders, it mixed itself up with difficult and disputed questions between English, Scotch, and Irish bankers. Now, Sir STAFFORD is fain to drop the clause relating to Scotch and Irish Banks, and so leaves Scotland out of the Bill introduced to meet a Scotch catastrophe. The backs of Scottish Members hereupon bristled up; Mr. MACKINTOSH moved the rejection of the Bill, and the end of an afternoon's squabble—not Irish, but Scotch, be it noted, and therefore presumably with reason on its side—was, that the Bill was talked out, and may find it hard to get its head above water again this Session, unless the Scotch Members can be squared. Another duck's egg to Sir STAFFORD's score.

In the evening sitting, Sir CHARLES DILKE put "Peace with Honour" into plain English, showing what the Treaty of Berlin's stipulations for Turkish Reforms and Rectification of Greek frontier had come to, and moving an Address to the QUEEN to use her influence in procuring execution of the Reforms, and Rectification of the Frontier.

Irresistible and undeniable truths could not have been better put.

As all the world knows, Turkey has not taken a step towards reform; has not shown the least disposition to comply with the recommendations of the Treaty of Berlin for giving Greece a tenable frontier on the side of Epirus and Thessaly. Of all the Governments represented at Berlin, ours has been the slackest in pressing Turkey to execution of this latter part of the Treaty.

Mr. HANBURY moved, by way of amendment, our gratification at what has been carried out of the Berlin Treaty, and our satisfaction at what is being done towards carrying out the remainder.

Sir H. D. WOLFF, in seconding Mr. HANBURY, made a powerful speech in support of Sir C. DILKE. The only thing to save Turkey was decentralisation. The best service we could do the Turks was to put on the screw, to tell her that she had come to the end of her tether, and must carry out the Treaty.

The voice of a Wolf in sheep's clothing with a vengeance!

Mr. GLADSTONE spoke words of incontestable wisdom and demonstrable truth in support of Sir CHARLES DILKE. The Motion did not imply censure of the Government: it had reference not to the past



### LITERAL.

"ULLO, BROWN, HOW ARE YOU?"—"VERY WELL, THANKS."

"HOW ARE YOU AT HOME?"—"MY WIFE SAYS I'M VERY GRUMPY."

but to the future, and meant only that England would insist on the carrying out of the Treaty for the good of the people of Turkey and Greece. *Turkey must be made to do the will of Europe.* The more distinctly she was made to understand that, the better.

Mr. BOURKE tried to make a point of the inconsistency of the Liberal party, after their denunciations of the Berlin Treaty, now pressing for its execution. He denied, in the teeth of facts, that England had been lukewarm, or unfriendly to Greece. There was no Government in Europe ready to force the decisions of the Congress on Turkey, so the best thing we could do was to mediate between Turks and Greeks, and get them to agree.

The debate was adjourned.

Of course the Amendment will be carried. That is as certain as that the facts of the case support the Motion.

*Wednesday.*—A full House, to receive the Privilege-Breakers at the Bar.

But first came the news of the Zulu defeat at Ulundi—about as good news as could be from this most unhallowed of wars, which the House has almost as little heart to cheer as the Country.

Then the Bar was pulled out, and one of the Privilege-Breakers—not the worst—WARD—the Outrageous GRISSELL's attorney, not GRISSELL the Outrageous—was marched in. It is a comfort, for once, to see an attorney suffering for his client, and the client, out of shot, "cocking up snicks" at the House, through the telegraph-wire.

WARD, "grasping the Bar with both hands," did penance in an explanation that explained nothing, and was led away by the Officer of the House to durance anything but vile, durance extremely snug

and comfortable, in the House's prison-cell at the base of the Clock Tower, till the end of the Session. Meanwhile—

Wicked GRISSELL has flown,  
And, safe at Boulogne,  
From across Gallic borders  
Wires back, "Doctor's orders,"  
For health's sake sent away,  
For health's sake means to stay.  
For a victim if hard-up,  
The House can lock WARD up.

And so the House did. *Punch's* comfort must be that for once the lawyer has got the worst of it—

And that WARD is safely warded,  
By the House its Sergeant guarded,  
There, within his Clock-Tower prison,  
Doomed for breach that isn't his'n,  
Till the Session's close to frizzle  
Less for self than client GRISSELL.

**Thursday (Lords).**—Lord CAMPERDOWN called attention to the cost—"loss," he called it—of improvements under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwelling Act, 1875! While we keep the machinery of compensation, we must take the consequences.

The Artisans' Dwelling Act is like the Education Act. It can't be worked so cheap as we might wish; but the money spent on it is probably among our best spent.

Lord CAMPERDOWN talks of putting the over-crowding clauses of the Nuisances Removal Act stringently into force—which means turning out the lodgers of overcrowded tenements, at the cost of more overcrowding or of leaving the evicted houseless altogether. Better pay twice as dear for improvements under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwelling Act. But the compensation machinery wants overhauling.

(*Commons.*)—Sir STAFFORD knocks under to the Scotch Members. The Banks of all the three kingdoms are to have the power of limiting their liability. "All's well that ends well." The right result, but limply and limpingly reached, Sir STAFFORD, as but is too often the case with you, when the right result is reached at all. Why not have begun where you have ended, and spared all this waste of time? Was it that you wished to display your special ability—squeeze-ability? The Session has shown us enough of that already.

Second Reading of Irish University Bill.

As *Punch*, and everybody with brains in his head foresaw, Government means to put money in it. Not yet in the shape of payment by results, or endowment, but that may come. At present they will bind themselves only to payments for University Examination-rooms, Library, Scholarships, Fellowships, &c.

The Irish Members waver—"letting, I dare not wait upon I would." It will end in their taking all that is offered them, and then asking for more, and, very probably, getting it. For once there seems to be a chance of something like a truce to the long and bitter Irish faction-fight in the school-room.

*Punch* has not wished such hearty good-speed to any Irish Bill since Lord BEACONSFIELD came in, as to that for appropriating a million and a half of the Irish Church Surplus to the better payment of the Irish National School-Masters. And he sees no sufficient reason why some more of the same Surplus should not go to meet the cost of an Irish Roman-Catholic University.

**Friday (Lords).**—Lord STRATHNAIRN by a bold change of front converted his long-threatened attack on the conduct of the Zulu War to a slashing onslaught on the Short-service system. His Lordship's place is the Witness' chair before the Army Committee; now sitting. There his very strong opinions can be placed on record, sifted, weighed, and put to profit by the Commission. In the House of Lords his denunciation can tend to nothing but public alarm and discomfort.

(*Commons. Morning.*)—Second Reading of the Bill for Lending India Two Millions without interest towards the cost of the Afghan War. This bad way of paying a new debt has the distinction of pleasing nobody.

Messrs. GLADSTONE, FAWCETT, LAING, CHILDERS, GRANT DUFF, HUBBARD and GOSCHEN, Sir J. LUBBOCK, Sir G. CAMPBELL, Sir G. BALFOUR, and Sir A. HAYTER, about as different men and different minds as could be got together, all agreed in condemning the financial operation legalised by the Bill.

It is not a frank acceptance by England of the cost of an Imperial War. It hasn't the grace of a gift. It does not carry with it the wholesome restraints and burdens of a loan. It is less than England ought to give towards defraying the cost of a war which was waged for Beaconsfieldian reasons, and seems likely to result in Beaconsfieldian benefits to India—an extra-burden of hill-tribes on our hands; an extra-allowance to the AMEER; an extra-force of some ten or twelve regiments; an extra-outlay of a million; and all for an extra-phrase—"A Scientific Frontier."

The House showed pretty clearly its opinion of the operation by giving the Government a majority of no more than 12 for Second Reading—137 to 125.

In the evening the House, on the Motion of Sir E. WILMOT, went into the case of EDMUND GALLEY, found guilty, there seems the strongest reason to think, on insufficient evidence, of a murder at Exeter in 1836, and saved from the halter mainly by the exertions of the present Lord Chief Justice and the late Sir MONTAGUE SMITH, then Junior Counsel on the Western Circuit. All Home Secretaries since then have refused to re-open the case.

Mr. LOWE so declined when he was Home Secretary, and now he and Mr. CROSS both object to declare the innocence of the man, who, there seems every reason to believe, has been wrongfully found guilty. "Que diable allez-vous faire dans cette Galère?" Mr. LOWE asks the House, "When I declined to open the case, how dare you?" "Fiat Justitia ruat Robertus," answers the House. CROSS says ditto to LOWE. But the House, respecting Home Secretaries and Judges much, respects Justice more, and peremptorily insists on recommending EDMUND GALLEY for free pardon. It yields so far to official susceptibilities as not to add a categorical assertion of his innocence. This may be taken as proclaimed by last night's Debate, in which the House carried the Home Office by storm. Such cases as GALLEY's, it is to be hoped, are not likely to be so common as to make the precedent a dangerous one.

## WONDERS OF THE SEA-SIDE.



ENT by One  
who Won-  
dered a  
good deal—  
last week.

WONDER  
what on earth  
madame take  
my wife and  
children out  
of Town in  
such positive-  
ly disgusting  
weather as  
this?

Wonder  
what I was  
about to se-  
lect St. Swi-  
thin's-on-Sea  
of all places  
in the world?

Wonder  
why I made  
a point of

getting "on the front," and  
paying double the price for  
Apartments, when the back  
must be so infinitely more  
cheerful?

Wonder why I thought a  
look-out on the harbour in a  
drizzling fog would be so very  
lively?

Wonder, while I was about it, why I didn't wait until November,  
and put up for a month in the East India Docks?

Wonder when the rain is going to stop?—just for five minutes.

Wonder what is the good of the band playing as if nothing were  
the matter?

Wonder how they can all walk about without umbrellas, in the  
uniform of dragoon colonels, and not knock-up with rheum-  
atism?

Wonder whether "a two hours' trip for trawl-fishing in the fast  
sailing and commodious pleasure yacht, *Duchess of Edinburgh*," in a  
Stygian gloom, would be a lively proceeding?

Wonder, when the sea looks like cold pea-soup, whether the fish  
would even see their way to a little trawling if they had a chance?

Wonder who the hopeless fools are who will bathe?

Wonder what good the children are getting out of being shut up  
twelve hours in the twenty-four in a stuffy drawing-room?

Wonder how the people in the dining-room like parlour-cricket,  
with heavy scoring, over their heads continually from nine A.M. to  
sunset?

Wonder whether they regard as a set-off the privilege of being  
offered stale prawns every quarter of an hour?

Wonder whether the owners of the two-and-forty empty houses  
on the Parade find things generally paying?

Wonder whether it will pay me to stay here another day?

Wonder, if I can only get off to-morrow, whether I shall ever be  
induced to visit St. Swithin's-on-Sea again, except as a dangerous  
and irresponsible lunatic?



## COSTUME AND COIFFURE À LA GRÉNOUILLE,

APPROPRIATE TO THE WET WEATHER.

## TWO IDOLS.

(An Alexandrine Idyl.)

[It has been stated that, before returning to Paris, Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT received from Lord BRACONSFIELD a commission to execute his bust.]

Sarah. Milord, you honour me!

Benjamin. Fair Sculptress, say not so!  
The Sun receives not light, nor Genius honour! No;  
Its rôle is to impart.

Sarah (aside). *Vieux blagueur!* (Aloud.) Ah! Milord,  
Genius so opulent as yours may then afford  
Some rays on me to waste; and, in your climate dun,—  
All that there is of *triste*, where man ne'er sees the Sun,—  
How trebly welcome such illumination!

Benjamin. Aye!  
This dull, damp, dingy land, isle of the inky sky  
And sempiternal shower, to you must surely be  
As Hades' sombre gloom to poor Persephone.

Sarah. Yes, but here Plutus reigns, not Pluto!

Benjamin. Very true!  
Our clouds are dense and dark, they shut out Heaven's own  
blue,  
Yet are they lined with gold, and rain a Danæ's shower  
On those who learn the trick of winning praise.

Sarah. Or power.  
You sway the dullards well!

Benjamin. A long-learned part I play,  
You came, saw, and were seen, and conquered.

Sarah. For a day.  
Well, the day's wage is good; my triumph was not small,  
Among your Duchesses, those hours in what you call  
Your *Salle d'Albert*. Ha! ha! Your *Charité*, I think,  
Is charming, for it can not only smile, but *wink*.

Benjamin. At aught that is the rage.

Sarah. As we are—you and I.  
Ah! great is will!

Benjamin. Yet greater *race*. Its mastery  
Makes itself felt in all, in Art, in power, in pelf.  
Witness RACHEL and you, the ROTHSCHILDS, and—myself.

Sarah. RACHEL! An Artist, too, *mais tant soit peu grossière!*  
Would she have witched your London?

Benjamin. *Une demande en l'air!*  
She could act, but she could not paint, nor sculp.

Sarah.

Milord will be content when he beholds the bust.

I trust

Benjamin. *Ça va sans dire!*

Sarah. Ah, no! Well done 'twould make a third—  
How few could take that place, and not appear absurd—  
With those we late invoked, your SHAKESPEARE, our MOLIERE,  
In Alexandrines by young AIGARD hailed. To share  
His fame, by help of yours.

Benjamin. Ah, pardon me, you know  
In English those same Alexandrines will not flow.  
Bombastic, stiff of joint, not e'en your magic tongue  
Could make them musical in Saxon said or sung.

Sarah. Non? Well, perhaps a wreath—

Benjamin (hastily). I pray you name it not.

Wreath me no wreaths henceforth!

Sarah (aside). Methinks the Earl grows hot.

How have I galled him? (Aloud.) Ah! the laurel CÉSAR  
wore—

Benjamin. He had no TURNERELLI—blind and blatant bore!  
Applause is turned to shame by such fool-lips out-bawled.  
No; sculp me as I am, not like great JULIUS, bald.  
Or bay-begirt.

Sarah (aside). Aha! *j'y suis*; the aged Earl  
Is proud of his black locks and frontal corymb-curl;  
They are not vain, these men! (Aloud.) Milord, Hyperion's  
brow,  
Needs not the bays indeed.

Benjamin (sadly). More like a Welsh wig now.  
Once, in the D'Orsay days, e'en SARAH's chisel,—tush!  
The Circe of *Comédiennes* I fear will blush  
At senile vanity, though retrospective,—

Sarah. Nay,

Genius knows not age.

Benjamin. Well, what did GLADSTONE say?

His age is his pet theme, after the Greeks and Turks.  
I hear he petted you, and warmly praised your works.  
Fancy that bilious Nestor coaxing you, *ma chère*,—  
“*Sœur pâle d'Ariel que va flottante dans l'air!*”

Sarah. *Quel bon vieillard!* paternal, and so prosy! No!

He is not of our kin,—and we are kin!

Benjamin. Just so.

Race links such souls more than mere nationality—  
That accident of place—we share our fate and quality;  
Hated while idolised—the doom of all that rule—  
The envy of the prig, the wonder of the fool.  
Kin? Me they call *poseur* and you *poseuse*!

Sarah. What then?

Are we not proof 'gainst *mots* whilst we may master men?  
Spite is stupidity's blind tribute paid to wit:  
The more you wrest from fate, the more you earn of it.  
Success's surest proof.

Benjamin. Your earnings must be large.

Sarah. And yours?

Benjamin. Nor praise nor blame strikes through the  
cynic targe.

Age gilds achievement.

Sarah. Ah! I fear my bust must fail,

Without the laurel wreath to tell your triumph's tale.

Benjamin. Nay, an you love me, nay! Sooner the cap-and-bells!

Sarah. *Vrai!* Well, farewell, Milord!

Benjamin (with effusion). Ah! saddest of farewells!

[*Exeunt severally, smiling mysteriously.*]

## “Eques,” if Ever there was One.

WHERE is the hero ever earned his spurs by service in the field  
better than ARCHIBALD FORBES by his fifteen hours' ride with the  
news of the victory of Ulundi? After such a gallop he deserves to be  
Knight of the Bath—if only by perspiration.

## Horace Adapted.

(For T. T. By B. D.)

GARRULUS abstrudo adulationes;  
Displacent auro et foliis coronæ:  
Mitte sectari rubra quo locorum

*Æra morantur.*

Simplici lauro nihil adlabores  
TRACY mi, curo: neque me ministrum  
Dedecet laurus neque te per omnes  
Risum adhibentem.

INSANITY IN EXCELSIS.—Sky clouded, with a few lucid intervals.



"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

(A GARDEN PARTY, JULY, 1879.)

### INJURED INNOCENTS.

*The O'Gorman loquitur.*

OCH! shure thin, Padishah,  
I rispiot ye! Here's my paw!  
'Tis injured men we are, bedad! the pair of us.  
Know me, the great O'GORMAN,  
The sworn foe of Saxon-Norman,  
Mongrels base who at St. Stephen's raise the hair of us.

"Padishah!" I'm glad to hear  
A name, which on the ear,  
Of the descendants of Boroo, like an Irish echo falls.  
And tells of ties of blood,  
That bound us, 'ere the flood  
Floated families asunder, outside NOAH's wooden walls.

Shure if both are sore opprist,  
Both are devils to resist,  
And thin the tyrants charge us wid Obstruction!  
By the bones of swate St. Bridget,  
But we'll put them in a fidget.  
Tache us manners? Tache their grandams ovisuction!

Is it manners? Ah—bedad!  
'Tis our game to make thim mad.  
Matched with PARNELL lo's gadfly was a thrifle.  
And, the foe to sting and hunt,  
It's O'GORMAN to the front,  
When the Saxons dare debate to thry and stifle.

There's BIGGAR past a joke,  
And there's PARNELL can up-poke  
The House till it bates Donnybrook for shindy.  
Och! the fun to see them squarin'  
Up to look like never carin',  
Whin it's mad they are to pitch us out o' windy.

Shure we're both on the same lay,  
Though we take a different way;  
Pigs, the crathurs, squat or squall when druv to slaughter.  
*You* squat; 'tis *us* that squall:  
But your squatting floors them all,  
And our squalling keeps St. Stephen's in hot wather.

*Arcades ambo!* Throth.  
We'll thranslate it, "Porkers both,"—  
If ye'll pardon the unsavoury allusion.  
From potheen I fear ye'd shrink,  
Or meself to you would dhrink,  
To "Obstruction, and the Oppressor's swift confusion!"

### A PUNCH AND BULL FIGHT.

In a column of local intelligence, and a police report, you will find these words:—

"PUNCH took out a cross-summons against BULL for assault, and this was also dismissed, the Mayor remarking that there appeared to have been a quarrel between them, and they fought it out."

There are, possibly, news-readers—north of the Tweed, in particular—who, should the foregoing statement perchance have met their eyes, may have misunderstood it. For their information it may be needful to explain that the PUNCH above mentioned is a Mr. ALBERT PUNCH, a gentleman residing at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and the BULL between whom and PUNCH there appeared to the Mayor (of that borough) to have been a quarrel, a Mr. MAURICE BULL, Mr. ALBERT PUNCH's neighbour. Some words having taken place between them, and each having declared himself as good a man as the other, a bout of fisticuffs occurred, and they fought for ten minutes, "complainant," Mr. BULL, "believing," as he said, "that he himself struck the first blow." Let nobody, therefore, imagine, or pretend to say, that anything has happened so unnatural, monstrous, prodigious, portentous, ridiculous, and absurd as a quarrel and a fight between *Punch* and *JOHN BULL*.

EDISON OUTDONE.—Make Light of the Rain-water.





## INJURED INNOCENTS !

THE MAJOR. "SURE I'M MEEJOR O'GORRMAN, AND YOU'RE PADISHAW! WE SHOULD BE BLOOD RELATIONS. ANY WAY WE'RE BOTH MIMBERS OF OPPRESSED RACES; AND WHEN WE STRUGGLE THEY CALL US OBSTHUNCTIONISTS!!!"





## OUR CLIMBING CONTRIBUTOR.

WE now descended to the first ravine, and entered the *Vallée des Huîtres*, where there are still a few bearded natives living a quiet dreamy sort of life in this secluded spot. Their chief was an old



ME ASKING MY WAY OF A NATIVE IN THE ARID PLAIN.  
VIEW OF NIGHTCAP RANGE IN THE DISTANCE.

(No Picture genuine unless Signed by Our Own Young Master.)

Musselman, who rose from his bed to welcome us, while his followers made the *Whelkein* (the local name for the valley) ring with their hearty cheer. While we rested for luncheon, the natives danced a *shellarius*, accompanying themselves on the *bivalve*, a sort of concertina.

In the distance I saw, with a beating heart, the conical summit of Needle Point, beyond the Nightcap Range, which had hitherto defied all endeavours to reach it, and the most adventurous climbers had paid for their temerity with their lives.

Having ascertained the shortest route from a polite Darky, whose black curly pate was suggestive of anything rather than being *poll light*—(N.B.—It's a poor heart that never rejoices)—I donned my spiked shoes, and accompanied by my friend with telescope and umbrella, six natives with provisions, and a man with a drum, we started on our perilous course.

It was a splendid *coup d'aile* from the top. My friend with the telescope, who is the father of a large family, wouldn't accompany me, but the man with the drum did, and played very well. The native servants sneaked off. "Ah, Monsieur," they said, "*vous êtes si brave, si fort, mais nous avons peur!*"—and off they went, all, except a faithful Pole whom I take with me everywhere.

I send you my Diary, made on the spot, and kept fresh as new butter from the dairy—I mean dairy, of course.

1 P.M.—Up, up! Holding on by a blade of grass. Foot fixed in cleft. Man with drum in a hole below, beating hard to keep the flies away. He can't come

any higher. Friend, father of a family, with telescope, on the first plateau, two thousand feet beneath, looking up and calling out, "Go it! Stick to it!" (The air is so rarefied, the voice travels and reaches me distinctly.)

2 P.M.—I fancy I see in the distance a stranger sketching. I am not sure. No, he has disappeared.

2'30.—Up again. Nearing the point. Holding on by a tuft of sun-dried rotten grass. To my horror I feel it giving way! It slips—it is coming away—slowly but surely—and my fate is sealed!—(I have just time to enter these remarks in my diary, holding the pencil in my mouth)—I make another frantic effort—the rocky point beneath me crumbles away, and I am left holding on by a mere hair's-breadth of grass, with my toe on the edge of a flint that has fortunately embedded itself in the face of the rock!

My friend below, the father of a family, with the telescope, sings out, "Now then, butterfingers!" I have known him from childhood, but shall never speak to him again.

In another second I throw the rope I have brought with me round the farthest peak—the noose slips over the top—I tighten it, pull it towards me, and as the blade of grass comes right away, and the flint sinks further into the face of the rock, I launch myself into mid-air, and with an impetus which only a practised Trapezist can give, I swing to the highest point of Needlepeak, and plant the Union Jack on the summit!

3 P.M.—Certain I see a man sketching. I'm sure it's for the *Graphic*. Shall descend, and be home before him. Send this on by private cable. Shall return *via* Scotland, I think; but will send address—initials L. S. D. No receipt genuine except signed—"L. S. D.—*idit, drawidit, and deliveridit.*"

3'30.—Coming down the mountain in haste.

4'30.—Arrived in the plain below. Heavens! quite forgot the man with big drum, who is now in a hole twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, still making a noise to keep off the birds.

Must go up again for him.

5'30.—He's all right. He has hoisted the drum as a weather-signal, an invention unknown here, and the Government are going to provide for him where he is—in a most elevated position. So that's all right, and no more at present. Yours, L. S. D.

Note from Climbing Contributor to Editor.—Please give the Boy who brings this a shilling. [We were unfortunately out when the Boy called. But we can't make out who sent the message. Must be cautious. As far as we can understand our C.C.'s movements, he has left the foreign country, wherever it was, and is on his road to Scotland. If this meets his eye, let him communicate direct. But don't send boys.—Ed.]

## HARD WEATHER FOR HAY-MAKING.

(A Clodhopper's Carol.)

"MAKE hay while the sun shines," was PADDY's advice,  
When 'a told, one hard winter, a chap to cart ice,  
'Twaz a sayun as sooted the time o' the year,  
Such a sazun for wet, pretty nigh, as this here.

Take time by the forelock, as saith the wise man,  
And, my bucks, while the sun shines make hay when you can.  
'A do still shine at times, once or twice in a way;  
Then look sharp, and set abait makun your hay.

Ees, you go it like good 'uns the whilst 'a bides out  
Fur as much as five minnuts, or moor, at a bout.  
To be sure wi' 'un shinun so long and so hot,  
Makun hay while 'a shines, wun't ye make a fat lot!

Azy work you'll find that, let the sunshine but last,  
But the job is to do 't wi' the sky overcast,  
When it raains, with the sun hid all day like an owl,  
To make hay over which skies du weap and du scowl.

The way we be told their hay vorreners makes  
Is by hoistin' to dry upon sticks and thurt stakes,  
Which, if sapluns enough in the fields 'ood but rise  
To our hands at the word o' command, med be wise.

Here we haymakun be at the close o' July.  
We shall praps carry somewhen in August bimeby,  
Not long afore harvust is most years all done;  
Our carn, too, let's hope for to rip in the sun.

Rye and whate, wutts, and barley, at length for to store  
'Twixt now and November, or laistways afore  
Father Christmas comes round, if as yoozhul severs,  
Comun twice, ye med say, in this terribul year.

A QUESTIONABLE HEADING.—"Parliamentary Intelligence."—Can a House which suffers itself to be brought into contempt by Obstructive Home-Rulers be intelligent enough to enable a Member to take anything by his Motion when he moves a Resolution to ascertain the sense of the House?



### DIAGNOSIS.

*Bus-Driver (to rival Conductor with inflamed visage, in the course of recrimination). "I B' LIEVE YER MOTHER MUST 'A NU'SSED YER FOR A MONTH UPSIDE DOWN!"*

### HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

*Being an Improvement on the Dickensian Dickensianary.*

**BARGAINS.**—The greatest Bar-gains are made by the Landlords of Public Houses and Leading Counsel at Westminster and Lincoln's Inn. Much of the Bar-gains at the public is made out of Rum Customers. All shopkeepers are open to bargaining, but the wary visitor to town must keep his eye open and his pockets too. Always go about in a coat with large pockets. When you see something marked up at "Two-Ten, a Real Bargain!" mark it down. Go in for it. Insist on having it, whatever it is. Have it out of the window, whether it be a four-post bedstead, a barouche, a handsome fur mantle, or a set of fire-irons. *Recollect that a trial is always allowed.* If they won't move the bedstead, insist on trying it in the window; if a barouche, get a horse and harness on trial, and go out for a drive. The best way is to begin with this and call for the other things. Possession is nine points of the law, and once you've got them you can make your own bargain about giving them up again.

Perhaps after this some of the tradesmen may wish you to have a further trial, in which case leave for the Continent by the night-mail. Things are cheaper abroad. In all cases, when you buy anything and don't pay for it, take it with you. Should the shopkeeper ask for name and address, give him the very best one you can think of. At a Confectioner's (see "C," Confectioner), always bargain for Buns (see "B," for Buns). If you can't afford a penny for a whole bun, only eat half, for which, according to all arithmetical rules, you will only have to pay a halfpenny. They can't force you to eat the other half of the bun, and, evidently, there is *no law that can compel you to pay for what you haven't had.*

"Time bargains" are made on the Stock Exchange where Time is money. On 'Change nothing is more common than to hear one Broker say to another, "I want some change for two minutes," with the reply, "you shall have it in three seconds,"—which offer the Time Bargainer can close with or not as he likes.

**BATHS.**—The Baths of London are chiefly at Bayswater. Hence the name. This is the most verdant spot in the Metropolis, commonly called Green Bays-water. Beautiful water for rowing-matches. Ask any waterman on a cab-rank about "Bays-water Rowed," and you'll obtain all particulars. As the effect of Turkish Baths is to make you very hungry afterwards, and ready to tuck in at anything, they are often known as "The Tuckish Baths." In some of these establishments (connected with the Colney Hatch Society) they practise the Bath Bun Cure. The patient provides himself with a bun, and eats it when in the Bath. It is supposed to be a Cure for Bath Bunions.—(*Vide Pilgrim's Progress.*)

**BEEFSTEAK CLUB.**—One of the most elegant, if not the most elegant, of the many picturesque buildings of the Metropolis, situated in King William Street, so called after WILLIAM the Conqueror, who was the original Founder of the Club. "Now," said the Norman Duke, in his quaint old French style, wishing to conciliate the conquered race, "let who will have their stake in the country, I will have my steak in town." The windows are all *œils de bœuf*: the general character of the architecture is Short-hornamental Gothic. Its doors are all fastened with bul-locks; and the ancient song of the Club is—

"Heifer of thee fondly I'm dreaming,  
Thy tender heart my spirit shall cheer."

The election is by ballot, and one bull's-eye excludes. The only soup allowed here is what is known in the City as "Bully;" and when the waiter serves it to any member, he says, "Bully for you, Sir." The Dining-Room is hung with Bull's-Eye Lanterns. No Ladies were ever allowed to belong to the Steaks, and therefore there have never been any Miss Steaks in the selection of members. The Steak is a Cosmopolitan Institution, and though peculiarly British in its tastes, yet the members might have considered the eminent French Republican, M. GRÉVY, as at all events nominally qualified for the Presidency of the Steaks. Nothing is allowed on the table of the Beefsteak Club except whatever can be drunk out of at least a spoon, or eaten with or without a knife and fork. The members wear a peculiar sort of coat with ox-ide of silver buttons, and make themselves known to one another by certain signs which only the initiated understand.

**ARMY DISCIPLINE BILL (FINAL ISSUE).—**  
Toss up—Heads or Tails?



### NOT SUCH DISAGREEABLE WEATHER FOR THE HAYMAKERS

AS SOME PEOPLE THINK.

### THE CAPTIVE OF THE COMMONS!

(From MR. WILLIAM HARRISON BUNSWORTH'S next *Historical Romance*.)

#### BOOK X.—CHAPTER XXX., AND LAST.

##### *The Cell in the Clock-Tower.*

As twilight deepened into night in the gloomy passages of the House of Commons, a few days after the events recorded in our last Chapter, two cloaked figures, one of advanced years, the other in the prime of soldierly manhood, might have been indistinctly seen pacing the cloak-room corridor with measured steps.

"Is all prepared for his safe custody?" asked the elder of the two. He wore knee-breeches and a sword, and upon his usually cheerful countenance there rested an expression of settled gloom.

"Even so, Sir Sergeant-at-Arms," was the prompt reply. "The Clock-Tower cell, prepared last Session for defiant Home-Rulers, has been newly whitewashed, and the homely furniture cleaned and looked to."

"I trust chains will be unnecessary!" murmured the kind-hearted Sergeant. "And how about his board? It would be uncourteous to let him starve."

The younger man pondered a moment ere he replied.

"Is not the Dining-Room of the Commons near at hand? I will myself take him the bill of fare daily so long as he is in your custody."

"Thanks, boy!" the other had hardly time to mutter in acknowledgment of the kindly offer, ere he was summoned by a richly-liveried Messenger of the Parliament to do the Speaker's bidding.

Half-an-hour afterwards a melancholy procession threaded its way through the intricacies of the Palace. It halted before a heavily-ironed door.

"Enter here—it is your new home," said the grey-wigged Sergeant, bursting into tears. "Believe me, Sir, my duty is a painful one."

The Prisoner, with a haughty inclination of the head, entered the apartment, which, for a cell, might have been gloomier. A door in one corner attracted his attention.

"That leads to——"?

"The works of the Great Clock," replied the Sergeant, in a voice still broken with emotion. "Listen, and you will hear the deep breathing of Big Ben! The door is unlocked. Methought in your hours of solitude it might amuse you to watch the machinery in motion. And now, Sir, farewell!"

"Farewell!" returned the Prisoner. "Believe me, Sergeant, I bear thee no ill-will. Still I would fain urge once more that my connection with the so-called Breach of Privilege was merely of a professional character, and——"

"I can hear no more!" cried the Sergeant, as he hastily closed the door.

At that moment the clock struck six. Ere the hour had again sounded, the Sergeant-at-Arms was in confidential conversation with the Speaker.

"I fear I must order you to take the journey. He is at Boulogne, and says he cannot be moved. He quotes the Doctor's words," said the First Commoner of England, once more referring with the aid of his *pince-nez* to a telegram he carried in his hands.

"But the passage! The weather-chart in the *Times* foretells a stormy night. May I not defer my departure until at least to-morrow?"

And the Sergeant sank down upon one knee, in an attitude of supplication.

"It must not be!" returned the Speaker, greatly moved, as he gently motioned the good old man to rise. "If you do not leave by to-night's boat, we shall never catch him. I tell you that already the aroused Commons are clamouring for his body!"

"But——" began the Sergeant.

"We must have no 'buts.' Our duty is to obey. Remember we are both Servants of the House,"—and at this solemn name the Speaker reverentially raised his wig;—"and now to rest. Sleep until eight, and then to catch the night-mail. But mark me well—you must not miss it!"

Thus cautioned, the Sergeant-at-Arms sought his chamber, and divesting himself only of his sword, threw himself upon his couch. He bade no one call him. Long practice had taught him to wake at pleasure.

After a brief period of uneasy slumber he sprang to his feet, and



### "IN FOR IT."

*Innocent Tourist.* "NO FISH TO BE CAUGHT IN LOCH FINE NOW? AND HOW DO YOU SUPPORT YOURSELF?"

*Native.* "WHILES SHE CARRIES PARCELS, AND WHILES SHE RAWES PEOPLE IN TA POAT, AND WHILES A SHEENTLEMAN 'ULL GIVE HER A SAXPENCE OR A SHILLIN'!"

busied himself in packing his portmanteau. He looked through the window: the evening was calm and fair.

"We shall have a good passage, after all," he murmured, cheerfully, "how fortunate I can wake at will."

He was interrupted by Big Ben booming out the hour. He listened almost mechanically to the sound. He was calm at first, but as the last stroke broke upon his ears, he threw up his arms, uttered a wild shriek, and fell heavily on the floor voiceless, motionless, senseless! The Sergeant-at-Arms had missed the night-mail.

*Big Ben had struck Nine!*

The Deputy Assistant-Sergeant entering the apartment was horror-struck to find his venerable superior still stretched senseless on the floor. He rushed to the insensitive official's assistance.

"How now, Captain—what ails you?"

"I am a dishonoured man. I have missed the night-mail. The Speaker's strongly expressed commands have been disobeyed," wailed the grey-haired officer, in a heart-broken voice.

"Say not so," replied his Deputy-Assistant, raising him tenderly in his arms. "I bring a message from the Speaker. On second thoughts he thinks it useless for you to brave the horrors of the Channel. He believes that the man who should be our prisoner in yonder tower is more likely to listen to the words of his Doctor than to yours. And yonder, persuasion would be your only weapon. Sergeant, you need not go."

"Then my honour is saved!" and with a cry of thankful joy the ancient warrior raised his shaking hands towards the vaulted ceiling. "But what is the hour?"

"I came to you a Quarter after Seven."

"Nay. It may not be. By'r Lady, I tell thee, I heard Big Ben strike Nine as I fainted," said the Sergeant.

Ere his Deputy-Assistant could reply, the Palace Clock once more boomed forth the hour.

This time Big Ben struck—*Fourteen!*

"Fourteen!" exclaimed the Sergeant, "and my watch even now

### PROPOSED INSCRIPTION FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENT.

(Found blowing about Dean's Yard.)

In Memory of

PRINCE EUGÈNE LOUIS NAPOLEON,

Son of the Hero of Sedan,  
Grand-Nephew of the Hero of Moscow,  
And Pretender to the Throne of France,  
Brave, amiable, and accomplished,  
Who made many friends,  
And unfortunately lost his life  
In a very doubtful quarrel  
Which in no way concerned him,  
This Monument is erected  
By a small section of the British people,  
To exhibit to the world  
Their slight respect  
For the national feeling of France,  
And their great regard  
For the cause of Imperialism.

### A Correction.

REFERRING to Mr. TERRISS last week we said that Mr. HARE had found a *Rara Avis* in *Terris*; but it is not, we are informed, Mr. HARE, but "S. BANCROFT, Esq."—by whose kind permission Miss ROSELLE appears in *Drink* every night—who has secured the young Actor's services for a part in *Les Bourgeois de Pontarcy*. *Pont Arcy*, literally translated, evidently means the *Pons Asinorum*, or "Asses' Bridge." It is a Dramatic Problem, and Mr. ALBERY is said to have been "manfully grappling" with the French original for some considerable time past. Bravo, Mr. J. ALBERY! Grapple away, till you get over the *pons*, and reach the Q.E.D., "by the kind permission of Count BANCROFT, Esquire."

### SHAKESPEARE ON THE CAT.

"Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,  
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!"  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act iii. s. 2.

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE (for Middlemen only).—The Milky Way!

only points to Eight? Then my sleep was *not* unduly protracted. What means this mystery?"

"It means," replied his Deputy-Assistant, angrily shaking his fist in the direction of the tower, "that, spite of my warning, the prisoner in the Clock-tower has been allowed to tamper with the mechanism of Big Ben. To save London from the horrors of a total derangement of its hours, I must see that he is allowed to play the fool no longer!"

So saying, he strode fiercely from the chamber.

The struggle in the tower must have been long and desperate; but no eye was there to mark its hideous incidents, its awful issue.

All through that autumn and the following November it was a matter of remark among the citizens that Big Ben was wild even to eccentricity in his measurement of time. Sir E. B. DENISON, Q.C., as he plied his business about the Committee-rooms, was observed to glance often towards the dial-plate, and to shake his head gloomily from time to time. Did he suspect? Did he, with that penetration for which clock-work had no mystery, divine that, crushed among those colossal fly-wheels, torn by those tremendous racks, whirled on those gigantic pinions, slowly revolved, with hideous face set close to face, two mangled corpses—corpses that had stiffened and withered to skeletons—one in the squalid prison-garb of the Commons' cell, the other in the rich but sombre uniform of an Officer of the House, death-grappled in each other's arms!

DOG AND CAT.—Old Officers tell us "the Services are going to the Dogs." Can this be the reason they are getting rid of the Cats?

WISDOM TEETH.—The Tusks sent in by CETEWAYO to confirm his desire for peace.

## A VOICE FROM THE MOORS.



H! better than GOUNOD,  
oh! better than STRAUSS,  
Is the musical call of the  
bonny cock-grouse,  
When he's startled from  
out of his lair in the  
ling,  
And flies up the wind  
on his swift whirring  
wing—  
With a cock-a-cock-  
cock-kik-kik-kik!

Sing praises of SCHUBERT  
or KLOPSTOCK who will,  
In the notes of *Le Coq* my  
Muse shall sing still;  
That clever composer who  
has but one bar,  
And yet draws men to  
hear him by hundreds  
from far—  
With his cock-a-cock-  
cock-kik-kik-kik!

No keyboard he needeth, nor bellows of leather;  
His pipes are the rushes; his stops in the heather.  
Like a musical-box he goes off with a whirr,  
And *staccato, crescendo*, can make your heart stir—  
With his cock-a-cock-cock-kik-kik-kik!

Then down with your toothpick, away with your crutch;  
Leave operas, *matinées*, concerts, and such;  
And show that you're blessed with the taste and the *nous*  
To prefer to them all the sweet song of the grouse—  
With his cock-a-cock-cock-kik-kik-kik!

## THE PRISONER OF THE CLOCK TOWER.

(ANOTHER.)

By WILLIAM HARRISON BUNSWORTH.

*How the Major obtained his Promotion.*

"I HOPE he will make no resistance," said the good old Sergeant-at-Arms, as he loosened his light Court sword in its scabbard. "He is a soldier, and it nearly breaks my heart to have to arrest him. But duty is duty."

"You are right, my trusty official," replied a dignified looking personage, wearing a wig and gown. "We are all slaves to duty. Duty causes me to sit out the live-long night listening to speeches that never end, and (excuse the Hibernicism) to reasons that never begin; duty invites a smile to play upon Sir STAFFORD's face, when a frown has settled upon his Right Honourable heart; duty keeps the Marquis calm when a tempest is raging behind the shirt-front of his evening dress,—and duty will give you strength to arrest the Major."

"The SPEAKER himself!" murmured the Sergeant, sinking upon one knee.

"Yes, I am the mouthpiece of the House." Here the SPEAKER respectfully raised his wig. "Despite our protests, our commands, nay more, our tearful entreaties, the Major has defied us all. You know where to take him."

"Yes, Sir," replied the Sergeant, restraining a shudder.

"Be staunch and true. And as a signal token of my esteem, accept this *cartel*. And now I go. The Chairman of the Committees has need of me. Farewell!"

The Sergeant rose to his feet as the SPEAKER disappeared through the corridor. He looked at the *cartel* and smiled. It contained an invitation to a full-dress dinner.

Ten minutes later the Sergeant, attended by half-a-dozen chosen Messengers, was standing at the door of the Commons Smoking-Room. The object of his search with hat on head and light overcoat on back was preparing to quit the scene of his many verbal battles. There were a few Members present who turned pale as they noticed the presence of the official and his determined-looking escort.

"Major," said the Sergeant, and his voice trembled, "we are both old soldiers."

"You are right there," replied the mighty warrior, laughing heartily. "Indeed Sergeant, darling, you are right. They call me a very old soldier, indeed. And now, Sir, I will tell you a story."

"Another time, Major; another time," returned the Sergeant. "It is my duty now to convey you to—spare me the pain of telling you—to—"

"What!" shouted the Major—and he did not forget to give the aspirate its proper weight—"take me to that—"

"Nay, nay!" returned the Sergeant, soothingly, "you know you can leave it when you will. And now, Major, you are a Soldier; and as you have not (in muff) a sword hanging by your side, I must ask from you—your umbrella."

"Sergeant, darling, it has never been opened in an unworthy cause." And the portly veteran surrendered his *parapluie*.

"And now, Major, good bye! I think you have all you want."

"Be easy, Sergeant, darling! Sure, have I not a voice, and do I not know how to use it? I shan't notice *that*—"

And as the captive was left to his solitary confinement, a mighty volume of sounds shook the old Palace to its very foundation.

It was the Major singing.

Three days later the Sergeant paid his Prisoner a visit. The Major seemed careworn and nervous. His usual vivacity had completely vanished, and he appeared too exhausted to offer his friend a chair.

"You are quite comfortable—you have everything you want?" asked the new-comer.

"I have everything I want, Sergeant, and more than I want," replied the Major, with a ghastly apology for a smile. "My singing, I hope, has not disturbed you?"

"No, no," said the kind-hearted Sergeant, good-naturedly.

"Sergeant, darling, can you do me a favour?"

"You have only to speak, Sir, to command."

"Then might I have such a thing as a barrel-organ?"

"I regret to say, Major, that it's against the rules."

As the Sergeant disappeared the Major began to sing once more. Suddenly his voice left him, he uttered a hoarse cry, and glaring at the wall fiercely, tried to close his ears.

The SPEAKER hastily summoned from his well-earned repose, with official garments carelessly assumed, stood beside the Major's couch. In the background were a crowd of officials, all more or less correctly garbed, bearing a score of different lights, from the concentrated bulls'-eye up to the amply diffusive duplex.

"Then you submit—humbly submit?" asked the mouthpiece of the House, stealthily attempting to readjust his wig.

The Major, too exhausted to speak, nodded.

"Sergeant, he must sign a document that I have prepared for him in the morning. You then can set him free." The wig was respectfully raised, to be readjusted, with even greater care than before. "You may remove him hence to-night." The Major lifted his eyes to the vaulted ceiling, and heaved a deep sigh of relief. "And now, Gentlemen, once more—to bed!"

A few years afterwards two individuals were occupying a magnificent saloon in Downing Street. The first was seated. He was a singularly handsome and dignified man of exceptionally stalwart proportions. Under his ample white waistcoat he wore the broad blue riband of the Garter, and the other insignia of the Order were resting in morocco cases on the desk before him. He smiled as he gazed upon the many pointed star and the brilliants in the buckle of the velvet binding. His companion (a fellow-countryman) was not only his friend, but his Private Secretary.

"Duke," began the younger.

"Don't call me out of my name, Sir," was the good-natured reproof.

"But sure you are Duke, and well you deserve it, Major, darling. But as you will—Major be it then. Well, Major, and so you are at the top of the tree?"

"Yes," returned the Cabinet Minister, "as you know I have been the First Lord of the Treasury for the last five Parliaments, and this new mark of my Sovereign's favour is exceedingly gratifying. It is an elegant jewel entirely."

"And becomes you, too, Major, darling—becomes you mightily. But tell me, Sir, or, as I should say your Grace (long life to you!), how is it that you changed your opinions?"

The noble and gallant Duke slightly blushed, and was silent.

"I know you well enough to know that you would not be bribed."

"Sir!" thundered the Head of the Administration, mechanically seeking for the hilt of his sword.

"Be easy, Major, darling! I knew it was all right. It is clear enough to me why you gave up Obstruction, and accepted Office."

"They felt I should strengthen their hands, Sir."

"Of course, Major, of course! It is clear enough. May be, it was because you were convinced?"

"Convinced! Be hanged to you, Sir!" replied the Duke, hotly.

"See here, Sir! It was in this way. I gave up Obstruction, turned Minister, became Chief Secretary for Ireland, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Viceroy of India, Governor-General of Canada, Secretary of State for War; and, lastly, Prime Minister, because I couldn't stand any longer—the ticking of that confounded Clock!"



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



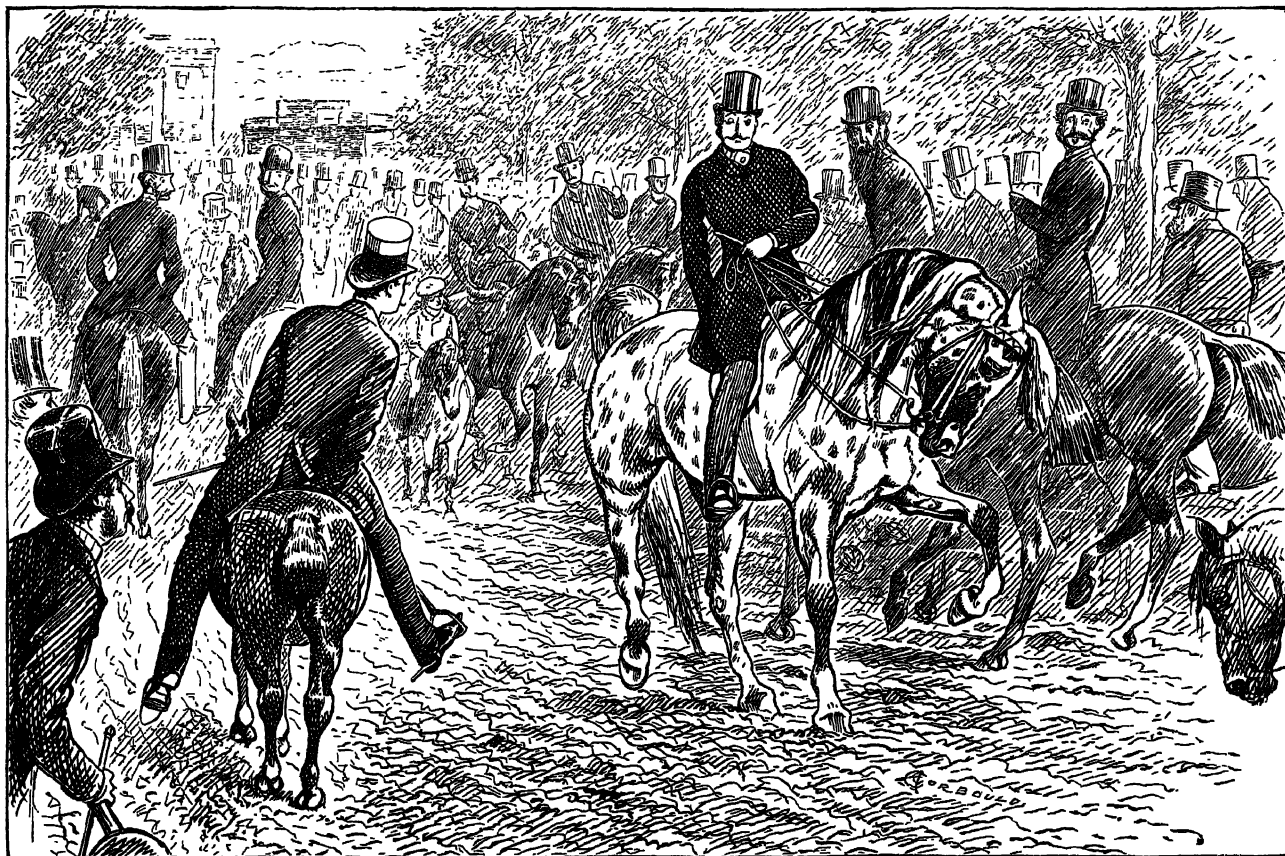
"WHALL  
PAY THE PIPER."

SANBURN. 114. DEL

of a Government therein. In short, Cyprus is a place of arms—and anomalies. And the question it most obviously suggests to JOHN BULL is old *Géronte's* in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" "*Il*" meaning Lord BEACONSFIELD. (Commons.)—In answer to Mr. COWEN's questions about reported horrors of Russian deportation of political offenders to Sagahlien—rivalling those of our own middle passage in the good old times of the slave-trade—Mr. BOURKE said the Foreign Office had no official intelligence. (It never seems to have any, when wanted.) As to remonstrances, Mr. BOURKE said, it was not the habit of the Government to remonstrate unless they had reason to believe their remonstrances would be attended with effect. *Punch* begs Mr. BOURKE's pardon. The Government has remonstrated with Turkey.

Mr. FAWCETT means to move a resolution condemning any increase of the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH's allowance, in the present state of the Indian finances, as Mr. BOURKE declines to pledge himself that no such increase will be made, without sanction of Parliament.

Parliament—pooh! What is Parliament? It can't even catch GRISSELL—whom the Sergeant-at-Arms reports comfortably housed at the Hôtel Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, by the name of "GRAHAME."



## TASTE IN KEEPING.

SCENE—"THE ROW."

*He on the Cob.* "HALLO! A GAY-LOOKING ANIMAL YOU'VE GOT THERE, GUS!"

*Gus (on Showy Piebald, a regular "Myers").* "HAW! YA-AS, YOU SEE I'VE TAKEN CHAMBERS IN THE CIRCUS FOR THE SEASON, SO I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A NAG TO MATCH!"

In Committee of Supply. Irish Queen's University and Queen's College vote postponed, till the Irish University Bill has been farther discussed.

Much squabbling over the other Irish votes—particularly the expenses of the Irish Election Judges. Messrs. PARNELL and BIGGAR outdoing themselves in strong language over the late Justice KEOGH's judgment in the Galway Elections.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—Has anything, asks the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and if anything, how much, been done for the better sanitary and educational regulation of Canal Boats, under Mr. SMITH'S Act of 1877, which came into operation last year?

The Duke of RICHMOND said a good deal had been done in the way of registration of these floating fractions of heathendom and lawlessness, in 62 out of 99 districts—say two-thirds of the area over which the Act should be in force; and registration is only the first step. The Duke said nothing about the regulation to which registration should lead the way. With regard to the education of the children born and kept—and too often very ill-kept—aboard these boats, the Duke seems to know nothing, and the Local Government Board as little. "Register! register!" is only the first note of the "cry of the children." "Regulate! regulate!" and "Educate! educate!" are cries to which we have yet heard no answers.

(*Commons.*)—Second Reading of Banking and Joint Stock Companies Bill. Nobody seems to like it much, even after all squeezeable Sir STAFFORD'S mutilations and modifications.

Mr. HUBBARD thought the House was going to diminish liability in the interest of the Bank shareholders, rather than their depositors.

Sir H. JACKSON did not see why the Bill should be forced on. It would only make Joint-Stock confusion worse confounded.

Mr. C. LEWIS believed the Bill was wanted alike for the protection of shareholders, depositors, and the whole banking community.

Sir A. LUSK sympathised with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER among all his assailants. So did Sir G. MONTGOMERY. If they waited

till they got a complete Bill, they might wait long enough. Shareholders wanted protection as well as depositors.

Sir E. COLEBROOKE thought the Bill was wanted, so did Alderman COTTON.

Mr. MUNTZ thought the discussion showed how dangerous it was to meddle with the subject.

Mr. BARING entirely objected to the Bill, which was an attempt to enable laymen to carry on the business of bankers without knowledge, skill, labour, or risk. He believed its passing would shake credit, and be more likely to produce panic than to allay it.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER thought the Bill should be confined to enabling unlimited companies to convert themselves into limited ones.

Mr. CROSS denied that the Bill was produced in panic. It was introduced in the interest of the public. The Bill should be reprinted after Second Reading, and then members would see what it amounted to.

*Punch* would venture to remind Mr. CROSS that it has been usual for Honourable Members to know this *before* Second Reading.

One thing the discussion showed—the chaotic state of Honourable Members' minds, including its framers, on the subject.

In Committee of Supply Mr. SHAW LEEVEE objected to the vote of £26,000 for the Cyprus Police, till the House knew more about the finances of the island.

Sir C. DILKE seconded the Motion. This was an attempt to get a military force into Cyprus by a side-wind. Why was Cyprus under the Foreign Office?

Mr. BALFOUR explained that Cyprus belonged to the Domain of High Policy, and that the Foreign Office ruled that domain. The force was wanted to guard stores, furnish escorts, and, if need be, defend the island!

Mr. T. BRASSEY said we had undertaken to pay the SULTAN £115,000 out of the total revenue of £178,000, the utmost that could be squeezed out of an oppressed people, and the surplus available for public improvements was £15,000 at most. We should take



### "LINGUA EAST-ANGLICA."

*Sympathising Friend.* "TARR'BLE WEATHER, MR. WUTTS! 'NO KILLIN' THESE WEEDS DOWN!"

*Suffolk Farmer.* "KILL 'EM! BLARM 'EM! YEOW CAN'T EVEN DAWZLE 'EM!"

steps to amend the Convention, and get rid of the annual tribute to the Porte.

Mr. BOURKE mounted the High (Policy) Horse behind Mr. BALFOUR, and rode it gallantly, under a heavy fire of chaff from Sir W. V. HARCOURT. This island, in the language of Beaconsfield bunkum, "was to be no burden to this country." Yet here was a vote for \$29,000, as an item of "Civil Estimates." This was a Military vote—"quasi-military," said Mr. BALFOUR—Yes, it had been a "quasi-military" business from the beginning. It never had any reality or substance about it. It was meant to throw dust in the eyes of the country, and came to grief, like the Turkish Convention it was tacked to.

Poor Sir STAFFORD made a sad bungle in the attempt to explain. "Whether they called this Civil or Military expenditure, it was rendered necessary by the withdrawal of the military forces from the island."

Mr. CHILDERS put the matter into a nutshell. This was *simpliciter* a military vote, and had constitutionally no right to figure in the Civil Estimates.

Of course the Government got the money by 99 to 72. But a lammer attempt to make good an untenable position has seldom been witnessed.

*Wednesday.*—Mr. NEWDEGATE gave notice of a Resolution aimed at putting a stop to Obstruction by summary process, but provided with too many safeguards to be calculated to answer that desirable purpose.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved that Mr. WARD having submitted himself to the House, and expressed his regret for having fallen under its displeasure, and being medically certified to be very ill, he, Mr. WARD, be now discharged out of his warder's keeping. Several Members pointed out that Mr. WARD had only said he was sorry he had offended the House, as well he might be, having been shut up and fined, in fees, \$14, but that he had by no means confessed that he had acted improperly at all. Nevertheless the House agreed that Mr. WARD should be set free, notwithstanding that he had not in the least cried *pecorari*. So much, or so little, for "breach of privilege."

On the motion for going into the Education Estimates, a Resolution was moved by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK for introducing elementary science to the extent of explaining to children "the phenomena with which they were surrounded in everyday life"—into School Board instruction; teaching on those subjects to be optional with school-managers, not compulsory. Resolution opposed by Lord E. FITZMAURICE and Mr. BRERESFORD HOPE, on the ground

that an excess of mathematical training was already exacted from pupil-teachers.

Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR endeavoured to explain that the natural phenomena which Sir JOHN LUBBOCK wished children to be taught did not mean mathematics, but only such matters as "the nature of the air they breathed, the water they drank, and the food they ate." However, Sir JOHN's motion was negatived by the Collective Wisdom.

Then followed conversation of small consequence on a complaint, made by Mr. W. E. JENKINS, that the cost of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, considerably exceeded the original estimate. When were originally estimated expenses ever *not* exceeded by those incurred?

More conversation, equally momentous, on the retrenchment recently practised by the Society of Scotland for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, in cutting down its Schools. Then at last the House got into Committee of Supply, and heard Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's annual statement on the Education Vote. He took credit "for the gratifying and continuous progress in the education given in the Elementary Schools of England and Wales," as indicated in the Department's report for the past year. The School accommodation now provided was nearly up to 4,000,000 places; the children on the books were 3,500,000; those in average attendance 2,400,000. The per-centage of passes in all subjects, and the number of pupils examined was "considerable and gratifying."

Unfortunately, the cost of the schooling whose progress is so gratifying is also considerable, and continuously increasing.

These unqualifying facts were too apparent from the financial details given by the Noble Lord. The estimate of the coming year, framed in expectation of a further increase of attendances, amounted in all to \$2,481,188, being \$334,804 more than the grant of the previous year. As it is, the excess of accommodation over attendances leaves 1,300,000 vacant places. Certainly, we have "ample accommodation for the present;"—accommodation somewhat more than commodious for those who pay for it. If the money went more of it in schooling, and less in schools, would there not be something to show for it more purely gratifying than the results so termed by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON?

His Lordship, by the way, mentioned that the Department had not seen their way to introduce a practical course of Cookery into Education. But they had omitted from their Code a requirement of the recitation of long pieces of poetry, "as not being very useful to be retained." The Noble Lord concluded with an elaborate lecture on the comparative cost of Board and Voluntary Schools. After some further chat, one minor Bill was forwarded, another read a first time; and the House adjourned at six o'clock, in decent time for dinner.

*Thursday (Lords).*—Nothing to speak of, and nothing done, except by Lord DE LA WARR, Lord FORBESCUE, and Lord ABERDARE, the first of whom withdrew his Workmen's Compensation Bill, the second the Companies' Acts Amendment Bill, sent up from the Commons, under his wing, and the third succeeded in getting an Amendment passed in Committee on the Industrial Schools Bill, to prevent unthinking School Boards from borrowing money on bad security.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER gave, as he promised, an approximate estimate of the (pecuniary) damage of the South-African War. It will amount altogether to "something like \$4,500,000,"—not more; for expenditure, at the rate of half a million a month, ought now to diminish rapidly, and the cost of thrashing CETEWAYO, in a Colonists' quarrel, ought not to fall on the Imperial Government alone. To meet a deficit of \$1,163,000, created since the Budget, by the Zulu King, and the South-African Government between them, he proposed to do no more at present than take power to issue \$1,200,000 Exchequer Bonds, "as it was hoped and expected that the deficiency would be recovered from the South-African Colonies." Sir STAFFORD, you are hopeful. Let us, too, hope that, in this matter of South-African Colonial reimbursement, Hope (no offence to BRERESFORD) will not prove to have told a flattering tale. The Right Honourable CHANCELLOR made an end by saying he would propose the Vote (of those same \$1,200,000 Exchequer Bonds) in Supply on Monday.

Criticism from Mr. CHILDERS and Sir R. PEEL, if pertinent, premature; the Vote being reserved till Monday for discussion.

Abortive talk on a Resolution by Mr. GRANT DUFF, condemning the proposal to break up and distribute the contents of the Indian Museum. Motion withdrawn. In Committee of Ways and Means £3,000,000 voted for the renewal of Exchequer Bonds. In Supply on the Navy Estimates the First Lord declared that he saw no reason to propose any addition to our maritime strength; that is, to ask any more millions of money for the Navy. The best thing said in the House that evening, if safely said; bravo Mr. W. H. SMITH! Otherwise, Oh! oh!

The House then plunged into Committee of Supply, and floundered about in the Navy Estimates until morning, when Progress (save the mark) was reported, and a little Bill (the East India Loan Consolidated Fund) having been read a Third Time, somebody counted out the House at 3.5 by St. Stephen's clock.

*Friday (Lords).*—In answer to Lord O'HAGAN, the LORD CHANCELLOR said that the Irish Lunacy Commission was a difficult subject to deal with, but under the anxious consideration of Government.

Of all lunatics, sure, it must be particularly difficult to deal with Irish.

Lord DUNRAVEN moved for papers which would show whether the PRINCE IMPERIAL on the fatal first of June was in command of the reconnoitring party or not.

Lord BURY knew of no such papers, except those relative to the Court Martial, not yet producible. Though employed, the Prince held no appointment.

Lord TREBO did not see the difference between appointment and employment. (The difference which ought to coincide with a Ministerial distinction, my Lord, is too often invisible.) He charged Lord BURY with equivocation, and the Government with a design to prevent discussion of the question they were asked.

The Duke of GORDON and LENNOX deprecated discussion which was premature.

Earl GRANVILLE agreed that it was premature; but discussion was not what his noble friend wanted. His Motion was merely directed to ascertain what the Government knew about it.

A few more words, and their Lordships dropped the subject.

The Lord Clerk Register (Scotland) Bill was read a Second Time. The Petroleum Act passed through Committee, and my Lords knocked off at 7.5.

*Commons (Morning).*—On going into Supply, animadversion by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the Administration of Native Affairs in South-Africa; talk by Messrs. JAMES, M'ARTHUR, J. MACARTHY, and HERMON; reply from Sir M. HICKS BEACH, and remarks by Mr. W. E. FORSTER, who applauded the tone and temper of the Colonial Secretary's speech, and rejoiced to hear that the Government would stick to the policy of Confederation. The Colonists must take a large share in their own defence.

Hear! Hear! The larger the better.

The Colonists also, said Mr. A. MILLS, Ought to wage their own wars, and to pay their own bills.

Hear! hear! hear!

Then into Supply; and five votes on the Navy Estimates agreed to. Here ended the Morning Sitting.

*(Evening).*—Mr. PLIMSOLL called attention to the deplorable condition of Malta, which he ascribed to inequitable taxation. He moved that the police, drainage, repairing, lighting, cleansing, and watering the streets, should be defrayed out of a rate on house and other property, instead of being levied on food.

Cursory observations made by Honourable Members.

Apologetic and evasive reply from Sir M. HICKS BEACH, of course deprecating the motion, which also of course was negatived; majority 120, minority 62. In Committee of Supply, on a peg or two with the Navy Estimates; also Civil Service Estimates, in spite of Irish Members; and after a little further business done, to brougham and bed at 2.15.

## ON THE CHEAP.

(From the Journal of a Travelling Economist.)

"On the other hand, however, we must avow some apprehension that too minute attention to the possibility of cheap travel may render a Continental tour a continual vexation and trouble. Plain living and high thinking are as Mr. CAPPEX says, crying wants of these days; but the latter condition is hardly to be attained by the self-imposed necessity of striking a bargain with a landlord at the end of each day's journey."—*Times*.



3 A.M.—Roused for the seventeenth time since midnight. Vow I will never go to a fourth-class hotel again. Try to get a little sleep on four chairs and a sliding bureau. Can't. Begin a letter to the *Times* in my head.

4 A.M.—Get up and look for ink. Wake the others. Order five breakfasts for seven of us, and explain to the landlord that we have to catch the 4.57 cheap "omnibus" train for Farthingheim.

5 A.M.—Row with landlord about *bougies*. Will charge for them, though we all went to bed in the dark. Explain this. He snaps his fingers in my face, calls me "*Ein schwindlender Beleidiger!*" refuses to split the breakfasts, and seizes my portmanteau.

6 A.M.—Row still proceeding. Cheap train hopelessly missed. Look out "*Beleidiger*" in a dictionary, and go up-stairs and collect all the *bougies* in a carpet-bag. Pay bill in full, threaten to write to *Bradshaw*, and go off, carrying all our own luggage to station, followed by a jeering crowd.

7 A.M.—Sit down on it, and, with the assistance of a Phrase-book, tell the crowd in German that "this isn't the sort of treatment a parcel of foreigners would experience, under similar circumstances, in the Tottenham Court Road." Pelted. Make up our minds to catch the 7.43 (fast), if we can.

8 A.M.—Miss it. Nothing till the 12.3 express. Station-master refuses to take our luggage before 11.58. Start with it to the town. Crowd increasing.

9 P.M.—Visit the Dom. Descend into Shrine of St. Barthold. Very interesting. Guide well-informed and intelligent. Give him nothing on principle. Follows us to the Alten Schloss, shouting at the top of his voice, and shaking his fists.

10 A.M.—Go all over the Schloss. Capital state of preservation. Are shown the "reserved apartments." Refuse to give anything to the *concierge*. He comes out after us with a horse-whip. The Guide still there shouting. We ask the way to tomb of GUSTAVUS the Ninth. Crowd follows us with brickbats.

11 A.M.—Get in by the assistance of a very civil Commissionnaire. Striking. Are shown the boots of CHARLEMAGNE, and the spot where RUDOLPH the Eighteenth was assassinated. Sign our names in visitors' book. Give nobody anything. Commissionnaire walks by our side, calling us "Brigands!" Crowd enormous. Symptoms of riot commencing. Reach station exhausted.

12 NOON.—Prepared to pay anything to escape. Take seven first-class tickets (express), and are charged nineteen thalers for excess of luggage. Get off in a storm of execration, after having to give up all the *bougies* to a gendarme. Start, threatening feebly to write to the *Times*, have hysterics, and go to sleep.

1 P.M.—Still hysterical.

2 P.M.—Ditto.

3 P.M.—Ditto.

4 P.M.—Ditto.

5 P.M.—Ditto.

6 P.M.—Arrive. Refuse to hire a *voiture*. Tell the omnibus conductor, with the aid of the Phrase-book, that his tariff of fares is "utterly ridiculous." Set out on foot in search of a *gasthaus* of moderate pretensions, where no English have been to demoralise the landlord and raise the prices.

7 P.M.—Still searching.

8 P.M.—Ditto.

9 P.M.—Ditto.

10 P.M.—Ditto.

11 P.M.—Find what we want at last, in a dark alley, turning out of a side street, running precipitously to the river. Dine at the late *table d'hôte* with one commercial traveller, on pickled cherries, raw bacon, cabbage, sugar biscuits, horseflesh, and petrified figs.

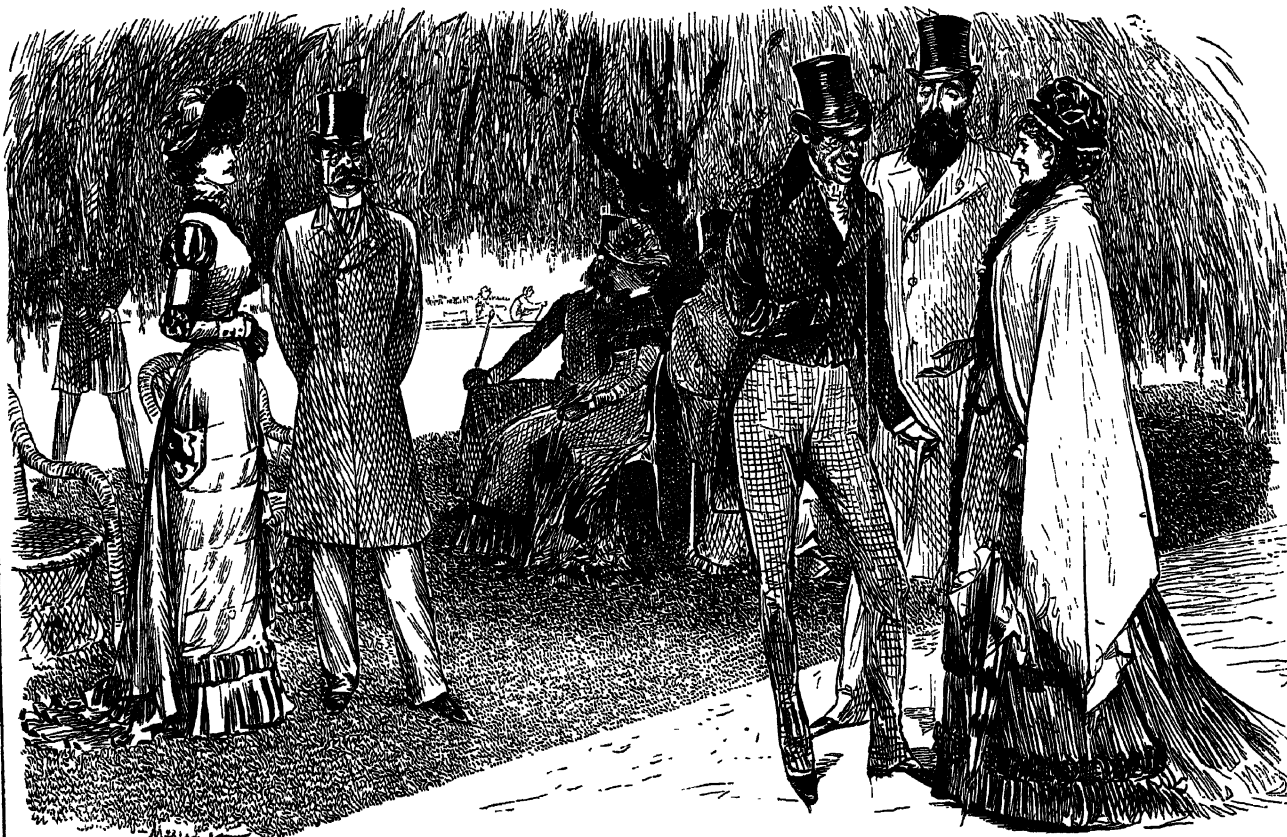
12 MIDNIGHT.—Retire; and have nightmare.

1 A.M.—Endeavour to sleep on three chairs and a washhand-stand. Can't. Determine to write to the *Times*.

2 A.M.—Left writing.

TO BE OFFERED TO THE MANES OF THE POOR PRINCE IMPERIAL.—  
A VI-CAREYOUS Sacrifice.





### A VENIAL MISTAKE.

*New Beauty* (unversed as yet in the mysteries of *High Life*). "WHO'S THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN?"

*The Captain*. "SIR DIGBY DE RIGBY, A HAMPSHIRE BARONET; ONE OF THE OLDEST IN ENGLAND; JAMES THE FIRST'S CREATION, YOU KNOW."

*New Beauty* (determined to be surprised at nothing). "INDEED! HOW WELL PRESERVED HE IS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT HIM MORE THAN SEVENTY OR EIGHTY!"

### POOR NURSE NORTHCOTE!

*Or, Them Blessed Babbies!*

Oh dear, and oh dear! Which I feels that drefle queer!  
And them blessed babbies—bother 'em!—'ow 'ard they is to rear!  
*Is any on 'em living?* It is more than I can say.  
When a woman's wexed and worrited in this 'ere kind o' way,  
'Tain't no use a-arsting questions. I am sure I feel arf dead.  
And whether I am standin' on my 'eels or on my 'ed  
Is wot I wish they'd tell me if they chance to be aweer.  
I *must* put my lips to summut, and—ah yes, I'll take a cheer.  
Drat the babbies! 'Ow they seem to crowd around me as I sit  
In a state of pure confloption. Eh! Geneva? Not a bit!  
I'm the modritest of Monthlies, you can see it in my face;  
But I fear I ain't quite strong enough for this most wearing place.  
Which, whether it's the shindies of them bragian Irish boys,  
Or that GLADSTING, who is everlasting kicking up a noise;  
Or whether it's the weather, as is set in orful 'ot,  
Or the weight of all them babbies, sech a lot of 'em, or wot—  
I do feel that drefle done up, I can't carry 'em no furdur;  
They must jest all take their chances, as I hope it won't be murder.  
Oh! I feels like that there 'EROD, arter slortering his hostes;  
Which wot I'd like to know is this—do babes-in-arms 'ave ghostes?  
Or is that a growd-up privilege exclusive? Oh dear me!  
To be 'aunted by the spectres of these innocents 'ud be  
A hidjus fate! Good 'evings! Who would wish to be 'ead nuss  
In sech a 'Ouse as this is? Babby-farming earn't be wuss.  
The lots as I've seen corpuessed—bless their 'arts!—as promised well,  
Which 'ow Mother BEAKER stands it so is more than I can tell.  
But she is that cool and easy! 'Ow I wish as I wos ditter.  
I wos allays tender-'arted, and they puts me in a twitter,  
All these shindyings and slorterings. Oh lor! what's that there  
sound?

Is it one on 'em a kicking, or is GLADSTING sneaking round?

Drat that chap! he do upset me, allays chivving at my 'eels.  
Wot with him, them Irish waggerbones, the babbies' dying squeals,  
And the weather, I'm that worrited, that warn, that reglar limp,  
That I couldn't carry nothing as wos 'eavier than a crimp.  
Thank 'evings there's an 'ohday approaching, or I think  
I should 'ave to chuck up nussing, or else give my mind to drink!  
[Left flopping.]

### SURPRISING ANNOUNCEMENT.

BESIDES SIR WILFRID LAWSON and Cardinal MANNING, what personage is there in all England so hard to conceive presiding at a "free-and-easy" as the noble Earl named in the subjoined extract from a daily paper?

"HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.—A meeting of *this Society* was held on Monday the 28th inst., the Earl of SHAFTESBURY in the chair. Letters were received from the Archbishops of CANTEBURY and YORK, the LORD CHANCELLOR, &c., regretting their unavoidable absence."

It is true that Lord SHAFTESBURY bears the character of a jolly good fellow—and so say all of us—but his Lordship is not generally supposed to be in the habit of not going home till morning, and then the worse for liquor; or, indeed, of drinking to excess at any time. Neither are the two Archbishops and the LORD CHANCELLOR commonly known or even imagined to be members of an association of so extremely questionable a nature as that in which they appear to be above included.

### ADVICE TO BRITISH OFFICERS.

MIND how you obey the word of command to skedaddle. No officer can be court-martialed for disobedience to orders by which he gets killed.

A SHOOTING STAR.—DR. CARVER.



## POOR NURSE NORTHCOTE!

"WHICH I S'POSE IT'S THE 'OT WEATHER—OR THEM IRISH—OR THAT GLADSTING—OR SOMETHINK!  
LEASTWAYS, I'M THAT LIMP I CAN'T CARRY 'EM NO FURTHER!!"





## 'ARRY ON THE RIVER.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Or weather at last! Wet a bloomin' old slusher it's bin, This season! But now it do look as though Summer was goin' to begin. Up to now it's bin muck and no error, fit only for fishes and frogs, And has not give a chap arf a chance like of sporting 'is 'oliday togs.

Sech a sweet thing in mustard and pink, quite *reshershay* I tell you, old man. Two quid's pooty stiff, but a buster and blow the expense is my plan; With a stor' arf at and *puggeree*, CHARLIE, low shoes and new mulberry gloves, If I didn't jest fetch our two gals, it's a pity;—and wasn't they loves?

We'd three chaps in the boat besides me,—jest a nice little party of six, But they didn't get arf a look in 'long o' me; they'd no form, them two sticks. If you'd seen me a settin' and steerin' with one o' the shes on each side, You'd a thought me a Turk in check ditters, and looked on your 'ARRY with pride.

Wy, we see a swell boat with three ladies, sech rippers, in crewel and buff, (If I pulled arf a 'our in their style it 'ud be a bit more than enough) Well, I tipped 'em a wink as we passed and sez, "Go it, my beauties, well done!" And, oh lor! if you'd twigged 'em blush up you'd a seen 'ow they relished the fun.

I'm dead filberts, my boy, on the river, it ain't to be beat for a lark, And the gals as goes boating, my pippin, is jest about "'ARRY, his mark." If you want a good stare, you can always run into 'em—accident quite! And they can't charge yer nothink for looking, nor put you in quod for the fright.

'Ow we chivied the couples a-spoonin', and bunnicked old fishermen's swims, And put in a Tommy Dodd Chorus to Methodys practisin' hymns! Then we pic-nic'd at last on the lawn of a water-side willa. Oh, my! When the swells see our bottles and bits, I've a notion some language 'll fly.

It was on the Q. T., in a nook snugged away in a lot of old trees, I sat on a bust of Apoller, with one of the gurls on my knees! Cheek, eh? Well, the fam'ly was out, and the servants asleep, I suppose; For they didn't 'ear even our roar, when I chipped orf the himage's nose.

We'd soon emptied our three-gallon bottle, and TOMMY he pulled a bit wild, And we blundered slap into a skiff, and was jolly near drownin' a child. Of course we bunked off in the scurry, and showed 'em a clean pair o' legs, Pullin' up at a waterside inn where we went in for fried 'am and eggs.

We kep that 'ere pub all-alive-oh, I tell yer, with song and with chorus, To the orful disgust of some prigs as was proggin' two tables afore us. I do 'ate your hushabye sort-like, as puts on the fie-fie at noise. 'Ow on earth can yer spree without shindy? It's jest wot a feller enjoys.

Quaker-meetings be jiggered, I say; if you're 'appy, my boy, give it tongue. I tell yer we roused 'em a few, coming 'ome, with the comics we sung. Hencorin' a prime 'un, I somehow forgot to steer straight, and we fouled. The last 'eat of a race—such a lark! Oh, good lor, 'ow they chi-liked and 'owled!

There was henly one slight *Country-tong*, TOMMY BLOGE, who's a bit of a hass, Tried to splash a smart pair of swell "Spoons" by some willers we 'appened to pass; And the Toff ketched the blade of Tom's scull, dragged 'im close, and jest landed 'im one!

Arter which Master Tom nussed his eye up, and seemed rayther out of the fun. Sez the Toff, "You're the pests of the river, you Cads!" Well, I didn't reply, 'Cos yer see before gals, it ain't nice when a feller naps one in the eye; But it's all bloomin' nonsense, my boy! If he'd only jest give me a look, He'd a seen as my form was O. K., as I fancy ain't easy mistook.

Besides, I suppose as the river is free to all sorts, 'igh and low. That I'm sweet on true Swells you're aweer, but for stuck-ups I don't care a blow.

We'd a rare rorty time of it, CHARLIE, and as for that younger gurl, CARRY, I'll eat my old boots if she isn't dead-gone on

Yours bloomingly, 'ARRY.

## SUGGESTION FOR SKIPPERS.

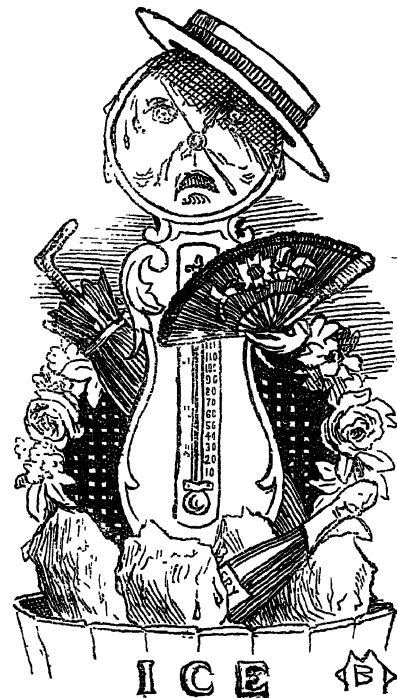
THE Excursion Season is now commencing. Sea Captains and Commanders, keep a sharp look-out. Steer clear of vessels in each other's way, avoid collisions; beware of detraction, and do not run one another down.

## A MALICIOUS TRICK.

A MISCHIEVOUS rustic, owing his neighbour a grudge, mixed a quantity of Anti-Fat with his pig's barley-meal.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*Describing how he found the Friendly Zulus at St. James's Hall, with a detailed account of his interesting and remarkable adventures.*



SIR,—The other day, having a great many better things to do, I chose to visit the Friendly Zulus at St. James's Hall, where, by kind permission of the other Friendly "Coloured Genelum," these six interesting barbarians have been located by the Friendly FARINI, who invented ZAZEL the Flying Fish of the Aquarium.

Feeling a little nervous about assisting at the midday Zulu "mealie" to which the Friendly FARINI daily invites the public, and not altogether assured that the Friendly ones might not take such a fancy to me as to wish me to provide the entire feed for them *in my own person*—like the Mild-eyed Savages who so rapidly acquired a refined taste for "cold missionary"—I determined to defer my visit until after dinner, when I could come in as a Child of the Dessert.

Timing myself exactly, and priming myself with a second coating of lunch, I took my way to Piccadilly, thinking how much expense and loss of life it would have saved, had we treated with CETERWAYO through the Friendly FARINI, who might have inveigled him over here and shot him out of a cannon.

Before arriving at the Hall, my attention was arrested by a photograph in a shop-window, of a wild-looking person with strange, mad eyes, and matted, any-how hair. "Surely," I said to myself, "this is a portrait of a Friendly Zulu." No; it was the unfriendly SARAH BERNHARDT, the *Sal-volatile* of the French Company, so I passed on to the other *Salle*, dedicated to St. James—whether the greater or the Less I do not know, but in London he appears to be the Patron Saint of Five-shilling Dinners, Monday Pops, Billiard Matches, a Drinking-Bar, and, properly, if he be St. James of Spain, the Moore-ish Minstrels.

There was no rush; no crowd; no excitement.

I do not know the Friendly FARINI by sight, but I fancied that the elegant gentleman at the door, trimming his nails in an easy, nonchalant, don't-care-whether-you-come-or-not sort of way, was the eminent *entrepreneur*—the friend of Mr. SECRETARY CROSS and the Nigger, Cross and Black-well—himself *in propria persona*.

Passing this friendly and distinguished personage in a deferential manner, I walked in and presented myself in the friendliest way possible to the man in the box, of whom only the upper half was visible taking the tickets, and who, by his movements to and fro—he has



### A DEFINITION.

*Metropolitan Railway Station. Swell in taking his change drops a penny—looks at it wistfully, but leaves it.*

*British Workman (pouncing on it, to bystander). "THERE, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PUFFECT GEN'LEMAN!"*

*[Pouches the coin.]*

plenty of walking-room—seemed anxious to impress on the visitor who simply saw this top half, that "there was more where that came from."

As his expectations had been raised high by the appearance of myself as a "gentleman of fashionable exterior," I was sorry to be compelled to cause him some disappointment by asking for change out of my half-crown, as I did not want a reserved seat, but only wished for as much of the Friendly Zulus as they could let me have, conveniently, for a shilling.

Everything was done in the friendliest possible manner. The friendly person in the box gave me a friendly smile, and handed to me not only my eighteenpence in quite a friendly way, but also what appeared to be a *bad penny* as a *bonus*, but which, on investigation, proved to be a necessary friendly talisman which should guard me against all the dangers of the journey up to the very gates of the Friendly Zulus' Home. Then there sounded, above me, far away in the air, a mysterious voice, which cried, "Pass one to the Zulus!" Its tone was friendly, but it was the voice of Fate. So I passed on. I felt that whatever might

befall, Friendly Spirits were watching my progress. The sense of loneliness in that vast building was relieved by the consciousness of being in an atmosphere of Friendliness, and I firmly clutched my bad-penny talisman, as, looking to the right and left, I walked cautiously onward, like a knight in an enchanted castle. Suddenly, on the wall appeared a Fiery but Friendly Hand pointing out the road—"This way to the Zulus!" It was the Hand of Destiny!

Siren voices from the left, accompanied by the tinkle of the tambourine and the click of the gay castanet, cause me to vacillate for a moment. It is the Christy Sirens. But I clutch my talisman, and once more before me I see the fiery Friendly Phantom Hand directing my course "This way to the Zulus!"

Through an open door I catch sight of neat-handed waiters—phantoms, of course—inviting me to the pleasures of the table, displaying various *cartes du jour*, and pointing to green glasses and cool-looking bottles. For a moment I hesitate. But again I see the Fiery Friendly Hand pointing to the stairs—"This way to the Zulus!" Excelsior!!!

The phantom waiters groan and wring their hands as I pass upwards. Mysterious voices in the air repeat, "Pass One to the Zulus! Pass Two to the Zulus!" And wavering people, strengthened in their resolve by the friendly Phantom Hands, ascend the Staircase of the Enchanted Castle.

Up! up! to a dimly-lighted gallery. Doors to the right of us, doors to the left of us! A Billiard Marker with a cue invites me. I am about to be decoyed, just to see what is going on, when, fortunately, I catch sight of the Bright Fiery Red, but Friendly, Hand on the Wall, that in its pantomimic action is ever crying, "Forwards!" and saying, as it were, emphatically, "No nonsense! No loitering! This way to the Zulus! You know what you're here for! This is your mission! This, this, THIS way to the Zulus!"

Then there is a distant chorus, as of demon spirits, furious at the loss of their prey: it is the Black Christys, whom I have left long since, in their room below, with ghastly bones, and hollow tambourine accompaniment, and, as grateful to Providence as *Tannhäuser* delivered from the Venusberg, again I clasp my talisman, and the spectral Marker vanishes, wailing sadly among the shadows—or walks his billiard chalks—and I pass on.

A narrow passage, with a strange, musty, old-clothes smell, as if haunted by the ghosts of hats, and cloaks, and mantles, left and lost for ever, where a phantom female, with a baby in her arms, is pacing up and down anxiously, like some character in a drama of *Waiting for the Verdict*.

Is this infant food for the Friendly Zulus? Is this a Friendly Baby? "Oh, stay, the maiden said, and rest!" But suddenly I clutch my talisman, as once more I see the Friendly Fiery Preserving Hand on the Wall, while louder and more jubilant become the mysterious voices in the air. "Pass One to the Zulus! Pass Two to the Zulus!" Then at the open door of the Grand Hall two Friendly Faces greet me; a friendly hand receives my talisman, and I am safe! Safe!—with the Friendly Zulus!

Yes! Here the enchantment ended. The process of disenchantment was about to commence. What was there to see? After all this excitement in getting to the Hall—after all these voices, like *Joan of Arc's*—and Fiery Hands—what was there to see? Where are the Friendly Zulus? Here is



## CLUB SKETCHES.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"WHY DOES BROOKS SNUB SNOOKS?"—"BECAUSE SNOOKS TOADIES BROOKS."  
 "WHY DOES SNOOKS TOADY BROOKS?"—"BECAUSE BROOKS SNUBS SNOOKS."

the Hall, divided by a barrier, against which lean two lines of people at a shilling apiece. The galleries are empty; the floor is bare, as though it had been cleared for a dance, and the guests hadn't yet arrived. Beyond the barrier, towards the Organ end, are the Reserved People, with the Half-crown Talisman—a very select lot—and on the platform where Mesdames SCHUMANN and NERUDA have gratified our high art musical tastes, are the six Friendly Zulus, in full costume, with a lot of straw, and a huge target, lounging about lazily enough, and doing nothing in particular that I can see.

Someone, not a Zulu, but a Friendly Foreigner, with a prominent feature of markedly Hebrew extraction—(can this be the Friendly FARINI?)—is talking to them and showing them a book. I can't hear what he says. I ask people about me. They don't know, and, apparently, don't care. They have been here, these shilling visitors, for the last half hour, one of them informs me in a sad, despondent way, hanging languidly on to the barrier, hoping, like so many *Micawbers*, that something would turn up. But nothing *has* turned up. The Zulus are friendly, that is all, and to my mind, quite enough, as if they suddenly took it into their heads *not* to be friendly, they've got some nasty sharp-pointed weapons, ready to hand, and they carry heavy thick-knobbed sticks, with which they could very easily impress on us their notions of Club-life in Zululand.

One Friendly Zulu begins thatching a straw hut in a lounging, quiet way. Presently another helps him. We watch this—which is about as amusing as watching some countrymen finishing a small rick—for about a quarter of an hour, and then the shilling visitors yawn, and drowsily congratulate themselves on not having mixed themselves up with the Reserves at half-a-crown. Three old Ladies retire to a bench at the back and take their friendly shillingsworth out in a snooze. Most of us consult our watches, listlessly, and come to the conclusion that we will give these coloured people in feathers so many minutes more, and then we'll go, as we dropped in, quite in a friendly way.

At last one of them takes up the spears and from a distance of about thirty paces hurls them dart-fashion, at a target of pantomimic dimensions. Shooting with bows and arrows at a haystack would have been about as interesting, but the friendly audience were glad to wake themselves up a bit, in order to give some friendly applause, when the spears struck the target—as if they were quite surprised at such a result—just to throw a little life into this dreary performance. During the shooting the two thatchers had been going on with their employment—better than being absolutely idle, they probably think—while the three others, who didn't shoot, leant against the back-rail, looking exquisitely bored, and, I should say, feeling anything but friendly towards the Friendly FARINI for bringing them over.

At this point human nature would have broken down under the oppression of dulness, had not a Friendly Boy, accompanied by a Gentleman, stepped up from among the audience—(so very friendly of them, to be sure!) and introduced a little low comedy element. The Boy was trying to impress on the Gentleman who was with him that he could throw the spears and hit the Pantomime target, just as Mr. Merriman manages to induce the simple-minded Master of the Ring that he can perform the feat, whatever it is, which the celebrated Signor TOMBOLENO has just triumphantly exhibited on the bare-backed steed. The guileless Master permits him to try; of course Mr. Merriman fails, amid roars of laughter. This was the performance of the Man (as Master of the Ring) and Boy (as juvenile Clown). Boy, in dumb show—apparently from the shilling point

of view—expresses his confidence in his own ability to vie with the Friendly Zulu. Gentleman, as Master of the Ring, permits him to try. Juvenile Clown takes spears, throws, fails dismally. Of course one *ought* to have stuck into the Master of the Ring—oh, quite by accident, of course—"On my honour, Sir!"—when the Master would have chivied him off the platform with a stinger from the whip—but this couldn't be. So we all laughed at the boy's failures; and then the Master of the Ring (could I have been deceived, and was *this* the Friendly FARINI in disguise?) showed how he himself could do better than that, and was, in fact, as good at it as the Zulu himself. However, we hadn't come to see an ordinary mortal (though if this was the Friendly FARINI, this term cannot apply to *him*), in a pot hat and a suit of dittos, throw javelins; so only a very few people—the *claque*, perhaps—applauded, and then we subsided into a discontented silence, and again consulted our watches, bargaining with ourselves as to how long we could stand it, and when we should positively go.

I had just given up the idea of being entertained by anything they could do as hopeless, and was envying the three sleeping old Ladies who were still having their shillingsworth out on the back bench, when, on reaching the door, my attention was attracted by a whoop and a howl. It occurred to me that, *ennuyés* to the last degree, they had suddenly become unfriendly, and wanted anyone to tread on whatever corresponded to the tails of their coats. No. They had begun a war-song and a wardance, which was noisy, monotonous, and wearisome, and reminded me of some recent Parliamentary proceedings.

However, it woke up the three old Ladies on the back bench, who exclaimed, all together, "Dear me!" And it had this great and distinguishing merit, namely, that it officially terminated the performance, so that it was impossible for even the most determined loungeur to hang on to the barrier any longer in the hope of getting something more for his money. It was quite enough for mine. O Friendly FARINI, I prefer your now Friendless ZAZEL to your Friendly Zulu!

To sum up, all I can say is, that the Savages are tame, and so is the entertainment—very tame. With which friendly remark, I sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## A Blessing to Burglars.

THE frequency of burglaries in the London Suburbs is, perhaps, unduly ascribed to the inefficiency of the Police. There is reason to suppose it may be rather owing to the inadequacy of their numbers. Perhaps, as the distinguished foreign General said of the British Infantry, it may be that the Metropolitan Police is the best Constabulary in Europe, only happily—for the burglars—there is very little of it.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.



OUCHING some Rare Intelligence for Visitors to the Great Metropolis.

**BRICABRAC.**—One of the few sports still left to the Londoner is Bricabrac-Hunting. The real Bricabrac hides in all sorts of out-of-the-way holes and corners, and the scent is, occasionally, peculiarly strong. The great difficulty in the pursuit of this sport is to find anyone who goes quite straight.

**BELGRAVIA.**—No visitor to the Metropolis should omit seeing this remarkable quarter of London. The Belgravians settled here a long time ago, and their descendants still retain many of their distinctive peculiarities in costume and customs. Belgravia is the Hop Garden of London. During the Season the Hops are most plentiful. The

Belgravians work very hard from May till the end of July, when they either migrate to the sea-side, taking their Belgravian associations with them, or pull down all the blinds of their front windows, as a sign of mourning for the Season that is no more, and retire to the back rooms, only venturing out in the cool of the evening, when, if they meet other Belgravians, they explain to one another how they are only "passing through," and are off again tomorrow. Besides the above-mentioned industry in Hop-gatherings, there is another form of employment for the elderly female Belgravians. This is "match-making." They make some capital matches, which go off in first-rate style; some attempts are failures; and others turn out utterly bad. "Heir-hunting" is a favourite pastime. A thorough bred and born Belgravian never goes, on foot, further East, in the daytime, than the Burlington Arcade, or further North than Grosvenor Square. At night the Belgravians are driven about in carriages as far East as the Gaiety Theatre. The Belgravians are, on the whole, a blameless race, and as long as they abide by the laws of the country in which they have settled, they will not be disturbed in their possessions. Some few, however, of late years have shown a disposition to enlarge their borders, and have even been known to be mixed up in business in the City quarter. These are innovations most dangerous to the permanent existence of their own community. If this is the beginning of the end, then every Country Visitor should make a point of paying a visit to one of these Belgravian residences before they disappear for ever. He has only to obtain an order from the nearest magistrate, who, if the visitor is anxious to see the interior working of one of the largest Belgravian dwellings, will grant him the escort of a couple of plain-clothes police to see that he comes to no harm. The Belgravians, as a rule, are civil enough, but they are sometimes inclined to resent what they may consider intrusion, in which case the presence of the police is absolutely indispensable. The true type of Belgravian official, in his splendid suit of many colours, his brilliant *culottes de peluche*, his embroidered waistcoat, his tags, epanettes, and *cheveux légèrement poudrés*, may be often seen on the doorstep, basking, with Neapolitan laziness, in the summer sun, and chatting with two or three other noblemen, or gentlemen, similarly attired, and wearing the colours of the great Houses to which they belong. May it be long ere these relics of the picturesque Past are taken away from among us! *Floreat Belgravia! et Floreat Eatonæ Squara!*

**BETHNAL GREEN.**—Where the blind beggar lived; now a Museum.

**BLACK-EYE**—how to get one.—Knock up against a coal-heaver, and say, "Where are you a-shovin' to?" *How to cure one.*—Consult a solicitor.

**BOHEMIA.**—In the East, where the Bohemian Girl used to dwell in marble halls—chiefly music-halls. A charming *quartier*, far more extensive than Belgravia. Belgravia has its limits, Bohemia has none. Its gates are never shut to any Belgravian, though Belgravia does not return the compliment. Some Bohemians belong to the most ancient and highest families in the land. Here you will meet banished Dukes, noblemen in disguise. The motto of Bohemia is Sam Weller's—"Ease afore elegance." The language spoken in certain sections of the various tribes that go to make up Bohemia is

the ancient Slang dialect, but, as a rule, the English used among the Bohemians is far superior to any spoken in Belgravia, Tyburnia, or in the Eastern districts. Bohemia furnishes a large contingent to the great Fourth estate. The Visitor to London will find it as difficult to get into Bohemia as into Belgravia, and in some cases, depending on the part of Bohemia his curiosity leads him to inquire into, more difficult to get out of. A magistrate's order and an escort of police, so serviceable in Belgravia, are useless in Bohemia.

**BOND STREET.**—See GROSVENOR GALLERY on a Sunday when open free. *Under these conditions it is well worth a visit.*

**BOODLE'S CLUB.**—Where the Boodles meet. Anybody of the name of Boodle visiting London is, *ipso facto*, a member. A Noodle has to prove his descent from a Boodle before he can be admitted. There is a fine Boodleian Library in the Club. The Boodles were originally a set of Buddhists settled in England; Boodle, or, as it was spelt, "Bhoodle," being only another name for Bhoodla, Bhooda, or Buddha. They have now given up any distinctive creed, though the members are forced to certain outward observances, such, for instance, as eating pickles with cold meat, cheese with a knife, &c., &c. Entrance to the Club is free—when no one is looking. One Hall Porter may exult, if strong enough. The Club-house was formerly given by the King to these Bhoddist refugees, with right of sanctuary; and now, if anyone oppressed, or in difficulties, wishes his case to be tried by the old Boodleian Law, he has only to rush into the Club-hall, go on his knees, and cry "O Boodles, O mong Boodles! à moy! Boodles à mong ayde!" and then he may safely leave his case in the hands of the Hall Porter. This is one of the oldest privileges still existing in the West-End; and is one of the few that has never been abused.

## HONOUR TO THE LORD MAYOR.

HERE is brave news for you, just now wired from the French Metropolis:—

"The *France* of this evening announces that the Lord Mayor of London has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of the reception of the French Members of the International Telegraph Conference and Literary Congress lately held in London."

Deem not this tribute to the grand LORD MAYOR merely a testimonial to turtle—though that would be something on the part of neighbours who excel in culinary criticism, and the knowledge of what is good. But the Corporation of London and the Civic Sovereign have lately distinguished themselves by deeds better, even, than their dinners. As Champions of Open Spaces they have won golden opinions from all sorts of men; except those who hate them for having rescued Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches from enclosure. The Cross of the Legion of Honour, in position as a pectoral on the LORD MAYOR's bosom, will be contemplated by every sitter at his hospitable board as quite the right object in the right place. For, of course, no pedantry and pettiness in *excelsis* will pretend to hinder the great LORD MAYOR from wearing the Foreign decoration he has so worthily won.

Is not the City King within the City, and on his own throne, the Fountain of Honour? And may he, or ought he, not to be allowed to wear, or license any of his subjects to wear any cross, star, gem, jewel, or other ornament, which he or they may have had rightfully presented to them, and have not usurped? Not citizens of London merely, but cosmopolitans, are they not justly entitled to sport any mark or marks of distinction whatsoever, wherewith they have been invested by any potentate or people in the whole world? And would not the attempt, on the part of any officious Jack-in-Office, exercising authority westward of the site of venerated and vanished Temple Bar, to restrain them from the enjoyment of that glorious privilege, be a more impertinent, as well as irreverent act of *lèse majesté* than it is bearable to conceive?

## Six Things to be Proud of.

By a Child of Impulse.

1. Not to have written a Book.
2. Not to have given a Recitation.
3. Not to have appeared in *Vanity Fair*.
4. Not to have been presented with a Testimonial.
5. Not to have been offered Knighthood.
6. Not to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

**BRITISH ARMY DISCIPLINE.**—The Scourge. (*Romish Church Glossary.*)

**NIGHT-BIRDS THAT MAKE WEST-END NIGHT HIDEOUS.**—The owls of 'ARRY after his larks.





## A "CONTRE-TEMPS."

[First Curate. "DELIGHTFUL CHANGE IN THE WEATHER—A LITTLE SUNSHINE AT LAST! I HOPE IT'LL—"]

Second Curate. "WELL I—'NDEED IT'S RATHER INOPPORTUNE FOR 'SLOOM PARVA.' OUR SPECIAL SERVICE OF PRAYER FOR FINE WEATHER IS FIXED FOR NEXT SUNDAY!!"

## MUSINGS BY THE MEGATHERIUM

At the Crystal Palace on a Bank Holiday.

SINGULAR World, very much so! Much lacking, I think, in simplicity. In our post-tertiary period Nature gave ease and felicity. Now—well, things puzzle me greatly; and yet I have learned quite a lot Since WATERHOUSE HAWKINS—confound him!—first had me perched up in this spot.

Holidays now. Ah, dear me! what a subject is *there* for reflection! Fail quite to fathom the mystery, spite of prolonged introspection. Work seems a wonderful lunacy, but, of all freaks of humanity, What are called rest and amusement, betray the most hopeless insanity.

Rest! That means row and coarse revelry, eating, and drinking, and smoking; (Ludicrous habit, that last!) rude romping, and satyr-like joking. Men play the fool till they're fagged, without even enjoying their folly; Saunter, and gorge, and get drunk, and then call the whole thing being jolly.

As for amusement, good gracious! a hobby-horse roundabout's funny As sport for a race that's so proud of its knowledge, its taste, and its money. Vanities all, I suspect. We had none in our primitive time; Yet how contented we were in our forests and pluvial slime!

Worthy friend Mastodon there, just imagine him—ludicrous thing!—Shying for Cocoa-nuts—horror!—or playing at Kiss-in-the-ring! Any true pachyderm 'd blush to be caught at such capers; in fact I'll Warrant such things would be thought *infra dig.* by that gay Pterodactyl.

Romping! Now that's a Yahooism passing my power of explaining, Though I have seen such a deal of it. Would that my scorn were restraining. Mrs. or Miss Megatherium, seeing such pulling and hauling, Would have been shocked, and have shown it by means more effective than squalling.

I dare not attempt to describe it. But horse-play they call it, I think. Any respectable donkey, I'm sure from such grossness would shrink.

Curious creatures, these men, and their Civilisation's a puzzle; Proud of their speech, yet their mouths I have often a yearning to muzzle.

Language? A howl or a squeak is sweet music to 'ARRY's foul oath Or sensual snigger. Friend DARWIN says Man is the ultimate growth Developed from—not Megatheriums—that I do hope of a verity, Or else I should be so ashamed to acknowledge my latest posterity.

Rest? Recreation? Oh dear! Loose loafing, and lewdness, and beeriness. Say, is a hog in a sty a worse instance of coarseness and dreariness? Doubt if the Sages have done their full duty by human Society, Until they impart to Amusement more decency, sense, and variety.

## THE MINISTERIAL DINNER AT GREENWICH.

## FIRST VERSION.

(According to the imagination of the poetical British Public.)

Prime Minister (after the Waiters have brought the coffee and retired). And now, my dear colleagues, let us discuss the events of the coming Recess.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I shall devote the whole of my time to opposing the schemes of Russia in Asia. I may tell you that I have already—

[His voice is lost in a confidential whisper.

Secretary for War. Yes, of course I must look after the Army. I think I can tell you now the conclusions at which the Committee of Reorganisation will assuredly arrive. First the cavalry will—

[Explains plans.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Ah! and now about those Chinese gunboats. Of course we must try a counter move, and I have already made arrangements—

[Enters into interesting details.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yes; I hope to have time to finish the Budget. You see—

[Goes into figures.

Home Secretary. I am glad to have an opportunity of your opinion before we part on a matter of vast importance. I wish to discuss Capital Punishment. Now, I can not help believing—

[Avows his belief.

Prime Minister. My dear friends, before we break up, one word. It is my intention during the Recess to devote myself to creating a new Empire which shall far surpass in grandeur ancient Rome or the modern Indies. (Enter a Waiter, abruptly.) Bring some more cigars!

[Exeunt Ministerial party, dissembling.

## SECOND VERSION.

(According to the inner consciousness of the prosaic Mr. Punch.)

Prime Minister (after the Waiters have brought the coffee, and retired). And now, my dear colleagues, let us discuss the events of the coming Recess.

Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I think I shall go to Dieppe. You see it is a very pleasant place, and the people know me. Then, later on, if I can, I may have a little yachting. [His voice is lost in a confidential whisper.

Secretary for War. Yes, of course I shall have some shooting. They tell me that, by a little careful nursing, the pheasants—

[Explains plans.

First Lord of the Admiralty. Ah! and now about those improved steam-launches! Of course I must get one for my place on the river. I have already made arrangements—

[Enters into interesting details.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Yes; I hope to have time to run over to Monte Carlo. You see—

[Goes into figures.

Home Secretary. I am glad to have an opportunity of taking your opinion, before we part, on a matter of vast importance. I wish to discuss Port Wine. Now, I cannot help believing that if you get it over in the wood, and—

[Avows his belief.

Prime Minister. My dear friends, before we part, one word. Mind, during the Recess, not a word of "shop." I won't be bothered with any nonsense. I want to be quiet, and not to create new Empires surpassing ancient Rome or the modern Indies. And now, as you have finished all the wine!—(Enter a Waiter, abruptly)—Bring some more cigars! [Exeunt Ministerial party, dissembling.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AFTER  
H. S. MARKS. R. A.

ORNING only (Saturday, August 2, Commons).—The House got over most of the remaining Civil Service Estimates, and on some way with the Army Estimates also, Hibernian Obstruction notwithstanding.

Monday (Lords).—Honour to the brave—and the successful. On the motion of Lord CRANBROOK, a vote of thanks to the Governor-General of India, and Her Majesty's military forces engaged in the late—happily late—Afghan war, passed *nem. con.*—save that the Earl of GRANVILLE questioned the propriety of including the Viceroy's name in the resolution. The noble Earl probably wished to avoid the appearance of committing himself and his party to approbation of the policy of waging a war for a scientific frontier. But their Lordships, whatever doubt any of them may have had about that, unanimously voted that the war had been well waged.

East India Loan Bill read a Second time, and the other orders of the day disposed of *paucis verbis*.

(Commons).—Duplicate to Lords' vote of thanks moved by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and duplicate assent and objection thereto on the Liberal behalf expressed by Lord HARTINGTON. Actual omission of Lord LYTON's name flatly moved by The Major, who compared him to Sir BARTLE FREERE (meaning an odious comparison) and accused him of having mismanaged the resources of India. Amendment, of course, seconded by an Irish Member, and supported by other Irish Members of the same description; but backed also by Sir W. HARCOURT, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, Mr. ANDERSON, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Negatived by 148 to 33.

Likewise, by 140 to 28, fared another Motion to the same effect, which the facetious representative of merry Carlisle and the United



## ECONOMICAL.

*Young Wife (shopping).* "I'M GIVING A SMALL DINNER TO-MORROW, AND I SHALL WANT SOME LAMB."

*Butcher.* "YES 'M. FORE-QUARTER O' LAMB, 'M?"

*Young Wife.* "WELL, I THINK THREE QUARTERS WILL BE ENOUGH!"

Kingdom Alliance was enabled to propose by a permissive form of the House.

The Member for Glasgow, by the way, in opposing the vote of thanks, described the Afghan campaign as a "twopenny-halfpenny affair." Does not "twopenny-halfpenny" seem a remarkable epithet considered as applied to any affair so necessarily expensive as even the very cheapest campaign, in disparagement, by a Scotchman?

After customary disputation, vote at length agreed to.

In Committee of Supply, Vote of Credit (£3,000,000) for the Zulu War agreed to likewise; as also sundry votes on Army Estimates.

Thus much of eloquence expended and business done between the hours of four o'clock in the afternoon and ten minutes to three in the morning.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—Met at five. Adjourned at twenty minutes after, having in the meanwhile passed four measures of practical legislation. Humdrum business, but better than humbug.

*(Commons, Morning).*—Order moved for going into Committee on the Irish University Bill.

The O'DONOGHUE announced that, "owing to representations made to him by several sincere friends of Catholic Education in Ireland," it was not his intention to proceed with his intended Motion to reject the Bill.

Mr. P. J. SMYTH moved that the Bill be referred to a Select Commission.

Mr. COURTNEY supported the Motion.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN recommended the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to put this little Bill upon that funeral pile which very soon he would have to light. A remarkable suggestion of cremation coming from the author of the Burials Bill.

In deference to a sense generally expressed that the Bill, though a somewhat lame affair, was on the one hand a compromise and on the other an instalment, the House was allowed to go into Committee thereupon.

Debate on an Amendment moved by Mr. COURTNEY, with a view to effect the object of the Bill by enlarging the existing Queen's

University's Charter, occupied the rest of the day, all but a short time devoted to Railway and other business.

*(Evening.)*—Debate on Mr. COURTNEY'S Amendment resumed; and Amendment finally withdrawn.

Another Amendment, moved also by Mr. COURTNEY, and others by other Hon. Gentlemen, rejected. Then, further consideration of the Bill postponed: the House adjourning.

Note, that among the supporters of this Bill was Mr. NEWDEGATE. Hence it would seem to be at any rate a measure little calculated to Catholicise Science and History, in education, overmuch.

*Wednesday.*—The Irish University Bill passed through Committee, unaltered by several attempted Amendments, except that, a new clause having been moved by Mr. J. LOWTHER, enlarging the powers of the Senate, words, on the motion of Mr. NEWDEGATE, were thereunto added, providing that the name of each member of the Governing Body shall be laid before Parliament. Obviously a requisite safeguard, and a rational if Protestant precaution.

Brief despatch of further business, and then adjournment of the House, with a hearty appetite, no doubt, on the part of Honourable Members invited to partake of the Lord Mayor's Dinner to Her Majesty's Ministers. *Respicie finem.* But the end is not quite yet.

*Thursday (Lords).*—Business undone. The Volunteer Corps (Ireland) Bill, sent up from the Commons, and moved by Lord MONCK, was thrown out through vote of Previous Question moved by Lord WAVENEY, and carried by a majority chiefly of Irish Peers in the proportion of 39 to 16. Is this the way, my Lords, to cultivate Irish loyalty, obliterate national distinctions between Her Majesty's subjects, snuff out Home-Rule, and consolidate the Union? Eh?

From the foregoing figures, however, it will be seen that the majority of the Peers were absent from the House; and an Irishman, perhaps, might truly say that most of those present also were absentees.

Business done. Their Lordships passed the East India Loan and the Turnpike Acts Bills; after which they forwarded some smaller Bills a stage, and rose at seven in the evening.

*(Commons.)*—In answer to Sir H. D. WOLFF (and not Sir WILFRID

LAWSON), Mr. STANHOPE said it was proposed to abolish the office of beer-taster at the India Office. The existence of such a functionary is probably new to most of us. Unless his place be a sinecure, his duties must be bitter work.

The remaining business of the Session was promoted, in Parliamentary fashion, by a long palaver about it.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announced that the Public Works Loans Bill would be taken on Saturday.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by way of consulting expedition, moved the adjournment of the House in order to beseech Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE to massacre more Innocents out of some thirty-six still lingering, and, in particular, at least to pare the Public Works Loans Bill of its contentious clauses.

To this request, and to other appeals from Hon. Members, the CHANCELLOR replied that he intended to put the Bankruptcy Bill out of its misery, and to reduce the Corrupt Practices Bill to a year's continuance Bill; but to proceed with the Banking Bill, as well as the Public Works Loans Bill, which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was himself to blame for having impeded on a technical pretext. As to being asked to cut off the "contentious clauses," all he could say was, "I won't."

The House resounded with cheers. The Right Honourable Gentleman had, at length, shown that he could say "No."

So much for CHAMBERLAIN; and then the House, in Committee of Supply, voted all the remaining Supplies, Civil, Military, and other, having thus completely estimated the whole of the estimates, and determined, for the Session, the question of Supply and Demand.

*Friday (Lords).*—Lord CRANBROOK, in reply to Lord CARNARVON, told their Lordships that the Government were determined to break up the Indian Museum. It was expensive, and inadequate to the uses it ought to serve. Its economical and botanical parts would go to Kew; the others elsewhere amongst various institutions to be decided on after thought.

Lord SALISBURY, answering Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, announced that all the Russian forces had cleared out of both Eastern Roumelia and Roumania, and also of Rustchuk—the latter on the 4th instant. A good riddance of those same Russians.

Having made progress with a few practical Bills of minor moment, their Lordships rose.

*Commons (Morning).*—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER created a laugh by saying, in reply to a question from Mr. LLOYD, that the renewal of the Ballot Act was a question for next Session. Is Sir STAFFORD also among the wags?

The *séance* was mostly spent in a lively and animated discussion of a Contract newly made with the P. and G. Company for the conveyance of Indian Mails. On Division upon an amendment moved by Mr. J. HOLMES, Contract affirmed.

*Evening.*—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in moving an address to Her Majesty praying her not to approve of the erection of an Image to the late PRINCE IMPERIAL in Westminster Abbey, took occasion to pitch, with natural if indiscreet indignation, into the Bonapartes; whereby he reaped the reverse of the House's approbation.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rebuked the Champion of Temperance for his outspoken language; taking, by the way, occasion to state that the proposal to erect the said Image came from Dean STANLEY, and in no way originated from the QUEEN.

After deprecation, in various quarters, of needless introduction of Foreign Politics, and amid vociferous manifestations of impatience on the part of Hon. Members, the subject of the Napoleonic Effigy dropped.

The Vote for Queen's Colleges, in spite of opposition by Mr. SHAW, was affirmed. Other Money Bills and Orders of the day were promoted a stage, and the House shut up shop.

### CRANIOLOGY ON THE CONTINENT.

FROM a statement in *La Nature*, Mr. Punch, it appears that Dr. LE BON has lately published a number of interesting measurements of the capacities of the skulls of statesmen, philosophers, and men of science, literature, and learning of whom the brain-room is mostly above the average. *La Nature*, however, also says that Dr. BORDIER lately measured thirty-six crania of guillotined murderers in the museum of Caens, and found that "their average was very respectable"; likewise that the French crania shown at the last anthropological exhibition, which were those of criminals who had died in prison, "had mostly capacities much above the average." Perhaps greatness of character in the way of JONATHAN WILD the Great, as well as in that of an ALFRED, or any other great personage, good as well as great, immoral equally with moral greatness, may be generally conditional on greatness of the brain, and then we ought of course to find a little cranial cavity distinctive of petty rogues and thieves. But perhaps we shouldn't; and how to ascertain whether or no? How are British physiologists to pursue, like MM. LE BON and BORDIER, any researches on the skulls of criminals as compared with those of the better classes? The skulls to

which they might be helped by Mr. MARWOOD and the prison authorities are doomed to moulder in caustic earth, and be destroyed, never, like *Yorick's* skull, to be dug up again. Might not these skulls be turned to physiological account? Would it not be better if they were, and if investigators could at least obtain casts of the heads of deceased malefactors, and convicts were thus made to contribute somewhat—*post mortem*, at any rate—to the good of Society?

Or would it, in the view of the Home Office, be of no advantage at all to Society, medical or moral, to ascertain the relations existing, if any exist, between the mind and the brain; the contents of the cranium and the character? Is cerebral physiology, in particular, as Mr. Toots would say, of no consequence; or, indeed, physiological science, so called, at large and altogether all humbug? These questions about brains may perhaps next Session exercise those of the Collective Wisdom, in so far as brains are exercised in the proceedings of Parliament. In the meanwhile, the fruits of physiological research remain, to the extent above indicated, forbidden fruits to the English cultivator in his own country, the land of HARVEY, and of the namesake of Master LITTLEJOHN HUNTER.

### THE EXCURSIONIST.



He was wandering wide on the bleak sea-wall,  
By the mud where the waves ought to be;  
And the wind played a game with the coat and the shawl,  
And the gingham umbrella, and the gay parasol,  
And the basket and bag he was laden withal,  
And the wife and the children three.

Clearly he  
Was enjoying what he'd call "a spree."

But his eye rolled wild, as the rude East wind  
Whisked his Sunday hat far out to sea;  
And he swore a sad oath as he chattered and grinned,  
While his wife round his head her best handkerchief pinned,  
And the children howled loud, with their faces all skinned,  
And their trousers all burst at the knee.

For you see  
The East wind was uncommonly free.

Then the merciless rain on the sea-wall smote,  
And the gingham was blown inside out;  
And the gay parasol, and the shawl, and the coat;  
And the bag and the basket were fairly aloft,  
And the wife of his bosom blown over a boat,  
And the babies all flying about—

Such a rout!  
'Twas a pitiful sight, without doubt.

Still that singular man kept his strange wild course  
By the marge of that mud-covered bay;  
And he laughed a grim laugh that was strident and hoarse,  
As he saw how the wind had pronounced a divorce;  
For his wife and his babes were borne on by its force  
Till they vanished in mist far away.

I may say,  
I was shocked at his seeming so gay.

I was grieved as I marked how, through pitiless rain,  
He went wandering on all that day;  
And I thought, if I happened to meet him again,  
I would ask for what sin he endured all this pain,  
And the reason he roved on the brink of the main  
While his wife and his babes were astray.

For this trait  
Seemed a strange sort of thing to display.



So I asked that weird man if he'd give me the tip  
Why he wandered on thus through the pour;  
And he eyed me with scorn, while a grin curled his lip,  
As he answered, "This here is a cheap Pleasure Trip:  
Seven hours by the sea, and a blow and a dip,  
And a walk by the bootiful shore!"—

Then he swore!  
For he'd got all he'd paid for—and more.

### HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshumary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**BOROUGH (THE).**—Chiefly celebrated for its Welsh Rabbits. A good deal of sport here for Londoners.

**BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS.**—Celebrated for its "Flower Shows," which, being invariably held on wet days, are hence called "Shower Flows." The Fellows make a fine income out of the Gardens, their shares being worth sent per scent. "Tickets of Leaf" are given to subscribers and Fellows: conditions of entrance for strangers are that you can't come in without somebody's leaf.

**BOXING.**—A custom in the Metropolis on the 26th of December, when it is just as well to be out of London. The police never interfere. The ceremony of Boxing the Compass, performed by the Man at the Wheel, at the Docks, is usually performed on this day. Box Hill, out of London, is where Box met Cox for the first time after a lengthened separation, and acknowledged one another as long lost brothers, without a strawberry mark on the left arm. Here, at a neat little inn, much frequented by Londoners, who are driven down on the Box Hill coach, paying extra for the Box seat—in commemoration of this historical event everything is done to remind you of the celebrated brothers—the poultry-yard is hedged round with box, so that box and cocks may be associated; while the German beer is measured in German quantities, and tapped from barrels by turning cocks, thus again, associating *Bocks* and *Cocks*. However, this is not strictly speaking in London; so let us return.

**BRITISH MUSEUM.**—A capital place to go into when it rains. Everything here is of British manufacture, no matter what label it may bear: hence the name. There is a fine collection of umbrellas in the hall, and, if you are very careful, you may leave with some little memento of your visit. The Museum is devoted entirely to the amusement of the public. In the Reading-Room there are about 100,000 volumes always on hand, and you are allowed one every five minutes. You can borrow a pencil, and make notes on the margin of every book, or write your name inside, with "Presented to" before it, and "by the British Museum" after it, and then you can take it with you. You can insist on the attendants taking ladders and reaching you down any book you may wish to see from

the highest shelves. For a small gratuity to the poor-box you can secure the entire attention of a clerk during your stay in the Museum, who will light candles to illuminate manuscripts, wind up the Megatherium, which plays several tunes, and show you the Great Seals, quite tame, and, when you require relaxation, he will play with you at Elgin Marbles, giving you first knuckle down and fifteen out of forty. Do not leave without reading in the Assyrian Gallery an early number of the *Daily Telegraph*, containing a graphic and interesting account of the Creation, written on the spot by their Own Correspondent, probably Mr. GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA. Get your attendant to give you some of the most amusing stories in the Witt Collection, and do not omit to visit the statue of JOE MILLER, about which you may remember there was so much excitement, that the question "Shall JOE MILLER have a statue?" became of political significance. Walk into the *Ethnographical Department*, and see every god who has had his day. Don't be disrespectful, however. Remember the conduct of the man who took off his hat to a broken-nosed statue of Jupiter, on the plea that though "rather in the shade now, yet he might come into power again." *Vive HENRI Cinq!* HENRI sank, but HENRI may rise. Notice up on the Coin and Medal Room, "Please not to Medal with the Coins." Go in the spirit of inquiry, and in every department get hold of the attendant in charge, and keep on asking him, "I say, look here, what's this?" If he can't tell you, complain of him to the Governor of the Museum, who will punish him by giving him so many pages of the Catalogue to learn by heart every night, and repeat without book before breakfast every morning, for three months.

You may only joke with the attendants in the Witt Collection. Here they are accustomed to being dug in the ribs and slapped on the back. They show here several cases of fine-pointed jokes, cutting remarks, SYDNEY SMITH's patent Scotch incisor, and a new hand-machine for turning a conversation. On Sunday, admission can be obtained over the railings, care having been taken the previous day to procure a few of the duplicate keys. Follow out this advice, and no matter where you come from, or where you want to go to, you'll soon find the nearest station.

**BROMPTON.**—"Stands Brompton where it did?" Certainly not. It has almost entirely disappeared. The tradition of its Oratory—the Brompton Oratory—will long survive as an evidence of the peculiar oratorical talents of its members. In the garden of the Oratory the inhabitants still cultivate the Flowers of Rhetoric.

**BROOKS'S CLUB.**—The Club that Brooks used is still shown at 60, St. James's Street. The Brooks in question was not our own dear SHIRLEY, who, skilled in fence, used a rapier—not a club, and latterly, as Editor, was satisfied with a strong staff.

**BUCKHURST HILL.**—An outing, in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest. Here is a pretty new Saturday-till-Monday sort of hotel, recently built. When the Emperor of All the Russias visited London, his question to the Lord Chamberlain was, "Where are we going on Sunday?" To which the Chamberlain replied, "The QUEEN will give you an outing." The CZAR started back, horrified. "A knouting!" he exclaimed. "Give me a knouting!" And he would have left there and then, had not HER MAJESTY entered at the moment, graciously explained the reply, and taken the Autocrat, *no lens volens*, to Buckhurst Hill.

**BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**—Salute the sentries with your umbrella. Say "*Houp-là!*" Eyes right!" They'll ask, "Who goes there?" You reply, "Friend!" Then wait for them to answer, "Pass friend, and all's well!" when you at once enter the yard, and walk straight up to the Palace. On State occasions a uniform is necessary, and the QUEEN, as Victoria the First, receives in State. On ordinary days, however, only morning dress and a "top hat" are *de rigueur*, and you simply send in your card by the under-butler, to inquire if "Mrs. GUELF is at home." Nothing more; as this is taking them as they are—*en famille*. On Sunday you must be able to prove yourself a *bonâ fide* traveller before admittance is granted. There is no charge for admission, and the quotation from SHAKESPEARE, "So much for Buckingham Palace!" is either a forgery or a proof of his ignorance.

On State days the hereditary costumes from Madame TUSSAUD's are all brought in carriages, with some of the figures to fill up the groups gracefully, and a deposit is left at Baker Street as security. After the Drawing-Room is over, they are duly returned before eight o'clock in the evening, the great Officers of State having to make good any damage done to the figures. The grounds of the Palace are pretty, and altogether it is quite a place where to spend a happy day.

**BURLINGTON ARCADIA.**—A Western passage lying midway between one of the frontiers of Bohemia and the border of Belgravia. Here Burlington Arcadian shepherdesses stroll about, living by hook and by crook. Sheep-shearing, or fleecing, is a favourite pastime. The Arcade itself was probably built by Cardinal WOOLSEY, and presented, as a dry skittle-ground, or an Anna-Boleyn alley, to HENRY THE EIGHTH. Admission, free—and easy.

**BUSSES.**—(See CONDUCTORS.)



## HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(By Mr. Punch's impulsive but cautious Contributor.)

*Amsterdam.*—Capital place! most interesting! In Holland, of course; with pictures, and trees, and—yes—canals. On second thoughts, the place is very damp, and, perhaps—

*Boulogne.*—Ah! excellent! So near town, and so lively! Splendid bathing—charming *café* on the pier! On second thoughts, there's the Porte, and, perhaps—

*Cologne.*—Most interesting! grand cathedral! Noble river! The place where the Rhine becomes beautiful! And then there's the *Eau de Cologne*! On second thoughts, *à propos* of the *Eau*, the real perfume of Cologne is—well—perhaps—

*Dieppe.*—The very spot! A thoroughly French watering-place, with all the charms of pleasant society, good hotels, and a glorious sea! On second thoughts, the sea voyage over is outside six hours, and, perhaps—

*Etretat.*—Could scarcely do better! Sure to meet a number of charming persons; and the dresses are lovely! On second thoughts, dressing three times a day when you are away from London is—well—perhaps—

*Florence.*—Grand! Such Art-galleries! A man can scarcely claim to be properly educated unless he has seen and appreciated the treasures of Florence! He must now dawdle away his time in a hotel. On second thoughts, the hotels are not very comfortable until later in the year, and, perhaps—

*Genoa.*—Also in Italy—glorious Italy! The land of sunshine and bright skies! On second thoughts, dirt is not improved by a strong light, and, perhaps—

*Heidelberg.*—The subject of many an Artist's pencil! And the place deserves the honour! What a glorious view meets your gaze, after you have climbed the mount upon which the Castle stands! On second thoughts, ascending a hill in August is no joke, and, really, perhaps—

*Interlaken.*—One of the sweetest spots in Switzerland! A de-

lightful place! Then how grand to watch the sun set over the Jungfrau in rosy majesty! On second thoughts, a red glow in the morning means rain, and when it rains at Interlaken—well—perhaps—

*Jerusalem.*—A grand idea! Not so very difficult to reach with a circular ticket! On second thoughts, "personally conducted" touring is—well—yes—perhaps—

*Kiel.*—Very interesting! Where the Danes tried hard to hold their

own. On second thoughts, a German watering-place is not suggestive of—well—perhaps—

*Lucerne.*—Lovely spot. Schweitzerhoff Hotel quite the best in Switzerland; and then the beautiful lake! On second thoughts, you ought not to get too near the water, and perhaps—

*Madrid.*—In Spain. Quite new ground to thousands! So easy to get to nowadays! Then think of the bull-fights! On second thoughts, the food at the hotels is not exactly—well—perhaps—

*Naples.*—Of course, see it and die! It is scarcely a day's journey from Rome, and you can get there in less than no time. All you have to do is to put yourself in the train. On second thoughts, railway travelling far south in August is—well—perhaps—

*Ouchy.*—Most picturesque! The Beau Rivage simply charming! Splendid grounds, numerous dances, and lots of music! On second thoughts, a band under your window before you are well awake is—well—perhaps—

*Paris.*—Of course! Paris is a necessary! Consider the Boulevards, the theatres, the streets basking in the sun-light! On second thoughts, the glare of Paris in August is—well—perhaps—

*Quebec.*—Actually in America! Delightful trip. In these days of fast travelling a mere nothing! On second thoughts—the Atlantic. Under the circumstances, really—really—perhaps—

*Rotterdam.*—Very interesting, indeed! So thoroughly foreign after leaving England! You find everything so Dutch after you land. On second thoughts, before you land, the average voyage is—well—perhaps—

*St. Petersburg.*—Everybody ought to know something about



## UMBRELLA ON THE BRAIN.

OWING TO THE WEATHER, AND FOR VARIOUS OTHER REASONS, THE BROWNES ARE PREVENTED THIS YEAR FROM TAKING THEIR CONTINENTAL TRIP, VERY MUCH TO MRS. BROWNE'S DISAPPOINTMENT, WHO CONSTANTLY DREAMS THAT THE FAMILY UMBRELLA HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO WINGS, AND THAT SHE AND HER HUSBAND FLY TO OTHER CLIMES, IN BLESSED INDEPENDENCE OF RAILWAYS OR STEAMBOATS.



## AN UNSATISFACTORY TERM.

MR. BULL. "AND THOSE ARE YOUR ONLY PRIZES?"

MASTER BENJAMIN. "YES, SIR. WE DID OUR BEST; AND WE SHOULD HAVE DONE BETTER IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE IRISH FELLOWS!"





Russia. It is easy enough to get there. Every night a train starts from Paris for St. Petersburg direct. In a very short time (after a comfortable journey) you find yourself in the city of palaces, statues, and Nihilists. On second thoughts, a foreigner, in the present disturbed state of the country may—well—perhaps—

*Trieste.*—A delightful spot, full of interest. Magnificent port, and fine bathing! Italian people and Austrian officials. On second thoughts, as there is so much discontent ripe just now, and the Italians are so fond of revolutions, perhaps—

*Ug.*—Delicious spot! Sounds foreign, too, but it isn't! On second thoughts, with the Continent before you, why go to Scotland? So, really, perhaps—

*Venice.*—Ah! The loveliest place in the world! Such palaces, such picture-galleries, such churches! And then lounging all day, listening to the songs of the boatmen and the hum of the insects! On second thoughts, the mosquitoes are simply— Yes, really, perhaps—

*Wiesbaden.*—Charming spot! Within easy distance of lots of nice places, too! A few years ago, "distractions" associated with green cloth, cards, and ivory balls, were quite the vogue. On second thoughts, ex-gambling places become rather dull, and perhaps—

*Yarmouth.*—By all means, if you don't want to go abroad. Good place for bloaters. On second thoughts, you may have too much of the savour of the Sea, and so, perhaps—

*Zurich.*—On the lake! So delicious! Suggestive of a soft song and perfect rest! On second thoughts, if you want perfect rest you ought not to take a long tour and— Well—yes—perhaps—perhaps you had better avoid all these places—and—yes, to be sure—stay at home!

### The Alderman's Friend.

ADVERTISEMENTS describe the new remedial preparation for the reduction of corpulence as an American invention; but Mr. AULDJO affirms its original discoverer to have been a brither Scot. He informs us that "Anti-Fat" was first obtained and applied to the abatement of obesity by Mr. MACLEAN.

### A ROYAL FUGITIVE.

WAGS, seeing that CEREWAYO has taken to flight, go about affirming that his name should now be pronounced with a variation. The King of the Zulus, they say, ought, in his present circumstances, to be called CUT-AWAY-O!

MIXED MATHEMATICS.—Given a Donkey-Engine, to determine its Horse-power.

## MORIBUND.

(Monody by a much-fagged Member.)

"The speeches at the Ministerial dinner at the Mansion House are the dying swan-song of the Session."—*Times*.

THE Session dies! Swan-like? Oh, Jupiter, Remembering sadly how St. Stephen's carries on, Methinks you err;

Small aptness is there in the strained comparison. The points of the analogy to trace, Pray what of music, dignity, or grace Accompanies the parting Session's exit?

We'd let the poor thing pass, we would not vex it With memories. But music? One might take The charivari at an Irish wake

As a more fit similitude. How truly 'Twould type the Celtic shindings, rude, unruly, That long have plagued the public tympanum!

Swan-song? 'Tis all a hum! You joke with us, great Jupiter, and smile

In grim Saturnian style. Post-prandially let Ministers rejoice, To lend the dying Session dulcet voice; Our aching ears have memory, and know better. Though WHETHAM, after many a liberal wetter,

Expand in glowing glory, And shout his tintamarre to all that's Tory;— Though SMITH and BURY our twin forces butter, While vinous cheers greet every vaunt they utter;

Though Beaming BENJAMIN Vent bland beatitudes about Berlin, And scientific frontiers bought, not paid for, Or shape a pleasing puzzle, plainly made for The Sphinx's latest, than its earliest tougher, And fog with phrases each bucolic buffer;— Let SALISBURY and NORRECORE bandy banter, In imitation of the Arch-Enchanter, And cits shout praise till all appears (True) Blue, It will not do!

"Capital Muniments" comfort not us, And as for BEN's new-fangled Cerberus, The triune peasant.

Evolved, like the proverbial German's camel, From an imagination facts ne'er trammel,— Political economy made pleasant

By comic quips and cranks, May charm the Tory ranks,

Accustomed to be fed on paradox As nubibustic as the realms of Nox; But you'll as soon check earthquakes with a fiddle As settle the Land-Question with a riddle! The Session's moribund; all men rejoice.

But for its parting voice, To call it "swan-like" were a mere abuse Of Art rhetoric Or diction metaphoric.

No, Jupiter, mere mortals it must strike

As much more like The dreary, dying cackle of a goose!

## THE FRATERNAL AGE.

(A Fragment.)

"VICTOR HUGO, who presided yesterday at a lecture by M. LOUIS BLANC, said that in the twentieth century war, capital punishment, monarchy, dogmas, and frontiers would all disappear."—*Daily Paper*.



now that no one had written the history of a crime. Why? Because to write the history of a crime you require these two things—a Police-Court and a Reporter.

But the fiat of the twentieth century had gone forth, and said to the Police-Court and the Reporter, "Now then, what are *you* doing here?" Then it effaced them.

Hence, at Port-aux-Anes on the first day of April,

1879, there was nothing left but the Policeman. At first he had not liked this. He had said to himself, "No thieves, no business. There will be nothing to catch—not even the Magistrate's eye!" Then he skipped about on his beat, and tried to catch himself tripping. After this he sang a catch. But he still felt out in the cold. This was something: It enabled him to catch one.

The villagers said, "The empty charge-sheet has done it. It has proved a wet blanket."

This reminded him of the bed of the river.

No one had ever yet communicated to him anything to his advantage. He determined to stand on the bank, and drop it a line. It seemed to him the way to catch something.

He said, "I am now on my own hook, and can enjoy my leisure." He was right. It was his bank holiday.

But a picture of recreation may sometimes be too highly coloured. Even the account of a bank holiday may be overdrawn. Such was the case with this one. Then it came to a close. How? By a sudden check.

\* \* \* \* \*

This very extraordinary thing had happened.

Five hundred thousand strangers, fully armed, equipped, and provided with powerful field and siege artillery, arrived at the little village of Pont-aux-Anes, and asked for dinner.

When five hundred thousand strangers, fully armed, equipped, and provided with powerful field and siege artillery, ask for dinner, they sometimes forget to pay for it.

These five hundred thousand strangers forgot to pay for it.

Then some one uttered this tremendous word, "Police!"

\* \* \* \* \*

And now these two were facing each other. Might meeting right. A Field-Marshal meeting a Policeman. The ridiculous opposite the sublime. A frightful antagonism. Then they talked through an interpreter.



### DESECRATION!

*English Angler (on Saturday Evening).* "ANYBODY EVER FISH UP HERE ON A SUNDAY, M'UM?"  
*Scotch Landlady (in consternation).* "HECH, MON! YE'D BE JAIL'T!!"

"Where are we now?"  
 "Over the frontier."  
 "Over the front tier. Then I am in the pit. I have orders."  
 "Possibly. But they are not admitted after seven."  
 "Seven be hanged!"  
 "Capital punishment is abolished."  
 "Then the free list cannot be suspended."  
 "True. Who sent you in?"  
 "My master, the President."  
 "Does he ride on a Circus horse, wear epaulettes, draw £300,000 a year for doing nothing, lay foundation-stones, and lunch with a military band?"  
 "He does."  
 "And have his head stamped on halfpence?"  
 "Quite so."  
 "And will his heir in turn be died also?"  
 "The President never dies."  
 "Then there is no Monarchy. Without Monarchy there can be no war. You'll have to go back."

You cannot alter the determination of an express train by argument. Logic is thrown away upon the wheel. Power and stolidity. These things must be treated like the last omnibus. They must be allowed to pass.

The Policeman knew this. He let these five hundred thousand strangers, fully armed, equipped, and provided with powerful field and siege artillery, have their way.

So they passed.

And now the world had for the seven-and-twentieth time to witness this colossal apotheosis—Paris invaded.

Yet this tremendous thing is not an outrage. You cannot annoy a peacock. Throw stones at it, and it will open its tail at you. This is a supreme act. A transformation.

And in this transformation Titans are engaged in minor parts. Everybody has got on a big head. It is a chaos of surprises. Then in the midst of stupendous coruscation a voice says this, "Here we are again! How are you to-morrow?"

It is the language of the Phoenix. Everybody is satisfied. Paris has spoken.

Then men look at each other and say, "This is the twentieth century. Everything disagreeable has been abolished. There surely cannot have been an invasion?"

Someone has replied, "Oh dear no, not in the least. It has merely been a fraternal walk over."

To this synonym History has affixed a splendid comment—she has said, "Walker!"

### THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

CALL not present weather fickle.

Now, in sunshine bright and blithe,  
 When the Swain should whet the sickle,  
 Rain, too constant, wets the scythe.

Wet, wheat harvest still delaying,  
 Soul of British Farmer grieves,  
 In his fields around surveying  
 Haycocks piled instead of sheaves.

Strawberries have outlived their season;  
 But their flavour's nearly none:  
 Mulberries ripen not, by reason  
 Of the woful want of sun.

Yet, though cereal crops look shaky,  
 Hope we still that things will mend,  
 Turning out all right, old MECH,  
 As a trivet, in the end.

### APOLOGY FOR PUBLIC ART.

A DEFENCE of the glaring monstrosities in the shape of pictorial advertisements disfiguring the hoardings and walls has been set up by Mr. SOWERBY. He quotes in their behalf the declaration of a Saint, and Sage as well, that "*Pictura idiotarum sunt libri.*"



### A DANGEROUS RIVAL.

*Fashionable Wife.* "GOOD HEAVENS, GEORGE! YOU ARE NOT GOING OUT TO DINNER LIKE THAT!?"

*Athletic Husband.* "JUST AIN'T I THOUGH! LOOK HERE, MARIA, I'LL GRANT YOU YOUR NECK AND SHOULDERS, AND YOUR PRETTY FACE; BUT I THINK I BEAT YOU IN THE MATTER OF ARMS—AND IF SO, WHY SHOULDN'T I SHOW AS MUCH OF THEM AS YOU DO?"

### OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*A Look-in at the Royalty and the Folly, and a Look-out again—A few Words about Pinafore—Lyceum—Absence—Novelty—Prospect—Suggestion—Weather permitting.*

SIR,—The other evening I went into the Royalty Theatre, now under the successful management of The BRUCE, to see *Crutch and Toothpick*, a farcical comedy by GEORGE R. SIMS, followed by a mythological extravaganza—*Venus*, written by Messrs. E. ROSE and AUGUSTUS HARRIS. The last *Venus* I had seen at this theatre was Miss ADA CAVENDISH, now *tragédienne de la première classe*—quite the SARAH BERNHARDT, in fact—when *Ixion*, or *The Man at the Wheel* was all the rage, with FELIX ROGERS as an inimitable *Minerva*, Miss FURTADO for the dashing young hero, LYDIA MAITLAND a most glorious *Apollo*, poor JOE ROBINS a stout *Ganymede*, and DAVID JAMES a spring-heeled *Mercury*. *Crutch and Toothpick*, from whatever it may have been adapted by Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS, is very funny in its situations and business, has some capital dialogue, and is well acted all round. It is in for a long run—at least it *sims* like it.

One of the best scenes is between *Amy Jones* and *Cecil Leighton*, two parts capably played by Miss NELLIE BROMLEY and Mr. LYTTON SOTHERN, though by the time this appears in print the cast will probably have been altered. So good a company ought to be kept together. Mr. EDGAR BRUCE is to be congratulated on having effected a good start, and having gathered round him all the materials of a good Palais Royal sort of Company, equally good at farce and burlesque, ready for prose or verse, talking and walking, singing and dancing, as occasion may require.

"O Royalty where are thy charms?" The spectator who drops in at ten—which he is wrong in doing, as he will miss *Crutch and Toothpick*, but better late than never—will be able to answer this question satisfactorily.

NELLIE BROMLEY  
Looks so comely,  
EDITH BLANDE  
Very grand,  
ALMA STANLEY  
Rather manly;  
I was took  
With little Miss BROOKE,  
Who plays *Gallus*,  
And nothing *allus*.

It will not occur to any but the poetic mind that "nothing *allus*" is poetic licence for "nothing else."

MR. GROVES, a very good low comedian, of the Comp-tonian school, who plays *Vulcan*, has some very funny business with little Miss BROOKE, who takes the part of a diminutive page to *Mars*.

Of tender age,  
She plays the page  
To PHOEBE DON,  
With helmet on;  
As *Mars* she charmed,  
She's so well armed!

But I hadn't time to see more than the first scene, which seemed to promise well.

My friend said, "Stop! see  
Miss EMILIE COPSEY!  
And, something *still* more,  
Miss L. GILMORE.  
Stay half an hour,  
You'll see Miss GOWER,  
Miss DAISY CLIVE  
And others, five,  
Miss DARNCOMBE, GRAY.  
You'd better stay!"  
My hand I kisses  
To all these misses,

And so depart. At duty's call,  
One Miss for me, and that's—miss all!

#### MORAL.

The "direction," at least, is good, I admit;  
With seventeen "Misses," he's scored one "hit."

So I went off to *Another Drink*, which seems to be getting along far better than was at first expected, Mr. ANSON and M<sup>rs</sup>. DOLARO being almost as good as they are in *The First Night*—the first genuine success of the Folly Theatre under Madame's management.

*L'Assommoir* didn't seem to me to be a good subject for burlesque, but Authors and Actors have got lots of fun out of it, and left lots in it. Mr. WYATT, as *Goujet*, is a good dancer. He has already distinguished himself in burlesque at the Strand, when he took Mons. MARIBUS' part in *Diplunacy*, and gave a very good imitation of Count BANKROFF.

By the way, at the Royalty they've got a good Musical Director, in Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, who, in evening dress, and bâton in hand, might be advertised as "SOLOMON in all his glory—every night at ten!"

*Pinafore* has been to the front a good deal lately, and now seems to have got mixed up with *Trial by Jury*. The Company (Limited) of the Opéra Comique have been, apparently, *écarté*, or rather, *é-D'Oyley-carté d.* H.M.S. *Pinafore* was boarded by the crew of H.M.S. Director Ship, the defence of the first-named barge being organised by Captain BARKER, who seems to have got himself considerably barked. Of course, now both sides have let the steam off, it will all end in smoke; librettist and composer will weep on the directors' necks, who, in turn, will join hands with Mr. DONKEY CARTE—which he isn't by any means—and the Bark of the Barker being silenced, the Noble Proprietor call in the worthy Architect, Mr. FOWLER, and all play "FOWLER my Leader"—the Leader being Mr. CELLIER—and all end by going, piously, to CHAPEL.

But I have fled from Town: the Friendly Zulus finished me.

I'm afraid I missed something in being away when Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD

"Walked in silk attire,"

and the critics, out of consideration for the feelings of our dear old "Pal," felt that they

"Zillah had to spare."

But, I say, SIMPSON & Co., what are you about?

Is this an exemplar  
Of you and CLAUDE TEMPLAR?

If so, don't do it again, or you'll be condemned to be branded and watered, and marked with a *Cigar on the Wrist* for the rest of your unnatural existence.

Mr. IRVING promises a system of variety in his entertainments next season. Short runs and more pieces. An excellent plan. Instead of the present long runs for a thousand and one nights, let us limit a success to one run of seventy or eighty nights, or even a hundred, during which the next new piece is being rehearsed. Then let the new piece have its turn, and if as successful as its predecessor, it can fulfil its term of one hundred nights while they are preparing some light One-Act piece, or *pièce de circonstance*. Then the run of Number Two being finished, the two pieces could be alternated, and the new one-act vaudeville, or farce, or burlesque, played with one or the other, or both. In the meantime a new piece should be in rehearsal. Thus the *répertoire* would be gradually filled, Actors would be in constant training, Authors hard at work to meet the demand, having, in addition to their nightly fee, an "Author's Night" for every run and revival, as in the days of GOLDSMITH. Such seems to me something of the rough basis of a

new plan of theatrical management—not unlike what Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD has accustomed us to at the Gaiety, and what we are promised by Mr. IRVING.

Count BANKROFF, Esq. is to have the Haymarket for the best part of the year, and Mr. CLARKE for the other best part of it. The Bourgeois of the Asses' Bridge—free version of *Les Bourgeois de Pont Arcy*—will be produced at the Prince of Wales's, and Mr. HARE, with *Les Kendals*, comes out at the St. James's, where Mr. SANTLEY will sing the opening chorus, set to some popular Hare.

Will there be a Ballet of *Injyable Injia*, by Rajah VAL PRINSEP, to follow?

The theatres ought all to be doing well in such weather. "Who will o'er the downs so free"—when there's a certainty of being wet through the skin to the bone? The partridges are all drowned, there are no pheasants, the strawberries have got water on the brain, and the weather, with here and there a brilliant exception, may be described in the words of the Scotch farmer, as "Rain all day, with show'rs between." Who'll go out of town? I will, as sure as I am here, there, and everywhere

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.



A, MEASTER PUNCH!

OUR Lan'lord's a grand zort o' man, tho' I 'zure 'e we zees little on un;

He hes yacres mwore land i' th' North, an' a terruble fine house in Lonun;

Why he goos an' he taaks to th' QUEEN as a mid to a zurt o' relation,

An hes letters an' peapers by scores consarnin' th' good o' the nation;

They do tell I, all awver th' yearth there iddun noo pleace nor noo voke

But he's a gotten a vinger in pie, an' gies 'em a cuff or a poke;

Zo, in coorse, 'tis a natural thing that a zet o' poor tenants like we,

Tho' we pays un his rent twice a year, shudden often clap eyes upon he:

When me Lord has his yead a-stuck vull o' Afganistan an' Zululand,

Th' flavor 's a-zort a-tuk out o' our bits o' pasture an' plough-land.

'Tis no mwore 'n a man mid expect. Why, I've proved th' zame thing avore now.

When I've staid late at market next day—nothin' h'womly 'ud relish noo how!

Th' zong zes 'tis zad vor t' dthink th' brightest things ne'er lastes long,

But that Lan'lords should ha' t'come down betokens surely so'thin' wrong!

There's my neighbour, WILL COX, zes 'tis right; but he's gotten a zort o' a twist

Vrom 'readin' newspapers an' books, which on'y puts dthings in a misk.

I do like dthings t' be as they be, or t' be as em onst used t' wos;

An' how I've a-got on zo well, I can tell 'e th' why an' becos:

I han't got noo feelins nor care vor a man that's a-got 'em a fig.

Low Church or High Church, what odds? An' th' seame atween Toory an' Whig.

Whatsomever a Lord do wish done, th' plain duty o' we is t' do it,

An' ef there's a hole i' th' ballad, teäke care 'at noo eye do zee droo it.

Civil'ty to yagents is chip, nout th' wore'r but th' brim o' oon's hat,

Just by lettin' such voke ha' their say a notch med be scored, min, at that.

A zort o' a law'r he mid be, an' not up to much about land,

But he's a-gotten th' ear o' me Lord, an' carries the reins in his hand;

A tenant wi' such mun be suent—a duck'd yeäd can come to noo harm.

By straight votin' an' not tellin' lies, I've al'ys bin free o' me varm.

But now there's such care an' contrivin', such cuttin' an' countin' th' cost,

'Tis clear we can't be as we hev bin, an' th' charm o' th' country is lost!

Vor a varmer to live like a treädesman, an' work at his treäde wi' his brain,

Vor a lan'lord to teäke his bare rent, an' not zeek vor noo furdur gain,

'Twon't suit I, that's vor sertain, an' zoo I'll git out on't, an' dwell in a cot:

An' zoo call an' smoke a pipe wi' me, Measter Punch, if ye come near theaus spot.

JERE. SMALLBONE.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

MR. STEVENSON has published a clever and amusing volume, entitled *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*. This gives us the Driver's view. A contributor suggests that it might be instructive and amusing if we had the Donkey's.

## TO THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

August 4, 1879.

I AM afraid you have always misunderstood me. Although I have over and over again impressed upon your mind that I am the very soul of honour, I have never been able to persuade you that a loan to me of the ridiculous sum of half-a-crown could, under any circumstances, be considered a profitable investment. However, it is ever my endeavour to return good for evil. I am true to my principle on this, as on every other occasion.

Sir, Mr. Punch, I have noticed that one of your Contemporaries has published a number of letters upon the subject of cheap travelling. Allow me to offer my experience, for the benefit of yourself and your readers. I jot down a few notes.

*Route*.—Doesn't matter in the least. Go where you will, but take care never to visit the same place twice. As novelty will be your aim, when you have once "done" a town you won't want to see it again. Besides the inhabitants of the neighbourhood will not desire to renew their acquaintance with you—on friendly terms well understood. If your presence makes them disagreeable (as it most likely will) surely it is a shame to give them cause for irritation. Always be considerate in your dealings with your fellow-man.

*Journey Ticket*.—Of course you will borrow the money for this indispensable aid to travelling. Borrow as much as you can. Then journey first-class. You will find, if you manage properly, that it will not cost you more than second, or even third—in the long run.

*Hotels*.—Select the best and the finest rooms. Dine at the *table-d'hôtes*, and drink the choicest wines. To act in a spirit of strict economy, all you will have to do is to rise before any one else is awake, and to leave your hotel when all the officials are sleeping.

*Golden Rule*.—Never to pay. It is perfectly unnecessary to be guilty of such a ridiculous piece of ceremony when by the exercise of a little ingenuity the matter can be easily avoided.

There, Sir, I think a trip conducted on my principle should be about the cheapest on record.

Always yours sincerely,

Address—well, no matter! JEREMIAH DIDDLEE.

Suds.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

What do you think is the latest move among the Co-operatives? Have you seen this?

"The London Co-operative Laundry, Limited."

Going to wash their own dirty linen. Just what they ought to do.

A DISGUSTED SHOPKEEPER.

THE LAST MUSICAL ANAGRAM.

"Pinafore,"  
"Fine Op'ra."

THE LEGEND OF EXETER HALL.—To be Sold.



## TACT.

*Admiring Friend.* "WHAT, ANOTHER PICTURE? WHY, THAT'S THE SECOND YOU'VE FINISHED THIS WEEK!"

*Pictor.* "THE THIRD, MY BOY, THE THIRD!"

*Admiring Friend (wishing to be pleasant).* "AH, WONDERFUL! THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY WHEN I HEAR PEOPLE ABUSE YOUR PICTURES. 'THEY MAY BE BAD,' I ALWAYS SAY; 'BUT JUST LOOK AT THE LOT OF THEM HE TURNS OUT!'"

## "NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

NOWADAYS when our native dramatists have to borrow so many ideas from the French, it is refreshing to find a novelty racy of the soil. Such a novelty *Mr. Punch* imagines he has discovered in the recently revealed privilege of a Noble Lord to disregard the verdict of a County Court. 'Tis true the case which brought this very satisfactory state of the law to light turns out to be a *canard*. As a matter-of-fact, no Nobleman has claimed his privilege, as a Peer, to avoid the payment of his coal-bill. *Mr. Punch*, however, publishes the following rough idea of the end of the Second Act of a domestic drama, for the benefit of those it may concern hereafter:—

SCENE—A scantily but elegantly-furnished apartment in the house of the Unknown. Large Eight-day Clock in an old-fashioned case. C. WOLFHILDA, regarding it with affection, is discovered as the Curtain rises to soft and plaintive music.

*Wolfhilda.* Strike again, trusted friend of my childhood! Let thy chimes bring back to me the dim memories of the happy past. As I listen to thy silvery music methinks I see a noble mansion crowded with retainers, humble friends with bended knees bowing before me. (*Noise without.*) What was that? (*A heavy tread is heard on the staircase.*) Intruders! And my poor father, weary of opening bill-containing envelopes, asleep in yonder chamber! He must not be disturbed! (*Enter GOODHEART GRAB.*) What would ye?

*Goodheart Grab (with feeling).* Fair lady, I would not distress ye—no, not for the wealth of the Indies—

*Wolfhilda (eagerly).* Then withdraw! We are poor, Sir, but proud. We have seen better—far better—times! (*Looking at him steadily.*) No, I do not know you! I have never seen your face before!

*Goodheart Grab.* Would that you had never seen it! Nay, do not start! My heart, Madam, is in the right place, although my profession forces me into houses where (I admit it) I am anything rather than an honoured guest!

*Wolfhilda.* What mean you by these strange, these sob-shaken words?

*Goodheart Grab.* Oh, that I could conceal my identity! Oh, that I could picture my life as one long act of kindness and philanthropy! Madam, I am an officer—

*Wolfhilda (haughtily).* An officer should be a gentleman!

*Goodheart Grab (earnestly).* Ay, indeed he should! But is it gentlemanly to take the stair-carpet from the stair, to seize the arm-chair and the coal-scuttle ere they can be used, to lay desecrating hands upon the tea-tray, the foot-stool, the chandelier, and the homely but necessary kettle? Tell me is all this good, kindly—in a word, the conduct of a man of gentle birth?

*Wolfhilda.* As you put the question to me so plainly, I confess it's not!

*Goodheart Grab.* And yet all this—and more—must I do in the way of business! Oh, woe is me! Would that I had been born to a happier lot!

[*Buries his face in his hands and weeps.*]

*Wolfhilda.* And yet you say you are an officer?

*Goodheart Grab (after an effort).* The officer of the sheriff! Nay, do not shudder and turn away from me—ah! she has fainted! (*Sadly.*) Well, it is better as it is! Poor girl, I will leave the sofa upon which she now reclines until the last.

[*Begins to remove the furniture.*]

*Wolfhilda (recovering).* Is this some terrible dream! (*With a shriek.*) No! he is seizing the Eight-day clock! Father, Father! Save it!

*The Unknown (entering suddenly in an enormous dressing-gown, which completely hides his costume).* Hold! (*In a tone of great authority.*) I repeat—hold!

*Goodheart Grab (fiercely).* By what right do you interfere? Know that I have a warrant of distress. I do but the bidding of my master. Your master, the Sheriff, before whom all men bow! (*Calmly.*) And now, Sir, who are you?

*The Unknown (haughtily).* Who am I? (*Throwing off dressing-gown, and appearing in a Peer's mantle and coronet.*) Why the Duke of Islington!

*Goodheart Grab (sinking on his knees and removing his old and battered hat).* Your Grace! Pardon and forgiveness!

[*Grovels in the dust.*]  
*Wolfhilda (throwing her arms around the Eight-day clock).* Saved!! Saved!! Saved!!!

## Tableau and Curtain.

There, the Third Act must be left to the fancy of the dramatist himself. However, if the playwright has a very lively imagination, he might introduce a scene in the House of Commons in which the First Law Officer of the Crown might be depicted defending the principle of privilege—with success!

## HOME-RULERS AT HOME.

HOME-RULE, that Irish device for dismembering the Empire, as it has hitherto been regarded by all of Her Majesty's rational subjects, appears now all at once to have become quite another thing. An important meeting of Home-Rulers was held on Saturday last week, under the presidency of Mr. PARNELL, at, of all places in the United Kingdom, the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Mr. BIGGAR and other speakers on that occasion are reported to have advised their hearers to vote, irrespectively of the principal political parties, at the next election, for candidates prepared to side with Home-Rulers. Excellent counsel to give the Irish inhabitants of this Island. For Irishmen domiciled in England, of course, Home-Rule simply means Parliament continuing to sit at St. Stephen's. Thank you, Mr. BIGGAR; thank you, Mr. PARNELL; and good subjects and citizens as the London Irish, and the rest of their compatriots resident amongst English constituencies, generally are, it is almost certain that your admirable advice will be duly followed.

## A Crop in Cyprus.

It appears from some recently published correspondence that considerable offence has been given to the Cypriotes of the Orthodox Faith by Captain INGLIS, the English Commissioner, in having, perhaps a little too unconditionally, introduced a certain regulation of domestic prison discipline into the penal economy of Cyprus. The Captain, it seems, ordered the hair and beards of two priests imprisoned at Famagusta, to be cut. Perhaps this was a rather indiscriminate allotment of that truly British institution the County Crop. By the way, the County Crop, at any rate is a crop which will certainly prove to have been in no wise affected by the wet summer.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SATURDAY, August 9, Commons (Morning only).—The Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill brought in by Sir SELWYN IBBETSON amid much cheering, was read a first time during repeated demonstrations either of enthusiasm, or of delight in the prospect of the approaching holidays, which moved Hon. Members to holloa, now at last seeming to see their way, although not yet having got absolutely out of the wood.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved the Second Reading of



## THE "PINAFORE" COSTUME.

DEMORALISING EFFECT ON A WELL-BROUGHT-UP FAMILY.

a Bill involving the principle of Protection, designed, however, to protect not British Industry from Foreign Competition, but the National Treasury from local Micawbers, municipal authorities and others, seeking to borrow more money from it than they ought. This, the Public Works Loans Bill, was opposed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who described it as a "meddling and muddling" measure, quoting his words; but borrowed language, in connection with a question of loans, may seem not incongruous. His opposition, seconded by Mr. RYLANDS, was, after some prattle, withdrawn, and the Bill allowed to be read a Second time.

The House, then, having moved a few more steps onward in various Legislation of more utility than interest, adjourned.

**Monday (Lords).**—Their Lordships, in a short sitting, expedited sundry matters of course.

**(Commons).**—Mr. CROSS, with reference to the decision alleged to have been arrived at by the Jury on the Derby murder case by drawing lots, read a letter from the Foreman, denying that they had drawn lots, and explaining that, as six of them were for a verdict of murder and six for manslaughter, they had only balloted for a Chairman, who was to have a casting vote. This, the HOME SECRETARY thought was doing much the same thing as what they were accused of doing. Did the Government intend the capital sentence to be carried out? asked Mr. CALLAN. Mr. CROSS thought it was quite unnecessary to ask such a question.

It is no longer in these days quite a fact that—

"Wretches hang that jurymen may dine;"

but at least one convict has had a narrow escape from being sent to the gallows by a toss-up, to which, virtually, Gentlemen of the Jury resorted as a means of saving themselves time and trouble.

On the Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund (Appropriation) Bill, Sir J. GOLDSMID, in a long speech, impugned the Government's Egyptian policy, which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, beginning with a defence of NUBAR PASHA and Mr. RIVERS WILSON, vindicated, or tried to vindicate, at equal length.

After inconclusive debate the subject was dropped, and the Bill before the House allowed to be read a Second time.

The Irish University Bill went through its final stage, and passed amid a chorus of cheers.

On then came the Public Works Loan Bill, upon which, on order for going into Committee, Parliamentary parley was kept up until the electric light on the top of the Clock Tower began to pale its ineffectual fire at sunrise, and so Legislators went on, the Bill having passed Committee, with the Corrupt Practices Bill, till ten minutes after Big Ben had struck seven. Then home to bed, alas, instead of up to breakfast, to be out early on the moors.

**Tuesday (Lords).**—They advanced divers Bills sent up from the Commons.

On proposal of Government to negative Committee on the Poor Law Amendment Bill, in order to get on with it, the Earl of REDSDALE protested against hurrying Bills at the end of the Session, and divided the House, to no purpose. After that, the Nobility adjourned.

**(Commons).**—The Banking and Joint Stock Companies Bill, enabling Unlimited Liability Companies, especially Banks, to transmute themselves, with safeguards, into Limited, went into Committee, and out of it pared and pruned, with the addition of a Clause to answer the purpose of "Reserve Liability," suggested by Mr. SHAW, and accepted, with a jump at it, by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

At last the Corrupt Practices Bill, appointing Election Petitions to be tried by two Judges instead of one, passed its Third Reading.

So did the National School Teachers (Ireland) Bill, and the Appropriation Bill, and then, after progress with another Bill or two, a truce to talk.

**Wednesday (Lords).**—Their Lordships persevered in dealing with Bills sent up from the Lower House, and drove several of them on another stage.

**(Commons).**—On the motion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, the Standing Order appointing the Wednesday sitting to close at six was suspended that Mr. FAWCETT might say his say on the Water Supply of London. He said it so well, showing the water to be execrable both as to quality, and supply, and expense also, that Mr. CROSS engaged, on the part of the Government, to make the Metropolitan Water Supply question a holiday task for the approaching vacation. Should they find it necessary to supersede the existing Companies, those bodies will be compensated; without any regard to the prospective value of their shares, but only according to the price of them as it stood at the end of last June.



### WOKE UP.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard,  
I heard him complain."—WATTS.

*Boots.* "EIGHT O'CLOCK, SURR!"

*Voice (from the deeps).* "WHY DIDN'T YE TELL ME THAT BEFORE, CONFOUND YOU!"

Upon this truly cheering announcement, the House hoorayed. Londoners have now some prospect of being in the way to obtain, sooner or later, a supply of cheap and good water instead of dear and dirty diluted sewage. Skies, forefend any slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!

Sir C. DILKE, considering the HOME SECRETARY'S statement "very satisfactory," recommended the Member for Hackney to withdraw the Resolution he had moved to the effect that, as the Metropolitan Board of Works had failed to tackle the Water Difficulty, it was "a subject which ought, without further delay, to be dealt with by the Government." That, the Government grants. Motion, therefore, withdrawn.

*Enter SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.* "I have to inform the House that, in obedience to their orders and Mr. SPEAKER'S warrant, I have this day taken into custody CHARLES EDWARD GRISSELL."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "Ha! h'm! We will talk of him to-morrow!"

After this episode, a little more business done, but the House Counted Out at 6'30; when Ministers and their friends off, as fast as possible, by steamer to Greenwich, and a diversified fish dinner, comprising, besides turtle and white-bait, the daintiest delicacies, and inclusive of the choicest and most celestial intoxicating liquors.

*Thursday (Lords).*—Lord SKELMERSDALE, on the part of Lord DE L'ISLE, contradicted a newspaper paragraph stating that the latter Noble Lord, having been sued in the Brompton County Court for £2 8s., the amount of a coal-bill, had pleaded the privilege of a Peer for non-appearance. No such thing.

A whole batch of Bills then passed their Third Reading. Thereafter, Noble Lords assented to the Commons' amendments of the Supreme Court of Judicature Amendment (Officers) Bill, and adjourned once more.

*(Commons).*—Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, in reply to Mr. ANDERSON, said, and answering Mr. COURTNEY repeated, that the Government had not been informed, and did not believe, that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had set a price on CREWEAYO'S head. What could have put such a fancy into Mr. ANDERSON'S?

The House, on the Motion of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, adjudged Mr. GRISSELL, for having evaded the SPEAKER'S warrant for his apprehension,

besides having committed a breach of privilege in the first instance, to be sent to Newgate for the remainder of the Session on the point of expiring. But, as the SPEAKER previously said, the prisoner, though released on prorogation, will by no means have been purged of his offence by his few hours' purgatory, but will remain liable to further purgatorial pains and penalties next Session.

On moving for papers relative to the Treaty recently concluded with YAKOOB KHAN, a long denunciation of that pact by Mr. GRANT DUFF, followed up by Lord HARTINGTON, and replied to by Mr. E. STANHOPE and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, led to nothing of more consequence than a Count Out at the reasonable hour of 9'26.

*Friday, Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's.* Close of the Season. The Managerial, that is Ministerial, Address, called, in the lingo of Constitutional fiction, the QUEEN'S Speech, was read by the LORD CHANCELLOR. Her Most Gracious MAJESTY was advised to say that:—

She was glad to release her Lords and Gentlemen from their labours.

She continued on good terms with Foreign Powers, and intended to try and make them keep their engagements.

The Treaty of Berlin had been faithfully carried out, and the new map of Turkey was nearly finished. The Russians had evacuated the Balkan Peninsula, and her MAJESTY was pleased to approve of Prince ALEXANDER'S promotion from Battenberg to Bulgaria.

The effects of the late war were an excuse for the delay of promised Turkish reforms, but she meant to keep pegging away at the Porte until it kept its word.

Her Government said that of France between them had, owing to the past misrule, suggested a slight change in the Viceroyalty of the Land of Egypt.

She had concluded a treaty with YAKOOB KHAN, guaranteeing peace, safety, and a strengthened Indian frontier, and re-establishing friendly relations with Afghanistan.

Her troops, British and native, engaged in the Afghan war, deserved the vote of thanks they had received from both Houses. She also thanked the Native Princes, as well those who offered, as those who gave assistance.

She hoped the Zulu war would be soon over; lamented the precious lives it had cost; and hoped her South-African Colonists would learn how to manage their own affairs in future.

She thanked the Commons for having handsomely come down with the needful dust.

She congratulated her Lords and Gentlemen on having passed the Army Discipline Act, Acts appointing a Public Prosecutor and Amending the Law, a Joint Stock and Banking Companies Act, and an Irish Education Act.

She had pleasure in granting a Commission to inquire into Agricultural Depression.

Withal, she blessed her Lords and Gentlemen, and bade them farewell. The Ministers having thus tootled their own trumpets, as it were, by the Royal mouth, the Session of 1879 passed into Infinity; went off like Herr BREITMANN'S "Barty" and his lager beer, away in the ewigkelt.

R. I. P. It seems to have given us a few good laws, and has left our liberties none the less.

### CONVERTS AND CANNONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the great gunsmith, Herr KRUPP, has manufactured steel guns which work wonders, yet, as accidents will occur to the best-constructed steel ordnance, the Admiralty, it is said, are now considering a proposal made to them by that other eminent artillerist, Sir WILLIAM PALLISER, to apply to the heavier guns in the Service his system of converting old guns, by giving them a lining, not of steel, but of soft, ductile, coiled wrought iron, forming a barrel, placed loose, so to speak, within the gun; a method already partially adopted in the United States Navy. In thus proposing to convert old guns, Sir WILLIAM PALLISER may be supposed to regard them as old sinners, although he trusts their state may not be so bad but that there is some hope for them. The conversion of these old guns will certainly at least be genuine should Sir WILLIAM PALLISER be enabled to renovate their interiors.

## VIRTUES AND THEIR REWARDS.



S the KHEDIVE on his retirement, graciously intimated that he was willing to accept, as a little memento of the valuable services he had rendered Europe in general, and Egypt in particular, "a stipend of £120,000 a year, together with a furnished Neapolitan villa and perquisites," it is understood that the following arrangements, conceived in the same graceful spirit, will be carried out with as little delay as possible.

His Majesty, King CETWAYO, as soon as the condition of affairs at the Cape will admit of the offer being delicately made, to have the refusal of the State Chambers at Hampton Court Palace, together with the right of salmon-spearing on Moulsey Weir, and free access with half an impi of friends to the deer preserves in Bushey Park.

The unfortunate but distinguished Nobleman at the present moment incarcerated in connection with the Tichborne claims to receive a free pardon and apology from the Government, and, with a suitable charge-sheet at one or more of the Metropolitan Police Courts.

King THEBAW, on the termination of his next birthday festivities at Mandelay, to be presented with a public-house in the Borough Road, placed on the free list of all the East End music-halls, and to enjoy the privileges of a foreign ambassador when appearing on the morning charge-sheet at one or more of the Metropolitan Police Courts.

Mr. MACKONOCHE, to be presented with a purse containing the amount of his own costs, accompanied by a highly illuminated letter of congratulation from Her Majesty's Judges, and the promise of the next vacant Archbishopric.

Sir BARTLE FRERE, to take the title of Duke of Isandlana, and be requested to lay the foundation-stone of a commemorative Colossus of himself, to be erected, by British tax-payers, on Wormwood Scrubs.

And Mr. BIGGAR, to be installed in the House of Commons as permanent Chairman of Committees.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a *Dickshunary* for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**CABS.**—Or, as they are called in Parliamentary language, Hackney Carriages, which is probably a corrupted cockneyism for 'Ackney Carriages, or, still more probably, for 'Ag'ny Carriages, so called on account of the ag'nies—the beautiful ag'nies—to be endured when riding in one of them.

There is a vast amount of professional etiquette among the Cabmen who are most tenacious of their rank.

They are divided into two classes—the Growler and the Hansom—but the Growler is rather the more common of the two. This implies that, as to Cab Rank, the Hansom is the aristocracy, and the Growler is a little commoner.

Cab Regulations are as follows:—Always to be sauntering along the road at a snail's pace until the driver sees some people about to cross when he will at once say "C'up!" and urge his beast into a sharp trot. The driver will select one person who is about the middle of the crossing as the object of his attack. This is called the Cabman's First Charge.

When you are in a hurry to catch a train, the Cab-driver will always choose this occasion to explore what, at some time or other, may have occurred to him as the shortest possible route to the railway station in question. These streets, if not resulting in a "No Thoroughfare," or a *cul de sac*, will be so narrow as to render passing almost impossible, and, for this reason alone, will have been already selected, as the best road to anywhere or everywhere generally, by dray-carts, coal-waggons, and carrier's vans.

On a rainy night, after the theatre, it is a rule with all cabs to keep as much out of the way as possible, and make a favour of carrying anybody. On these occasions they look rather for quantity than quality, and would prefer leaving a Duchess out in the wet without an umbrella, to refusing to take a party of four as far as Camden Town.

**CHANGE RINGING.**—This ancient ceremony is practised on almost every shop-counter in London, the shopkeeper deciding by the ring of the change, whether he will take it or not. The customer will do exactly the same in return; and if you find that a bad shilling has been given you, threaten the shopkeeper with a Mint prosecution unless he immediately gives you a good florin down on the nail. The bad shilling being dangerous in his possession, pocket it. It may come in very usefully on several other occasions.

**CHARING CROSS.**—Originally the quarter where all the women resided who went out "charing." Here lived the celebrated Betsy Waring—

"My name's Betsy Waring,  
What goes out a charing."

The old village of Charing was utterly destroyed during the battle of Trafalgar, which took place in its immediate vicinity, where Trafalgar Square, with the four Lions and Nelson's Monument now stand.

From Charing Cross all distances are measured, and in any dispute with a cabman, you have only to insist upon his driving back to Charing Cross, and measuring the road as he goes along. Of course you will wait till he returns, and equally, of course, he will do what you ask him.

**CHARITY.**—The Charity Commissioners sit from eleven till two every day at the Home (where Charity begins), Westminster. The Charity Commissioners hear appeals from other Courts, and are bound to take a charitable view of everything. They are waited on by Charity Boys and Charity Girls.

**CHEAPSIDE.**—The name speaks for itself, but the visitor to London must bear in mind that there are two sides to every question, and if one side is cheap, the other is cheaper. When he is done on one side, let him give the other a turn. Before the end of the day he will be done brown.

**CHIMNEYS** (see SWEEP).—There's no difficulty in finding one during the Derby week. Some Sweeps are bigger than others. Smoky chimneys may be cured like Hams.

**CHOPS AND STEAKS.**—For information on this subject you can't do better than buy a little book, published years ago, entitled *Behind the Grille*. Some of the best grills, perhaps, are near the Stock Exchange, so that members can go and get refreshment during the day as often as they like, and be always chopping and 'changing. Try the King's Head, City, the Criterion, Piccadilly, or "Cri," as it is briefly called—the "Cri is still they come!"—and the Holborn Restaurant, at which last-named establishment the steak is always "first chop."

## THE MAY-FAIR KING.

(Abridged Edition.)

"Inspector DENNING was accordingly instructed to proceed to Folkestone to meet Mr. GRISSELL, but he thought it well to look into that gentleman's house in Mayfair prior to leaving town. There yesterday Mr. GRISSELL was found having luncheon with Mrs. GRISSELL and family. . . . Immediately the warrant ordering his removal to Newgate was made out, he was informed by Colonel FORRESTER that the House had decided that he was to be imprisoned in the City Prison. Mr. GRISSELL did not seem in the least surprised."—*Daily Paper*.

You may meet the tidal early, so nice and early, Sergeant dear,—  
And, while you're scouring Folkestone, I'll be lunching quietly here;  
For of dealing with my betters I've a candid handsome way,—  
And I'll just try the Clock for a day, Sergeant; I'll just try the  
Clock for a day.

I thought Boulogne would do it, and meant to cut it fine;  
But take it all in all, perhaps, WARD's was the safer line;  
Though, as they're off on Friday—(a twenty-four hours' span)—  
I think I'll just turn up, you see, and face them—like a man.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so now you've got me tightly, got me tightly, Sergeant dear;  
But where's the cabman driving to? What word is that I hear?  
What! Take me off to Newgate in the maddest merriest way?  
Well, that only means quod for a day, Sergeant, that *only means*  
quod for a day!

TWO DISTINCT CLASSES.—The Aristocracy and the 'Arry-stocracy.

THE HEATHEN ZULUS.—An Impi-ous Lot.





## A SEASONED VESSEL.

*The Squire (engaging new Butler).* "WELL, I DARE SAY YOU'LL DO; BUT LOOK HERE, RICHARDS, I MAY AS WELL WARN YOU THAT I OFTEN GET OUT OF TEMPER WITH MY SERVANTS, AND WHEN I DO, I LET 'EM HAVE IT HOT—MAKE USE OF DEVILISH STRONG LANGUAGE, YOU KNOW."

*New Butler (with quiet dignity).* "I HAVE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO THAT, SIR, FROM MY LORD THE BISHOP!"

## ST. STEPHEN'S-SUPER-MARE.

SCENE—A Bathing-Machine.

BENJAMIN and STAFFORD discovered stripping for a plunge.

*Staffy.* Oh, BEN! This is better than Westminster!

*Ben.* Yes.

*Staffy.* Pheugh! Isn't it lovely at last to undress?

*Ben.* Ah, STAFFY, that stuffy old chamber had tried E'en your mildest of tempers.

*Staffy (pomposo).* I own it with pride.

I see it's no use. I must give it 'em hot.

I did put my foot down at last, did I not?

*Ben (drily).* Like an elephant.

*Staffy (huffily).* Humph! you're so deucedly chaffy.

The Times complimented me.

*Ben.* Never mind, STAFFY.

Leave zealots to mumble each dry party bone,  
Let us go in a plunger for ease and ozone.

*Staffy.* Oh yes, like a bird, BEN. This sniff of the briny

Is stunningly scrumptious, golumptious, divine!

*Ben (musingly).* He

Is getting quite slangy with rapture!

*Staffy (recklessly).* I know it.

I don't care a puff for propriety. Blow it!

I'm in for a dip, and a deep one. Oh, jimminy!

None of your half-and-half, niminy-piminy,

Duffing hip-bath, and that sort of business for me!

No flopping and floundering fiddlededee!

A regular souse, eh, my BENJAMIN?

*Ben (catching the contagion).* Rather!

Pull away, Mr. Bathing-Man, take us out farther.

*Staffy.* Oh yes, Mr. P. Go on! Ever so far!!!

We like to be out of our depth.

*Mr. Punch (significantly).* Right you are!

But don't go it too risky, young fellows.

*Staffy (confidently).* No fear!

We are used to deep waters.

*Ben (meditatively).* And troubled ones.

*Staffy.* Hear!

But a lively cool plunge through this brine-scented foam

Is lumps better than constant hot-water at home.

So out you pull, PUNCHY, my pippin!

*Mr. Punch.* No doubt!

But take care that I don't have to pull you two out

In another sense, STAFFY.

*Staffy.* Oh stuff! We can swim.

I'm a regular porpoise myself. As for him!

Why BORTON himself isn't in it with BEN

At keeping his head above water.

*Mr. Punch (with much solemnity).* Young men,

The brine's inebriety—

*Staffy (impetuously).* Oh, shut up that!

BEN, haven't you got a smart epigram pat

To bottle this blessed old buffer up sharp?

*Ben.* Hem! Please to remember, friend P., that your carp

Is not a sea-fish!

*Mr. Punch (tolerantly).* That joke's fishy, my lad.

*Staffy.* Get out! An *improptu* as isn't half bad.

No lessons in holiday time, if you please.

Take us out now, and don't be a jolly old tease!

*Mr. Punch.* Well don't cross your tease, as you call him, so often,

And—well, at this season e'en Mentor must soften.

*Staffy.* Tormentor, you mean.

*Mr. Punch.* Oh, refrain, reckless wag!

*Staffy.* You've nagged me enough, now whip up t'other nag.

Take us out, take us out! I am mad to be in.

*Ben.* And I do like deep water.

*Staffy.* He's fish, all but fin,





ST. STEPHEN'S-SUPER-MARE.

MASTER B. "TAKE US OUT EVER SO FAR!—WE *LIKE* BEING OUT OF OUR DEPTH!!"



And I doubt if the ocean is deeper than he!  
*Mr. Punch.* There are sly undercurrents—  
*Staffy.* Oh! fiddle-de-dee!  
 We are both safe as houses.  
*Ben.* More slang!  
*Staffy.* My dear BENNY,  
 For Quintilian-plus-Priscian I care not one penny.  
 I'm busting with rapture that must find a vent.  
*Mr. Punch (genially).* Well, there, plunge away to your hearts' full content!  
 (Left luxuriating.)

## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

## CHAPTER I.

Summery—Journey—Morning—Observations—Breakfast—Bill of Fare—Strawberries and Cream—Hercules—Scotch Farmer—Lunch—Three Courses—Difficulties—Dyspeptic—Lawn-Tennis.



**S**UMMARY of Journey—(which is the only thing Summery about it just now).—"Stands Scotland where it did?" Yes, certainly. Take the Midland Train from St. Pancras at 10'30 A.M., and you'll find it, without a change.

*First Morning.*—Lovely. Bracing air. View of islands, mountains, rivers, and Ben Somebody—not Disraeli—in the distance. The "Ben" something we're

looking at in the distance is a Big Ben with a vengeance.

Breakfast. Scotland is celebrated for its breakfasts. What will I have? Loch Fine haddocks, very fine haddocks, or Ayr trout, or Clyde salmon, or cold beef, or ham, or eggs poached, or ham and eggs, or eggs boiled, or bacon, or duck, or chicken curry, or broiled chicken, or some tongue, or some braised something, or kishadee?—and, of course, tea or coffee with plenty of cream, and shortbread cakes (hot), or rolls, or buttered toast, or toast unbuttered, or bread-and-butter out ready to save trouble, or some peculiar Scotch cakes, and some jam or marmalade, and, to finish with, just some fine fresh strawberries and cream.

My breath is almost taken away by the *embarras des richesses*. It will be taken away entirely, if I only accept an eighth of the offers. Allow me to consider. Let me first observe to everyone that it is a lovely morning, and, as an apology for what I am about to receive, so appetising. Everyone agrees with me. I only hope every thing will agree with me as well as everybody. Coffee with hot milk and the thickest cream? Yes, please. Haddock, to begin with? Well—yes. And salmon broiled as the *lever du rideau*. To be followed by the comedy of Broiled Chicken, in three Acts. Act I., with an egg. Act II., without an egg. Act III., with a little curry, and a quotation *Curre! curre!* During the *entr'actes*, the toast-and-butter band will perform—(and what will the waistband be doing?)—and the whole to conclude with the laughable farce of Strawberries and Cream. That's my programme, or bill of fare.

What cream, what strawberries! Delicious, luscious, enormous. Scottish Queens. They're too big to be Skittish Queens. I had I confess no idea they were so enormous, until I had smashed them up, and got through half a plateful. I have undertaken a herculean task.

One of the Seven Labours of Hercules should have been to have eaten strawberries and cream. It is an expansive dish.

*Happy Thought.*—Must go in for lawn-tennis, or rather, must go out for lawn-tennis.

The game of lawn-tennis is a first-rate training for anyone going in for strawberries and cream.

Walk about. Have another look at Ben Lomond, or, as he keeps himself at a distance, and I am a stranger, it would be more respectful of me to speak of him as Benjamin Lomond. We look at castles in the distance—Castles in Ayr. Discuss the prospect of fine or wet weather. Talk to a Scotch farmer over the hedge. It is one thing to talk to a Scotch farmer over a hedge, and quite another for a Scotch farmer to talk to me. This reminds me of the riddle, "What's most like a cat looking out of window?" and so forth. I can't understand a word of what the Scotch farmer says to me, except when he says "What for no?" which seems to conclude his argument, whatever it may have been, to which I reply politely, by saying, "Yes, quite so," and then I wish him good morning.

On our return from the summer-house, we again look at Benjamin Lomond, and discuss the weather and the crops.

The morning has passed very quickly.

*Luncheon.*—What will I have?—beef, ham, chicken, tongue, mayonnaise, lobster cutlets, pigeon-pie, salmi of duck, salad, green peas, French beans?—and, to follow, shall it be strawberry and currant tart, or currant fool with cream, or jelly with cream, or tippy cake with cream, or champagne cup, or claret cup, or hock, and, to finish with, just a few strawberries and cream, some Scotch cake, and a glass or two of sherry?

I have three courses before me. More. Can I venture on strawberries and cream just to finish with? Yes. My host says it's only at first you feel the effect a bit when you're not accustomed to it.

Courage! Screw my courage to the sticking point. No doubt about the strawberries and cream being the sticking point. But shall I blench before strawberries and cream? No!—but I shall afterwards—probably. No matter. Nothing like dash when in action! *C'est magnifique! Mais ce n'est pas la guerre. A propos* of "dash," perhaps just a dash of liqueur might—eh?

Another five minutes, and only an empty plate is before me. Regrets are vain. One cannot undo the past, but one can unbuckle one's waistband.

"Oh, horror!" as the librettist of an Italian Opera expresses it—"O unhappy one!"

For the first time I ascertain that the fool of a tailor has neglected his duty, and has omitted the waistband. The climate here is very bracing, but I want unbracing. I can only "let out" at the tailor.

I wish I hadn't taken that last big strawberry—the *tri-juncta-in-uno* one.

*Mem.*—It's the last straw-berry that breaks the camel's back. I must bask in the sunshine with a pipe. No lawn-tennis at present, thank you. Presently I'll cut in. "Never again with you, my Scottish Queen!" I mentally vow to the strawberries and cream. Then I add, "At all events, not for some time." Feeling that this is rash, I reduce it to a determination not to take so many twice in one day: a few, and then without cream. I am already suffering from a sort of nightmare in the daytime, in a waking sleep.

It is my turn to play at lawn-tennis.

"Now, then!" shouts my partner, "you must run; as we've got to play the winners."

Have we? As far as I'm concerned I shall not disturb their proud position. Fortunately, our lawn-tennis firm—our side I mean—consists of an active and a sleeping partner. The latter myself.

*At Lawn-Tennis.*—The game is a series of surprises—chiefly to myself. My first uncertainty is to whether I shall hit over the net, or not. If I do send it over the net, the next uncertainty is to whether it will fall into the right court. I serve. *Ich dien*. Bless the Prince of WALES.

*Surprise the first.*—It is over the net.

I feel that I have done my duty, and finished for the day. This excitement is not shared by my partner, or the opposition firm.

*Surprise the second.*—Return of the ball. I hit at it wildly.

*Surprise the third.*—I have hit it.

*Still greater Surprise.*—Everyone cries out "Bravo! Fine stroke!" I smile knowingly, and feel inclined to bow in polite acknowledgment. I suppose I've scored something, but no one makes any remark on the subject; and while I am thinking whether I shall run the risk of exposing my utter ignorance of the game by asking anything about it, the ball is flying about. I didn't even know we had begun again. I make a dash at it—

*Surprise again.*—Hit it, and up it goes over a tree—miles away, apparently,—perhaps to Benjamin Lomond. Ironical cheers. I explain that "I hadn't an idea I'd hit it so hard," and I examine the racket, as though the fault, somehow or other, was in *that*.

"The other side!" says my partner; and I find that we have got into a fresh game, or that I've wandered out of my court. Ought I to stop always in one court? Will ask afterwards. I wonder how the game is? Are we winning, or are they? If I knew how the scoring went, I should feel more interest in the game. If I could only get excited about it, I could forget the strawberries and cream, and run. As it is, I do not feel excited, and do not forget the strawberries and cream, and I don't run.

My partner is running about, playing capitably; I, as the reserve force, am waiting, as it were, to be called out.



## CHEERING

*First Artist (on a Pedestrian Tour). "CAN YOU TELL WHICH IS THE BEST INN IN BACONHURST?"*

*Rustic (bewildered). "DUNNO."*

*Second Artist (tired). "BUT WE CAN GET BEDS THERE, I SUPPOSE? WHERE DO TRAVELLERS GENERALLY GO?"*

*Rustic. "GO TO THE UNION MOOSTLY!"*

"I flourish my bat, just to keep up some excitement, and say, 'Well played!' in praise of the other side's performance. Except for the look of the thing—by 'the thing' I mean the racket in my hand—I might be an impartial spectator who has stepped into the court quite by accident. I am doing no good, and very little harm. I am an armed neutrality, practising masterly inactivity.

My partner is working away tremendously—he is gasping. I wonder whether he has been hitting balls that I ought to have taken? He has just made a splendid hit from the furthest end of his court, and I am watching his performance with unbounded admiration, when he cries to me, I think, 'Now take it!' and I become aware of a ball jumping up, quite playfully, just in front of me. I make for it. Too late. I only hit the ground. Ironical cheers from the gallery on the lawn. Partner angry.

"You might have hit *that*," he says.

I explain, humbly, that I thought it was *his* ball.

"What do I mean by *my* ball?" he wants to know, testily; and, before I can further explain my theory (which I find is 'peculiar to myself), of each person having his own court and not interfering with the other's, he cries out, 'The other side!' and I find that I am just in his way when he is about to serve.

The other side, relying on my still remaining the sleeping partner, send me what every one calls "a nasty one."

*Immense surprise*—I take it, and return it. Great success. I feel, all in a moment, that I shall never be able to do it again, and devoutly hope it won't be returned. Just to give me breathing time. It is not returned. Thank goodness. I have breathing time, and, so to speak, I breathe again. My partner is pleased. I think we've won the game. No; it's "Deuce." Now what the deuce is deuce?

One of our opponents is called away, and a young Lady—a quiet-looking young Lady—takes her place. She has to serve to me. Now I shall have a chance. She will probably send an easy one. I prepare to receive an easy one. I am in attitude (there's a good deal in attitude), and she hits. I run forward. The ball is not over the net. Fault.

I am walking a few steps backwards, quite leisurely, so as to replace myself, when, without any cry of "Play!"—it's so unfair not to cry "Play!"—she has served!

*Surprise*.—The ball comes at me. It is no longer a ball—it is an invisible something, whirling like a rifle-bullet through the air! Whizz!—I hit out vaguely and spasmodically. Roars of laughter from the gallery on the lawn. Bravo! "Eh? where is it?" I want to know. My next question is, "Wasn't it out?" Not a bit of it. I dread the time when I shall have to stand up again before that young Lady. It is some comfort to be told afterwards that she is one of the best players in the county.

Wishing to be deeply interested in the game, I ask what the score is, when my partner replies, "Vantage to us." I say, "Oh indeed!" and haven't an idea what he means. I shall find out. But why on earth can't this sort of game be scored simply like "fives"? Why can't the game be fifteen, the players who are "in" to score, their opponents trying to put them out, and no "fault" to be allowed to the "game ball"? I am meditating on this, when my partner shouts out something, —the ball arrives at my toes. I make some extraordinary gymnastic effort, and hit my chin with my bat. How, I don't know. It came up like a spoon.

*Happy Thought*.—New name for novel, *Come up like a Spoon*. To be followed by *Goeth down like a Strawberry*.

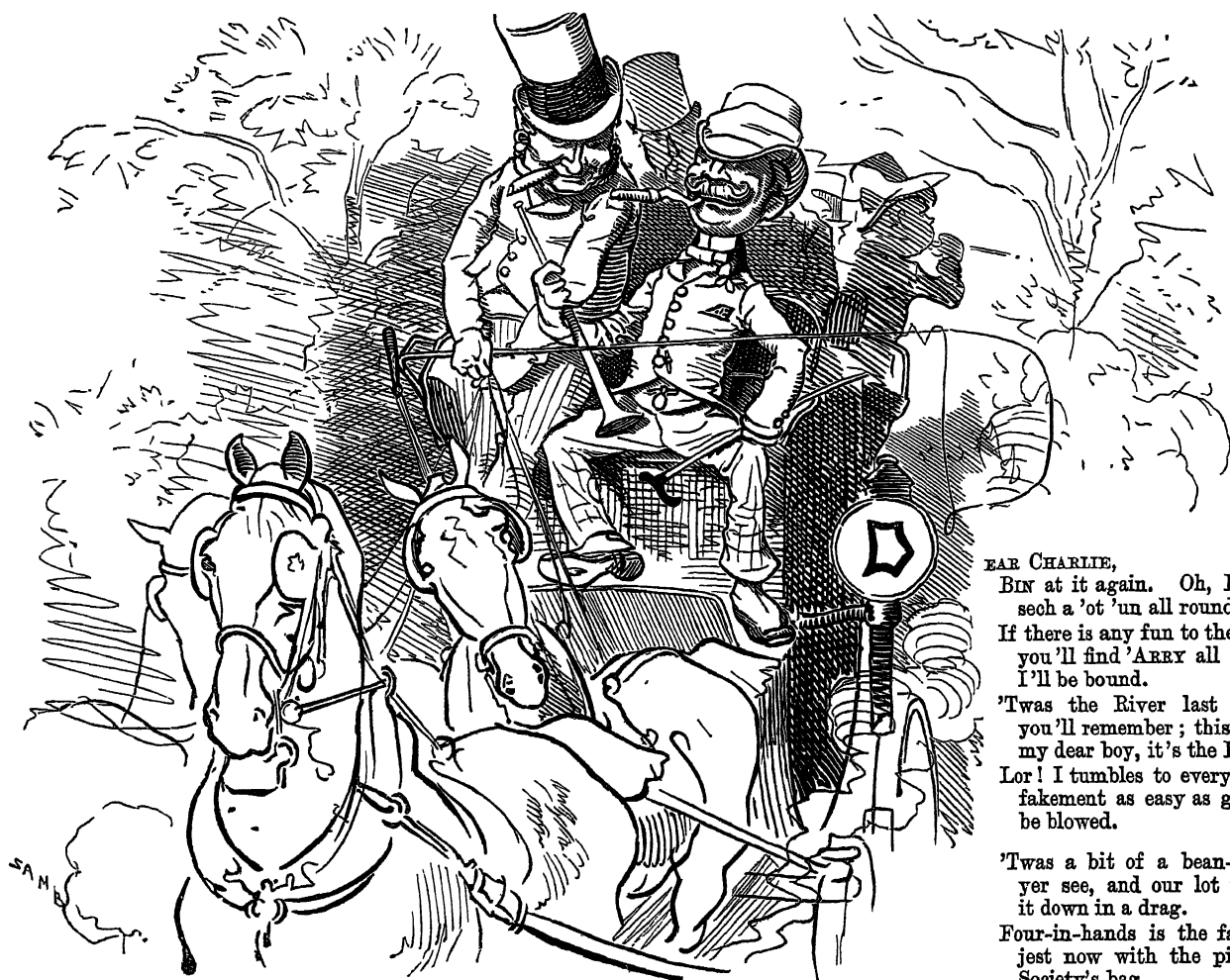
"You thought you were taking some more strawberries and cream," observes my partner, sarcastically. We have lost the game. More than that, we have lost the set.

*Last Surprise*.—The set! We've played a set! Don't like to ask "How many go to a set?" I fancy I hear someone say that our opponents won five games out of six. Which did we win? The first, I think.

Hostess politely asks me if I will play again. With a great show of self-denial, I say, "Oh no, let somebody else take my place." Offer accepted at once.

"Now," I hear some one remark, "we shall have a good game." I light a cigar, and join the gallery on the lawn.

## 'ARRY ON THE ROAD.



EAR CHARLIE,  
BIN at it again. Oh, I *ham*  
sech a 'ot 'un all round!  
If there is any fun to the fore,  
you'll find 'ARRY all there,  
I'll be bound.  
'Twas the River last week,  
you'll remember; this time,  
my dear boy, it's the Road.  
Lor! I tumbles to every fresh  
fakement as easy as go and  
be blowed.

'Twas a bit of a bean-feast,  
yer see, and our lot tooled  
it down in a drag.

Four-in-hands is the fashion  
jest now with the pick of  
Society's bag.

Our Toffs has bin took with a taste to turn hammytoor Jarvies—rum  
fad!—

And a meet of the C.C.'s a picter as swell as can easy be 'ad.

I often trots down to the Park for a twig when they muster, my boy.  
Sech Toppers a-tooling sech teams is a thing every Gent must enjoy.  
And then the fine females! Oh, CHARLIE, a Marcherness mounting  
the box

Is a 'eavenly sight, and no error, to blokes as 'ain't Radical blocks.

*We* wosn't quite up to *that* form, but *we* 'ad a most nobby turn-out;  
Sech cattle, my pippin!—four greys; and our Whip, though a little  
bit stout,

Wos as clever a card as you'd drop on, he 'andled the ribbings to  
rights,

And to see him negotiate corners was one of the loveliest sights.

I know a good 'oss when I see one; it isn't for nothing, old chump,  
As I 'se parted so free to the Coachies, and artfully put on the pump.  
Lor, the wrinkles and tips I 'ave landed a-bussing it to and from  
town!

Though them tuppenny smokes do run up when one's funds is a little  
bit down.

'Bus-drivers is nuts on havanners and partial to goes of rum 'ot;  
But it's wuth it, my boy, yus, it's wuth it, to know to a morrel  
wot's wot.

There's few of the pints of smart cattle but wot I am fly to at once,  
And a Briton as ain't a bit 'ossy I holds is a mug and a dunce.

I 'ad the box-seat, mate, oh, trust me! I squared that like pie with  
our Whip,

Which he gave me the tip confidential-like over our very fust nip.  
Says he, "You're like B. AND M.'s Matches—you *strikes* on the box,  
Mate, you do."

And he gives a sly crook with his elber, and doubled hisself nigh in two.

That's a way as most Coachies 'ave got, you might think they wos  
took pooty bad;

But it's merely purfessional, CHARLIE. Oh! wosn't them other  
chaps mad

When they twigged 'ow he spotted yours truly? He give me the  
ribbings to 'old,

While Tom Bloog, who declares he drives tandem, wos simply left  
out in the cold.

Then the 'orn-tootling, CHARLIE! Oh, scissors! jest didn't we give  
'em tantivy?

To the wrath and disgust, I'll lay tuppence, of many a drowsy old  
mivvey.

We all 'ad a turn coming 'ome, and the gruntings, the wheezings,  
and shrieks,

Must 'ave given the road such a rouser it won't be forgotten for  
weeks.

Row? Noosance? Oh, nonsense! Wot's that to a chap when he's  
out for a game?

I 'ave knowed most respectable buffers to do the hidentical same.

Wy, I spotted a lot of old gents tooling 'ome t'other night from the  
"Ship,"

And a-busting their cheeks in a style as seemed nuts to their smart-  
looking Whip.

Ours said I'd a lip, and no error. I know it got thundering sore.

Coach-'orns is a little bit brassy, and orkurdy small in the bore.

But cave in and cut it? Not me! No, I jest blew away like old  
boots,

While the driver, my mouth being busy, obligingly blew my cheroots.

TOMMY swore he was kidding me proper—*me*, CHARLIE! I like the  
idear.

But two 'ours of continual bellows do make a chap dizzy and queer.



Leastways I suppose it was that as perdoosed sech a rummy effect, That at last things got rayther mixed up, and the finish I can't recollect.

But I know that it came on to rain, and next morning I woke looking pale, With a lump on my lip, and my face all streaked green with the dye from my veil.

There was six cigar-ends in my pocket—don't fancy I smoked quite so many—

Two corks, and a big white bone button, a threepenny-bit, and a penny.

I started that day with two quid; so it piled pooty stiffish, dear boy. Still I 'old with the Four-in-hand Clubbers that Coaching's the sport to enjoy.

It's fun and good form all in one like, and when sech top-ropes yer can carry,

Who cares if it does come expensive? Not

Yours everlastingly, ARRY.

## A HUNDRED AND TWICE-TOLD TALES.

(A Story for the Silly Season.)



THE Waiting-room was crowded. All the passengers had missed their trains and were ready for conversation. For a few minutes there was a very Babel of sounds, and then a Gentleman, dressed in a cheap suit of dittos and a wide-awake, by sheer force of lungs claimed the attention of the company.

"You really must attend to me," he shouted, and then finding that he had the ears of the meeting, he continued in a lower voice. "It is absolutely necessary that you, nay, all the world, should hear the story of my adventures. A fortnight ago I went to a hotel in Belgium, where I stayed one night—only one night. I had some eggs (a couple, and not too fresh), with my tea, the same meal for my breakfast, and I occupied a small bedroom on the third floor. And, what

do you think! They actually had the impudence to send me in a bill with a total of five francs fifty centimes!"

There was a murmur of horror, and then a gushing young bride, with a little blush, lifted up her voice.

"I cannot help feeling that it will interest you and many more to learn where EDWIN and I went for our honeymoon. We are not very rich, so we were not able to go very far. We started from London *via* Folkestone and Boulogne to Paris, where we saw the principal sights. We then went to Geneva and took a boat to Ouchy. We came back and got to Lucerne, and went up the Righi in a railway. And then we saw Interlaken, and returned to Paris, getting to London once more *via* Boulogne and Folkestone. It was the first time we had been on the Continent, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly."

This little narrative was exceedingly well received by the assembled company, and then a portly clergyman continued the conversation.

"I think it only just that you and others should learn the result of my investigations for the last twenty years of the manners and customs of the common house-fly. I have noticed that the common house-fly loves to hover about a window, doubtless attracted to the glass by the light. At night-time the common house-fly will fix upon curtains and ceilings, remaining for hours in the same place until the morning. I could tell you a great deal more about the common house-fly were I not fearful of wearying you. Under these circumstances I will reserve what I may have to say or write upon the subject to a future opportunity."

The clergyman had scarcely finished his little lecture when an elderly gentleman, in blue spectacles, hurriedly addressed the meeting.

"I really think that you and the public generally should know that I have frequently heard the nightingales singing in a lane immediately in rear of my garden wall."

This announcement was very well received, and then a lady of masculine appearance continued the conference.

"I wish to make the following plain statement of facts. On Tuesday last I had occasion to take an omnibus from a London suburb to the Bank. In a journey of not more, at the outside, than five miles, we stopped to take up or put down passengers no less than nineteen times! I may add that the seat of the conveyance was hard, and the straw with which the floor was strewn was at least two days old. These facts speak for themselves, and require on my part no further commentary."

The lady of masculine appearance had scarcely relapsed into silence when three portly gentlemen sprang to their feet at one and the same time.

"I took a train yesterday," said the first, "and it arrived five minutes after its time! Disgraceful!"

"I took another," exclaimed the second, "which reached the terminus a quarter of an hour late! Scandalous!"

"And I another," shouted the third, "which never arrived at all! We were forced to change carriages at the Junction! Infamous!"

"What you have all said is exceedingly interesting," observed the gentleman in the cheap suit of dittos and the wide-awake, who had been the first speaker, "and I strongly advise you to follow my example, and to send long letters about the matters you have mentioned for publication to the leading newspapers."

And they all did!

## CONVICTION BY CHANCE.

SCENE—A *Withdrawing Room* adjoining a *Court of Justice*. *Jurymen retired to consider their Verdict.*

*Foreman.* Well, Gentlemen, 'twon't be no good for we to go on talkin'. 'Tis clear we can't possible convince one another that way, so as for to agree on our werdict. Six for guilty, and 'arf-a-dozen for not guilty, 'adn't we best toss up?

*Second Jurymen (doubtfully).* Would that be doing exactly right?

*Foreman.* Wy not? We're twelve, ain't we? Very well. Wosn't there another twelve once, and wen one of 'em 'ung 'is self, didn't the 'leven survivors draw lots 'oo should fill up the vacancy? Wot's the difference 'tween drawrin lots and tossin' up? and 'ow can we do wrong if we goes by the 'Porsles?

*Second Jurymen.* They couldn't do better than draw lots in their circumstances?

*Foreman.* No more can't we, in ourn.

*Second Jurymen.* Well, I don't know; but I seem to fancy we could. Being equally divided amongst ourselves, isn't that equivalent to having a reasonable doubt? and oughtn't we to give the prisoner the benefit of it?

*Third Jurymen.* Oh, bother, that's refining too much. Let's toss up. Toss up, and trust to Providence.

*Foreman.* Are all on you agreed to that, Gentlemen?

*The Rest.* Agreed!

*Foreman.* What shall it be, then? Best two out of three, or sudden death?

*Second Jurymen.* Wouldn't sudden death, in a question of death or life, be a little too summary?

*Third Jurymen.* What's the odds? We can't stay here argyfyin' all day; and I wants my dinner.

*The Rest.* Toss up—toss up; let's toss.

*Foreman.* Now, then. (*Produces a copper coin.*) Best two out of three. Guilty, 'eds; Not Guilty, tails. (*Skies copper.*) 'Eds!

*Third Jurymen.* Heads it is.

*Foreman.* 'Ere goes again. Tails!

*Third Jurymen.* 'Tis woman.

*Fourth Jurymen.* Of course, you muff! Wot else but woman could yer 'ave with a Queen's 'ed on a 'apeny?

*Third Jurymen.* Go it, once more.

*Foreman.* Now for the finisher. (*Tosses the third time.*) 'Eds! Guilty! Is that your werdict?

*The Rest.* Unanimous.

*Fourth Jurymen.* *Non compos.*

*Third Jurymen.* But seeing after all 'twas a toss-up, suppose we recommend the prisoner to mercy, Gentlemen?

*Foreman.* That's it. That'll 'it it orf exactly. Guilty, but recommended to mercy.

[*Exeunt into Court to deliver their Verdict, whilst Curtain falls.*]

## A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, SOIT," said a gallant Irish Officer, "was the man to send to the Cape. Bedad, that GARNET is a Cape Diamond."

## MARY ANNER TRANSMOGRIFIED.

"Lord LYTTON has issued a minute on the subject of the education provided for the children of poor Europeans and Eurasians in India, from which some hints, which might be useful nearer home, might advantageously be borrowed. . . . Lord LYTTON writes that 'the daughters of Europeans and Eurasians of the humblest classes are frequently taught so-called accomplishments which are worse than useless to them.' . . . Identically the same state of things goes on in England. . . . One consequence is that it is almost impossible to procure domestic servants. Our housemaids are all lady-helps nowadays; brazen-faced hussies, who cannot cook a chop or darn a stocking, scrub a floor or keep a door-step in order, can talk theatrical criticism, and are wise in the study of fashion-plates. . . . What we lack is the raw material of strong men and women, not a company for the revival of *High Life Below Stairs*."—*Standard*.



EAR SUSAN JANE,

WHEN you've per-  
rosed the rubbish above  
written,

*Aperypo* of some remarks  
on Ingva by Lord LYT-  
TON,

I make no doubt your lips  
will curl with horthy  
scorn, as mine did.  
It's just amazing how  
folks' minds by prejudice  
is blinded!

You know, of course, that  
I lately I've gone in for  
education,

Which lost me!—such is  
jealousy!—my latest  
situation.

No doubt 'twas gall for  
Missis Brown, a reglar  
stuck-up Tartar,

To find her daughter beat  
by me in fingering a  
Sonatar.

And wy not, SUE? Is  
genius a thing of rank  
or station?

(Though a retired dry-  
salter's wife ain't no  
great elevation)

(Education's benison  
Can't be confined to "Norman blood"—for which see Mr. TENNYSON.

It's all the Nobs's narsty spite as makes 'em so insult yer.

But, SUE, I've riz above sech ways since I went in for culture.

Do parties think our souls is dust, our hands bot fit for dusting?

That door-steps is our destiny? It's really too disgusting!

*Hussies*, indeed! The eppythet is *infry digmytaters*.

Such Billingsgate is only used by coarse and vulgar naters.

A housemaid—how I hates the name!—who's proud and self-respective,  
Would scorn for to demean 'erself to such low-born invective.

Sweetness and light may bless the lot of the most 'umblest Christian,

While a purse-proud drysalter's wife may be a mere Philistian.

I often soars to brighter speres whilst scrubbing floors or stitching—

Oh why should snobs in parlours sniff at culture in the kitching?

What Ingva's got to do with it is what I fails to hit on.

We're not black niggers I should 'ope, not yet, my dear Lord LYTTON.

No, no; we are ground down enough with work, low wage, and worry,

But not so low as your poor brutes as lives on rice and curry.

The cry is, "No accomplishments for Servants!" Highy-tighty!

And why not, I should like to ask, good Mr. High-and-Mighty?

If a 'ousemaid 's got a horgan—which my upper C's a buster!

Why call her "hussy" 'cos she shows a soul above her duster?

And as for the Theayter, SUE, why, next to Art and Fashion,

I certny must admit the Play is my pertikler passion.

*High Life Below Stairs*? Not a bit? I'm no such vulgar shammer.

'Igh Hart and the Hintense is what I looks for in the Drammer.

They talks about our "spere of life," them orty hupper suckles.

Ah, SUE! becos we're smutty-nosed, or red about the knuckles,

That ain't no reason why our souls should be sech ones to grovel,

As not to thrill at Coopo's woes or WEEDEE's last new novel.

They wants to keep us down, dear SUE. Sech princerples is foodle.

These ain't the Middling Ages, though, and no uplifted noodle

Shall keep me from attending Plays, or larning the peyanner,

Or marrying—but that's tellings, dear.

Yours trooly,

MARY ANNER.

## CAVEAT CAVAGNARI.

"This advice was significant, and its acceptance may probably be taken to indicate the completion of a change in the attitude of the AMEER towards the Government of India. YAKOOR KHAN has despatched a courteous reply to General KAUFMANN, in which he has suggested that for the future any communications, complimentary or otherwise, from Russia or Russian agents, should be sent through the Indian Viceroy."—*Times*.

It being quite impossible to exaggerate the importance of this diplomatic triumph, as bearing directly on the stability and security of our Indian Empire, it is with the greatest satisfaction that *Mr. Punch* publishes the first instalment of an intercepted correspondence evidently not intended for the eye of the *British Viceroy*.

From the General commanding the Forces of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias to His Serene and Exalted Highness the Ameor of Afghanistan.

On the *Ann Darya*,  
Dog Days, 1879 (*Old Style*).

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SERENE HIGHNESS,

I HAVE received your last esteemed communica-  
tion, inquiring after the health of my August Master, the Great White Czar, inclosing cheque for commissions, and asking me whether I can give you a good recipe for a cheap and wholesome batter pudding, and I have much pleasure in replying to your Serene Highness as under.

I am happy to inform you that my August Master is as well as can be expected in this unusually damp weather, and, spite of a nasty little influenza, which he hopes to shake off as soon as he can get away from the Winter Palace, is, as we say on the Upper Oxus, tolerably "fit."

With regard to the Commissions, I have endeavoured, I trust successfully, to meet your Serene Highnesses' taste, and I shall be glad to hear that the fifty dozen of damaged strawberry-jam, the three-and-sixpenny magic lantern, box of conjuring tricks, bathing machine, and pink ulster have given your Serene Highness every satisfaction.

And now permit me, on behalf of the great Potentate I have the honour to represent, to offer you, as a testimony of the friendship which it is his earnest endeavour to prove to you, one dozen of the best boot-blacking, a highly-trained hyæna, a set of paper collars, and—last, not least—a handsome second-hand mechanical piano, on which he has had arranged, with august condescension, an entirely new and original composition of his own. This little effort he trusts your Serene Highness will accept and adopt as the future National Anthem of your country. It is simple, majestic, solemn, and, when once heard, not easily forgotten, and is entitled "*My Grandfather's Clock*."

Appended is the recipe for the batter-pudding (a Russian one), which I trust your Serene Highness will find serviceable.

Taking this opportunity of enclosing your Serene Highness a summons and a couple of suspicious-looking envelopes that have been waiting "to be forwarded" to you at this Station for some time,

I am, with every expression of profound esteem,

Your Serene Highness's respectful Servant,

THE GENERAL IN COMMAND.

The enclosures, consisting of a County Court summons for the price of a pair of imitation epaulettes, an advertising circular of a new hair-dye, a threatening letter from a firm of solicitors at Smolensk, and the offer of a lucrative engagement from the proprietor of a Music Hall on the Lower Danube—though all of them highly significant documents from a Central Asian point of view, *Mr. Punch* does not think it incumbent on him to publish *in extenso*. It is enough for him to have shown how well-grounded has been the "Russian terror" of those gentlemen who have all along clamoured for a "scientific frontier"—and something more. *Mr. Punch* trusts he has done this.

## ARMY CLOTHING.

CAPTAIN CAREY has been honourably absolved of an unfounded sentence. Uniform for Members of a blundering Court-Martial—Muf(f)ti.

RELATIVE PUNISHMENT.—*Quod*.

## NEPTUNE TO THE NEW LIGHT.

*Neptunus de profundis loquitur :—*

'Tis meant to foil my tantrums, and I know it.

How soon though I could scare the biggest pot of 'em

With a big storm! I will not though; no, blow it!

'Twould disappoint the Nobs, a well-filled yacht of 'em.

Play Polyphemus to their "Galatea"?

No, that were not a genial idea!

Down winds, and waves flow smoothly for awhile,

Let the Prince ply the trowel, place the bottle;

I'll show 'em Neptune on his boys can smile;

I'd cheer, but that the brine makes hoarse my throttle.

They gave it mouth though bravely. That's the style!

Prince, Duke, Swell Tar, M.P.—a motley tottle!

With a red-hooded Doctor of Divinity,

And the whole Corporation of the Trinity.

Well, man loves ceremonial and full dress,

And can't hold celebrations without shouting;

UBIOUS race, these Islanders, but tough;

Given to fuss, yet brave, and not soon beaten!

I've nursed 'em in a fashion stern and rough,

As is the sea they've fixed their white-wall'd seat on;

And yet they seem to like their grandsire gruff.

It has stood well, this tower of sturdy SMEATON;

And now two Princes place a well-squared steady stone

As the beginning of a brand-new Eddystone.

I baulked 'em once, for fun, now let 'em go it,

Prince, Duke, Peer, Admiral, the whole swell lot of 'em.

I don't mind drinking to their task's success.

I'll test it, though; and when my winds are flouting

The pile's broad base, and my wild winds' fierce stress

Is on it, and storm floods are pelting, spouting,

Let's hope the tower may boast a long survival,

And DOUGLAS prove old SMEATON's worthy rival.

**Winks to the Wise.**

THE Conservative Government may be popular at present, but they have spent a mint of money, and—"Wait till they present the Bill." So, virtually, said Mr. GLADSTONE, the other day, to the Liberal Electors of Chester. At the coming Election, it may be hoped that our WILLIAM himself, in the character of a candidate, will also present a BILL, and that the Bill will be truly honoured by a British Constituency in returning, otherwise than a British Grand Jury returns, a true BILL.



## AN AWKWARD "POSITION."

HOW A DOUBT SUDDENLY OCCURRED TO A NOTED WIMBLEDON PRIZE-WINNER (WHO HAD VOLUNTEERED FOR ZULULAND) AS TO THE ADVANTAGES OF THE "BACK-POSITION" IN ACTUAL WARFARE!

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**CHRISTY COLLECTION.**—This Collection never performs out of St. James's Hall. Here Moore's Melodies—Black-a-Moore's Melodies—may be heard twice daily. London is the place, *par excellence*, for Blacks. The London Blacks are also to be found, in the finest weather, on various race-courses and on the sands. Londoners are supposed, as the seaside lodging-house keepers say, to "bring 'em with 'em."

**CITY COMPANIES.**—The City is as celebrated for its Companies, as the Aldermen are for their corporations. In giving any history of the former, it is impossible to observe the rule of "Present Companies always excepted." These Bodies possess considerable landed property in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, consisting of woods, meadows, moors, streets, lanes, and "park-like estates." These generally are known as "Company Manors." A City man may be known by his Company. Every Company confers certain invaluable privileges on its members in return for certain duties.

**The Apothecaries' Company.**—Election by ballot. When the voting is against a candidate, he is said to be "pilled." When elected, he is "draughted" into the Company. The daily regimen observed by the members is settled, every week, at Doctors' Commons. Members are bound by oath to take, once a month, whatever the Council may prescribe, and walk so many came-miles a day. On State occasions they appear in the old court-plaster costume, their hair being Seidlitz-powdered. Anyone who can claim Gold Beater's kin is entitled to a pension. The founder of the Company was DIACKYLUS or DIACHULUS, who came over with JULIUS CÆSAR. There is a statue in their hall *Ad Diachylum* which is not shown to everybody. You, as a visitor, can ask to see it, as you're not everybody. The Apothecaries have to see to the health of the Livery of the City, after every banquet, free of charge. Motto—"Experientia dose it."

**Bakers' Company.**—President, the Master of the Rolls. Miss

THOMPSON, the Artist who painted the celebrated "*Roll-Call*," was at once elected an honorary member. Only the Upper Crust of the City belongs to this Company. It was founded in the time of OLIVER CRUMBWELL. The pensioners of the Company, who do no work, are styled "Loafers," and, according to their pension, "Twopenny Loafers," "Quartern Loafers," &c.

**Curriers' Company.**—For making curries. Motto—"Ain't it 'ot!"

**Dyers' Company.**—A charitable Guild, which assisted the people when in a dyer state of distress. Motto—"Il faut mourir."

**Fishmongers' Company.**—Net profits immense. No Government inspection of accounts permitted by virtue of an old charter, which is illustrated by the arms of the Company—a hand pulling at a line, at the end of which is a hook fastened into the jaws of a gigantic fish. Legend—"Draw a Weil."

**The Founders' Company.**—An opposition to Lloyd's Shipping Insurance. The work of the Company is to provide crews for the foundering of vessels. "Founders' Day" is kept with great solemnity. Motto—"All in the Downs."

**The Gunmakers' Company.**—We have not yet heard their annual reports, which are made chiefly during this and the next two months. For details, read the *Hyde Park Powder Magazine* for September. Motto—"Pop goes the Weasel."

**The Joiners' Company.**—The Joiners' Company provide marriage licences. These licences are renewable every year, with gun licences, but do not extend to breach-of-promise loaders. Motto—"Time and Tied."

**The Mercers' Company.**—This is short for The *Im-merc*ers. This Company provides all the bathing-machines and bathing-women for the coast. Motto—"Deus ex machinâ."

**The Pewterers' Company.**—Modern form of abbreviation for the *Pew-terrors*. This Company provided the female pew-openers for all the City Churches. The Company is not so rich as it was formerly. Motto—"Non piu mesta."

**The Salters' Company.**—Another more modern Ecclesiastical Company for providing Psalters. The present spelling is a novelty. There are the Dry-Psalters, or Psalters without music; but most of them are noted. Motto—"He's altered."

*The Skinners' Company.*—Associated with the Sharpers' Company. Their members "skin the lamb" at race meetings. The Three-Card Trick, and all tricks with cards are taught at the Skinners' College from ten to four daily. Motto—"Paz."

*The Watermen* is a Temperance Company in opposition to *The Vintners*; *The Lightermen* do not admit any member who cannot walk eight stone two, or ride seven; *The Glovers' Company* is always at sixes and sevens; *The Horners* are perpetually in a dilemma. This latter was founded by the celebrated, too self-complacent JOHN HORNER, who, though cornered, made a "plum."

There are many other Companies, including *The Loriners* (whose name clearly speaks for itself), *The Turners* (which as a political society is ready for anything), and *The Upholders*, which is a self-supporting society.

## COUNTRY THOUGHTS.



*GENE*—A Farm-house remote from railways, stations, towns, telegraphs, co-operative stores, and "the busy hum of men" (but not of bees). *Landscape*—wild. *Population*—thinly scattered. *Weather*—more than dubious.

*Characters.*—Pater, Mater, and children, pilgrims from a "towered" city, for the benefit of country air, quiet, and diet, and a little fishing.

Does it rain?  
(*The first thing in the morning.*)  
How's the Glass?

The Butcher has never sent the leg of lamb?  
No home-made bread—only Baker's! He calls twice a week.  
What time does the post come?  
Is it going to clear?  
Where's the wind?  
What o'clock is it?  
What time do we dine?  
Where are the Umbrellas and Waterproofs?  
Is the Pony all right again?  
When will the Waggonette come back from being repaired?  
Are your drains in good order?  
What a poor fruit-garden!  
Will it be fine?  
Will there be a flood?  
Are there any letters this morning?  
Will the Rector and his wife call upon us?  
Will there be a School Feast, or a Flower Show, or a Band of Hope Festival, or an Odd Fellows' Anniversary, or a Temperance Demonstration, or a Cricket Match, or a Church re-opening, while we are here?  
Surely it will not be wet on Sunday!  
Will the children fall into the well, or get lost, or be stung, or be kicked by the horses, or run at by the cows?  
Will the pimpernels be open or shut this morning?  
How that dog did howl last night!  
What's the time?  
Will dinner be punctual?  
We've forgotten to bring the Croquet set with us!  
When will the stream be fit for fishing?  
What shall we do if the children are taken ill, for the Doctor lives five miles off?  
Do the Swallows fly high or low?  
When are the Cows milked?  
They only churn occasionally!  
We cannot have any Poultry until the end of next week!  
Does it look any brighter?  
Who's got the paper?  
That mischievous boy has broken the top joint of my rod!

Why did we not bring more books?

Will HORACE TAYLOR send us a hamper of grouse this year, and in what condition will the birds be by the time they arrive at this outlandish place?

Have you rats?

A Garden-roller—what capital exercise!

How beautiful is the flower of the common domestic potato! How well it would look in crewels!

Can we hire a Perambulator?

What a disagreeable smell! Oh, that's from the brickfield!

How much may be endured for the sake of broad beans and bacon!

How long is it to supper-time?

I wish they could let us have a little more cream.

Will it ever leave off raining? (*The last thing at night.*)

## "IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—LAW!"

*SCENE*—Westminster Hall. Anxious Client, attended by Lawyer's Clerk, discovered waiting outside one of the Courts of Law.

*Anxious Client.* Are you sure that my case comes on to-day? You see it has been put off so many times, that—

*Lawyer's Clerk* (*cheerily*). It's all right, Sir. Run it to earth this time.

*Anxious Client.* And you have got all the papers?

*Lawyer's Clerk* (*showing bag*). As safe as the wig of the Lord Chancellor, Sir.

*Anxious Client.* I am sorry that none of your principals could attend.

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Utterly impossible, Sir. You see Mr. KOSTS is engaged on a Divorce Suit, and Mr. FOLLO is in the middle of that Shipping Inquiry. But you will find I will pull you through, Sir, right enough.

*Anxious Client.* But you are rather young.

*Lawyer's Clerk.* That's a fault, Sir, that will mend in the course of ages. By the way, Sir, I went to a Music Hall last night, and saw—

*Anxious Client.* Pardon me, but I am so nervous about my action, that I can think and speak of nothing else.

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Oh, it's all right, Sir. The trespass can be as clearly proved as—

*Anxious Client.* Trespass! My case has nothing to do with trespass!

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Hasn't it, Sir! Never mind; I have got it all in the bag. Don't you be bothered, Sir. We will pull you through.

*Anxious Client.* You ought to, I am sure. I have seen the Counsel half-a-dozen times, and explained the matter over and over again. He said it was very intricate, but that he was safe to get a verdict for me.

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Ah, did he? Well, he ought to know, Sir. Who was he?

*Anxious Client.* Why, Mr. WHIGBLOCK, Q.C. Do you mean to say you are not expecting him?

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Oh, it will be all right, Sir. I rather thought he was in the Divorce case—but there, it's sure to be all right.

*Anxious Client.* Why I have retained him for the last twelve months! If he does not represent me, Sir, I am a ruined man! I tell you, Sir, a ruined man!

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Oh, it's sure to be all right, Sir. We always put WHIGBLOCK into our big things. That's why I thought he might be in the Divorce case. Now don't bother yourself any more, Sir.

*Anxious Client.* Not bother myself! Why, the fate of my wife and innocent children depend upon our gaining our cause. If we lose our verdict we are beggars, Sir—beggars!

*Lawyer's Clerk* (*yawning*). All right, Sir,—we will pull you through. Halloa, there's Old FOODLE! Why, I thought he had retired years ago. He's the greatest muddler at the Bar,—regular mudd, Sir!

*Mr. Foodle* (*approaching Lawyer's Clerk*). Hem! ha! to be sure! You come from Messrs. KOSTS AND FOLLO—eh?

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Yes, Sir.

*Mr. Foodle.* Hem! ha! to be sure! Eh? Let's see, let's see, let's see! Hem! ha! to be sure! Mr. WHIGBLOCK is in a case of yours, eh?

*Lawyer's Clerk.* In several of our cases, Sir.

*Mr. Foodle.* Hem! ha! to be sure! But, dear me, dear me! Haven't you a client who is interested in an estate near Muddlebury—something to do with a railway or a ferry, or something or other of that sort, eh?

*Anxious Client.* Why, that's my case, Sir! As Mr. WHIGBLOCK would tell you—

*Mr. Foodle.* Hem! ha! to be sure! Glad to meet you. The fact is, Mr. WHIGBLOCK is occupied elsewhere—yes, occupied elsewhere,—and—hem! ha! to be sure! he has asked me to take his brief!



*Anxious Client.* Good gracious! Mr. WHIGBLOCK not coming!  
*Mr. Foodle.* Hem! ha! to be sure! No, no, no. He finds it impossible. Dear me, dear me, dear me! I think you are the plaintiff in this matter?

*Anxious Client.* No, Sir! The Defendant! (*Almost stupefied with despair.*) And Mr. WHIGBLOCK is not coming!

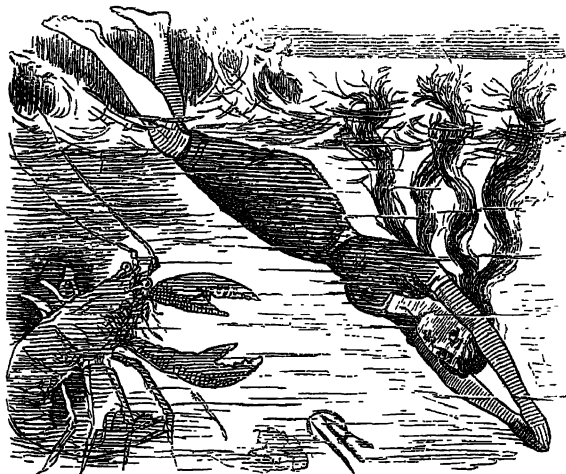
*Mr. Foodle.* No, no, no! Sorry I have no more time for consultation. Should like to have heard what you had to say about the matter. Hem! ha! to be sure! Doubtless shall pick it up as we go on. (*To Lawyer's Clerk.*) You have got all the papers?

*Lawyer's Clerk.* Yes, Sir. (*Aside.*) Rather rough upon the poor old chap to put it in FOODLE's hands. (*Aloud, to Anxious Client.*) This way, Sir. They are waiting for us!

[*Exeunt the Dramatis Personæ into Court to obtain a verdict!*]

## BATHYBIUS.

(*A Ballad of the British Association.*)



BATHYBIUS, of all names! *Bathybius*, who's he?  
 A *Bathybius* that dwells in the depths of the sea.  
*Bathybius Haeckelii*, by HUXLEY so named,  
 After HAECKEL, philosopher, protogen-famed;

Protogen, Protoplasm, both the same appellations  
 With "a little"—*Fussell* would say—"variations."  
 Your *Bathybius* is Protoplasm, lying outspread,  
 A glaire smeared on the surface of Ocean's deep bed;

Protoplasm, living substance, primordial slime  
 Out of which have grown all things organic, in time,  
 So they say, and left part of that primitive stuff,  
 It would seem, like *Bathybius*, much more than enough.

Or does Protoplasm still living creatures produce?  
 Does *Bathybius*, in that kind, perform any use?  
 Or constitute only a species of meat  
 For the fish and marine animalcules to eat?

Does *Bathybius*, who's fished up in lumps from below,  
 At the bottom of Ocean continue to grow;  
 By absorption of food does *Bathybius* increase?  
 Is he subject in part to decay and decease?

To *Bathybius* though HUXLEY stands sponsor and Sam,  
 Certain other Philosophers count him a sham,  
 A secretion, or product of some kind or sort,  
 An impostor, a duffer—a humbug, in short.

Never mind; the Professor who gave him his name,  
 In his bantling, *Bathybius*, believes all the same,  
 And professes the hope that his doubtful young friend  
 Will a credit turn out to himself in the end.

You may say that *Bathybius* in company dwells  
 With the Sea Nymphs, and Tritons whose trumpets were shells,  
 And old Neptune, things mythical; that may be true.  
 But *Bathybius*, for all that, be not a myth too.

FROM THE MOORS.

*Sportsman.* Much rain, DONALD?

*Donald.* A bit soft. Just wet a' day, wi' showers between.

## PAINTING THE LILY!

THE Benchers of the Temple have been recently employing their leisure in "improving" the pretty *jet d'eau* that used to adorn Garden Court. Instead of a circular Italian fountain, in keeping with its classical surroundings, there now exists (to quote Sir GEORGE BOWYER) "a high and heavy piece of New Road pottery, from which the water flows." Moreover, the basin has been enclosed by an unsightly square iron rail, which completely spoils the grace of its curve.

*Mr. Punch* begs to suggest a few other alterations which are likely to meet with the approbation of the reformers. From this list he excepts the last, which, however, is more likely to be popular with the public than all the rest put together:—

*The Thames Embankment.*—The trunks of the trees to be painted yellow, and the lamp-posts decorated with faded artificial flowers.

*St. Paul's Cathedral.*—Half-a-dozen chimneys in red brick (Elizabethan period) to be added to the dome.

*Trafalgar Square.*—The paws of the lions at the base of NELSON's Column to be converted into drinking-fountains, and the Statue of CHARLES THE FIRST to be beheaded.

*Albert Memorial.*—To be whitewashed. The groups of marble to be painted chocolate, picked out with black.

*The Marble Arch.*—To be increased in size with the aid of a wood framework and some roughly-painted canvas.

*Westminster Abbey.*—The windows to be filled in with red brick, and the towers to be gilded.

*The Crystal Palace.*—The glass to be stuccoed, and coloured pink.

And, lastly, the Benchers' Chambers in the Temple to be painted green, and labelled "Hanwell Asylum, Branch Establishment."

## TO THE TIMID TOURIST.

(*A Seasonable Hint.*)

SIR,—In these days, when to "make hay while the sun shines" is to perform that operation in five minutes, and when the length of a holiday can only be "between the showers," one of the pleasantest trips is by the L. C. and D. line to Dover, thence by the *Calais-Douvres* to Calais, run on by train to Boulogne, and so back next day, unless it's your Saturday to Monday, with Sunday, like the Queen's Proctor, "intervening." The Timid Tourist who takes this outing—an out-and-out outing—may paraphrase the lines in *Alice in Wonderland's* "Jabberwook," and say of himself—

"O happy day!  
*Le Douvres-Calais!*"  
 He chortled in his joy!

And it's a great thing to be able to chortle for forty-eight hours, or for twenty-four, or for even four out of the twenty. "One who Suffers" gives this hint, and when he can chortle about a sea-passage, it must be a good one. As regards this particular outing, the initials of the L. C. and D. route might stand for "Let's Come and Do it."

Yours truly,

LE MARQUIS DE MALDEMER.

## NO POPERY AMONGST PAUPERS.

THE sympathy of Mr. BUMBLE has been awakened by a report in a paper to the effect that a meeting of the Cardiff Board of Guardians broke up, the other day, in disorder, the result of an angry discussion, occasioned by a communication from the Local Government Board confirming the appointment of a nurse, whom they objected to because she was a Roman Catholic. In this respect, their behaviour, Mr. BUMBLE is disgusted to observe, has been ascribed to bigotry; as if, in objecting to a nurse on the ground of religion, the porochial mind of any respectable body of Poor Law Guardians could ever possibly be actuated by any consideration whatsoever for any such contemptible trifles as paupers' souls. The reason why they disapproved of admitting a nurse on account of her being a Roman Catholic, was because they were afraid that, as such, she would be very likely to perform the duties of her office after the manner of a Sister of Charity, in a precious deal too mild and gentle and lenient a way to be a fit and proper attendant on the vile and vicious inmates of a Union Workhouse.

NO COMPARISON.

QUEEN RANAVOLONA, Sovereign of Madagascar, has addressed an edict to her subjects, exhorting them to send their children duly to school. There appear to be minds sane enough to be susceptible of education even in Madagascar. That is the best answer to the question—What Island is like Bedlam?



## PIC-NICS.

IF THE SUN WERE NOT BROILING, AND THE SAND DIDN'T GET INTO THE SALAD, AND THE ROCKS WERE SOFT AND SMOOTH, AND THERE WERE NO HORNETS, AND ONE HADN'T TO GO THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE FOR WATER, WHAT A TAME AFFAIR A PIC-NIC WOULD BE!

## "A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK!"

KHEDIVE JUNIOR, *loquitur* :—

ALLAH! Bismillah! Bother them, I say,  
Those brand-new Frankish boots. Take them away!  
Toe-pinching torture is not to my fancy  
To-day.

I much prefer my banished Sire's old slippers  
To those new-fangled Infidel toe-nippers.  
I won't be pinched to please those graspy, greedy  
Bond-grippers.

Take them away! They may be all the go  
In Paris, London, but the Egyptian toe  
Has not a Chinese beauty's squeezability,  
Ah, no!

Talk of Egyptian bondage? If the Giaour  
Can bear such pedal stricture for an hour,  
The dog must be as tough, or as elastic,  
As dour.

Tight-fits may suit the West, 'tis Eastern use  
To wear our garments, like our morals, loose.  
He who courts corns and bunions must be truly  
A goose.

Aha! They're sweetly sold, those sons of Sheitan,  
Who thought my Sire's son into fits to frighten,  
Wishing my purse-strings, like my loose *pantoufles*,  
To tighten.

Blundering botchers! Cobblers void of skill!  
Think they to bend the stubborn Orient will?  
Their boots boot nothing, and their labour's issue  
Is nil!

I hope they like Egyptian darkness. Dogs!  
Floundering about 'midst our financial fogs.  
They find the Egyptian donkey does not gallop—  
It jogs!

Son *vice* Sire displaced! Oho! what fun!  
The Giaour discovers 'tis "like sire like son."  
ISMAIL, thou art avenged, and those who wronged thee  
Are done!

Ah, Allah! I could dance with sheer delight.  
The family slippers fit me—oh! yes, quite.  
Slave, take those boots, and tell the Franks I find 'em  
Too tight!

[*Left performing a pas seul en pantoufles.*]

## Bismarck and Banting.

A MORNING contemporary supplies the following information with respect to

"PRINCE BISMARCK.—It is stated in Berlin that one result of the stay of PRINCE BISMARCK at Kissingen has been a considerable reduction of his weight and bulk."

Of his bulk, perhaps; and it may be none the worse for the Great Chancellor that his shadow is less than it was. But his weight apparently remains, in European politics, at least, as great as ever.

## A Country Sell.

*Native Joker (dissembling).* It's been very fine here for the last week.

*Tourist (who has been kept in by the showers, indignantly).* What's been very fine here?

*Native.* The rain. Very fine rain.

[*Exit Native Joker, hurriedly.*]



“A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK!”

KHEDIVE JUNIOR (*log.*). “TAKE 'EM AWAY—TAKE 'EM AWAY! NONE OF THEIR TIGHT EUROPEAN BOOTS FOR ME! THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE—I MEAN TO STICK TO MY FATHER'S SLIPPERS!!”



## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

## CHAPTER II.



SECOND Day—More  
Cream—Cakes—  
Proverbial—  
Shortbread—  
Names—Lunch  
—Party—Tennis  
—Life—Living  
—Sleeping  
Book—Third  
Day—A change  
—Care—Mac-  
duff—Two emi-  
nent individuals  
—Weather signs  
—remarkable—  
Forecasts—  
Friends—Points  
of interest—Re-  
petition—Ben  
and Robbie—  
Hearthstone—  
Views—Night.

BREAKFAST as  
before. Luncheon  
as before. More  
strawberries and  
more cream. Also  
cakes. I forgot  
that this is the

Land of Cakes. I shall not forget it again in a hurry. In fact, there's no chance of being in a hurry, *after the cakes and the shortbread*. Why "short-bread?" Because it's what they call "eats short"—but lasts long. However, it is short and sweet—shortbread and sweetbread all in one. Somehow Shortbread sounds like an upholsterer's firm. No; that's SHOOBRED.

We commence the day with a walk to the summer-house, to see if Ben Lomond hasn't disappeared during the night; and on our return we say, "There's BURNER'S Monument." This is a sort of religious duty. After this we can play till lunch.

At lunch a party. After lunch it increases, like many other parties do after lunch. I feel inclined to "join the Gallery," and watch the lawn-tennis.

Too many strawberries and cream spoil the tennis-player.

Excellent exercise. Difficult to watch. Difficult to score. At present I am bothered by "deuce" and "vantage."

Watching first-rate players is a cause of great comfort to me. They miss. They sky the balls over trees. They hit their chins. They fail to send 'em always over the net. In fact, the better the play the less the hitting, the quicker the scoring, and the shorter the game.

The best players get themselves into very absurd attitudes. As one of the Gallery, I am immensely amused. I find I know just enough of the game to be a critic. I see clearly what everyone ought to have done.

Having played once, I say to myself, "He played no more that day"—which is a quotation adapted; and I think that half-an-hour's meditation on a sofa, or in an easy-chair, with a book, and one's eyes shut, would refresh me considerably before dinner. "Do so, BARKINS." I do so.

At dinner, more cream with fruit tart.

After dinner, more strawberries and cream. Last night of strawberries and cream. Feel a little heavy. "There was the weight that pulled me down, O CROMWELL." Also quotation. After a course of strawberries and cream, I shan't be much "pulled down," O CROMWELL! By the way, did SHAKESPEARE think that CROMWELL was an Irishman, when he made WOLSEY address him as "O CROMWELL"? (Note for Shakspearian Society.)

After a short game of billiards, I retire to my room.

Take up a book—*Is Life worth Living?* by MALLOCK. That is the question—"Is life worth living?" Interesting subject. In the middle of the first chapter, I think I certainly *won't* eat any more strawberries and cream. Every additional spoonful of strawberries and cream weakens the power of resistance in the will. No; strengthens it, I should imagine, for, after a while, there's no more will—it must result in a most determined "won't."

The "Positivist School" wish to show that Life possesses an intrinsic happiness which makes it worth living for its own sake.

Hum!—let me see. Tremendous breakfast in the morning, pipe at the right time, lawn-tennis, driving, riding, strolling, great garden always open, shooting, luncheon, lawn-tennis, &c., *da capo*—dinner,

champagne, claret *au choix*—billiards, music, toddy, bed . . . "Is life worth living?"

*Happy Thought*.—"Is Life worth Living" depends on the Liver. Sum this up, and suggest it to Mr. MALLOCK with my compliments.

"Is Life worth Living?" I don't know. I'll go to bed.

I read Mr. MALLOCK's admirable work in bed—that is, four pages of it. I begin to meditate on some of his problems. Don't think much of Professor HUXLEY. He shuts his eyes to facts . . . So will I . . .

Is Sleep worth sleeping? Yes.

*Third Day*.—Morning. No strawberries and cream, thank you. Shortbread? No, thank you, not this morning, Baker. Will I stroll out and—"See Ben Lomond and BURNER'S Monument"?

Yes, with a pipe. Not a bag-pipe, but a 'bacey-pipe—a baggy-pipe. Scotch joke, registered. "Lay on, Macduff," which was a good tip of Macbeth's, as Macduff beat him, and anyone laying on Macduff would have won. But to our stroll.

I am in the country of two celebrated individuals, ROBBIE BURNS—pronounced "BURNERS"—and Ben Lomond. I am perpetually being reminded of BURNS, and somebody is always pointing out Ben Lomond. When we can't see Ben Lomond, we are contented with a view of BURNER'S Monument, at ten or fifteen miles' distance. When it is too hazy to see either, we guess at the spot where each would be if we could see it.

In the morning. Examine glass. Glass going up, but rain coming down. Weather forecasts in this country appear to be, if rainy in the morning it's safe to clear up afterwards; but when "afterwards" may be is a trifle vague.

Weather signs, as far as I can gather from natives, are peculiar. When you see a fly lying down in a dusty road, it's a sure sign of rain. A dog barking all night is another sure sign. When a cock crows in the daytime, it will rain before night. When you hear a clock strike ten very clearly, it's a sure sign of rain. When you can't see Ben Lomond fifty miles off, it's rain to a certainty. When you can see it most distinctly, there's no doubt about it going to be bad weather. When there's a mist about BURNER'S Monument, it's sure to be going to rain. When the cows get up, and stand about in a field, it's an infallible sure sign of rain: also when they lie down under a tree. The appearance of midges and flies in numbers, betoken a change in the weather for the worse; if the midges bite and the flies sting so as to drive everyone wild, it will rain before morning to a dead certainty; and the only promise of fine weather is when it's pouring, or when it's thundering and lightning, or when there's a drizzle, or a dense mist. Under these last conditions the glass rises, and everyone is hopeful. But when the weather is fine, and the sun shining, then we all go about examining the weathercocks, looking at BURNER'S Monument, and shaking our heads at Benjamin Lomond in a nervous, anxious manner; for when it is a down-pour we know the worst, and hope for the best, but when we get the best, we know that any change must be for the worse.

After breakfast my host suggests walking up to the summer-house. By all means. He takes glasses with him, as if we were going to the races. When at the summer-house, he adjusts the glasses, and scrutinises the details of the country as carefully as though trying to detect unfriendly Zulus concealed behind the hay-cocks in the mealy-clover-fields. I watch him anxiously. He is looking about for somebody or something. I am silent. Presently he smiles with joy. "There he is!" he cries. "You can see him!" And he hands the glass to me.

"See whom?" I ask.

"Ben Lomond," is the answer. "There he is!" And he directs my sight towards the spot.

Yes, there is Ben Lomond—a "Big Ben" of Scotland. I shouldn't have picked him out as a celebrity at this distance, if he hadn't been pointed out to me. [*Happy Thought*. Good subject for a "Celebrities at Home" paper—"Ben Lomond chez lui."]

"Can't see him very clearly to-day," says my host, with a tinge of melancholy in his voice, as though he were afraid that Ben Lomond had got tired of Scotland, and had left the place quietly during the night. "Fraid there's going to be a change in the weather!"

I return him the glasses, and he has another look at Ben Lomond, to ascertain if he really is there. He is. He hasn't gone away.

Then, with an attempt at getting up some fictitious excitement in Ben, I ask for the glasses again, as I want to have another look at him.

This pleases my host, I am sure, who is fond of Ben, as a sort of pet to be shown to guests.

"He looks well," I remark.

"Yes, he does," says my host, much gratified, as if the thriving condition of Ben Lomond was due to his peculiar system of feeding him.

"What's his height?" I ask, in a tone implying the deepest interest in Ben, as one might express for a tall lad who was outgrowing his strength.

My host is a little hurt by the question, for it turns out that Ben





### THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

*Landlord (to Tenant who had given up Farming at the end of his Lease, to await better times). "WELL, JACKSON, HOW DO YOU LIKE LIVING ON YOUR CAPITAL?"*

*Farmer. "NOT TOO WELL, MY LORD; BUT I FIND IT CHEAPER THAN LETTING YOU LIVE ON IT!"*

Lomond—his Ben—is not by any means the tallest in Scotland, there being at least three other Bens above him. However, Ben turns out to be about three thousand two hundred feet, and, as I am as pleased with this estimate as I should have been had I heard he was twenty thousand, the smile returns to my host's countenance, and he takes another look at Ben through the glasses with an anxious expression, as if he were making quite sure that he had not done Ben an injustice by understating his height—perhaps leaving out one of his numerous feet.

"No," he murmurs, more to himself than to me, as he lowers the glass—"that's it. Yes; he's about three thousand two hundred feet." He says this in a decided tone, as the result of his having just measured him with his eye, and he returns the glasses to their case.

We go back to the house. On the terrace he points out a spire in the distance, visible to the naked eye—BURREN'S Monument. We see it too clearly. Sign of rain.

*Luncheon.*—Several guests. Elderly Gentleman asks me if I've been in these parts before? No, never.

We walk out together afterwards,—that is, the Elderly Gentleman and myself. He takes

me apart, and, as if he were going to tell me a secret. We light a cigar, and walk up the plantation. He is evidently bursting to impart some confidence to me. Perhaps a scandal about our neighbours. I do not notice that we have entered on the path that leads to the summer-house. He has been asking me all the way along whether I know this person and that person. Evidently a scandalous story coming, which will be most amusing.

We stop at the summer-house.

He takes my arm. His manner becomes most confidential. I didn't catch his name when he was introduced, but I have a vague idea that his name was something like HEARTHSTONE; but I do not risk it. I don't address him as HEARTHSTONE; I only think of him as HEARTHSTONE. Being a Scotchman, of course he is *The HEARTHSTONE* of *Hearthstone*, and none other genuine.

HEARTHSTONE of *Hearthstone* takes my arm and draws me to the side of the summer-house. He's going to tell me—I feel sure of it—of some awful crime committed on this spot,—a legend, with a scandal and a ghost in it.

"Yes," he begins, slowly, and I am all attention—"where we are standing—"

"Yes," I say, encouragingly, catching his tone.

"Where we are standing," he continues, "you can just see—between those two trees right in front of us—"

"Yes," I reply, nodding my head at the trees just a few feet from us, which probably mark the spot where some dreadful deed was committed.

"Well—between those trees," he goes on deliberately, and now raising his right hand, slowly, and shading his eyes, and once more I am all attention—"yes—between those two trees—straight before you—"

"Yes—"

"Well—that's Ben Lomond!"

I feel as if I had been awfully sold. I look at him, to see if he is in earnest. He is—terribly in earnest.

Not liking to hurt his feelings, I say, "Yes, I see it." Then I add, presently, "I saw it this morning."

"Ah!" he says, not a bit chagrined or disappointed. "Of course ALLISON showed it you."

"Yes, he did."

We return. HEARTHSTONE of *Hearthstone* leads the conversation on to various topics, chiefly sporting, and all interesting as novelties. Before reaching the house he stops, as though he were a pointer on the track, and, after a brief pause, observes in rather a subdued tone, as though uncertain as to how I am going to take the remark, "You can see BURREN'S Monument from here. There it is."

I reply, "Yes, there it is."

"Ah!" he returns, quite cheerfully, "ALLISON will have showed it you this morning."

Yes; my host did show it me this morning. HEARTHSTONE of *Hearthstone* is satisfied. Dinner. We are all satisfied.

We stroll out.

A lovely night when the stars shine bright, and the moon sheds her light, &c., &c., when, in fact, everything is conducive to poetry, specially a good digestion as a basis, and I am standing on the terrace—as we all are—smoking. The others are chatting, and I am silent. I am thinking of the starry firmament, of "Is life worth living?" of strawberries and cream, and other sublime subjects, when a voice exclaims,



### MAGNANIMITY MAY DEGENERATE INTO WEAKNESS.

BROWN'S BULLDOG FLIES AT A STRAPPING YOUNG FOREIGNER, WHO CALLS FOR MONEY (FOR THE GERMAN BAND). BROWN ACTUALLY HOLDS HIS DOG BACK!

"By Jove! I didn't think it was possible!"

All are startled. What is it? A gathering of the Clans? A descent of the Highlanders on the Lowlanders? An explosion of a cask of whiskey?

No. The speaker is a JOHNSTONE of Johnstone; and I inquire anxiously what may be the matter.

"Oh, nothing," he replies. "Only—if you stand exactly *here*"—and I move from my place, and take some pains to place myself exactly there—

"Well?" I ask, expecting an *Aurora borealis*, or something marvellous.

"Well," he goes on, extending his right arm, "by this light you can just see—Ben Lomond."

"Ah! Yes. Thank you. Very interesting." Only if I look at Ben again, I'm— But no matter.

Carriages. Guests depart. Host sees me up to my room. Everything comfortable. Quite. He goes to the window. The blind is up. He shakes his head sadly.

"Going to rain to-morrow?" I ask, cheerily.

"No," he replies, "I don't think so."

Then why shake his head so despondently? Well, he had told them to give me another room—not this.

"Anything the matter with this?" I inquire.

"Oh, no, it's all right," he returns. "Only"—he adds, regretfully—"you can't see Ben Lomond from the window. Good night." And he retires.

[*Happy Thought.*—Then it's a bad look-out for Ben Lomond.]

I open *Is Life worth Living?* Commence reading. Knock at door. "Come in!" My host's head appears. He has quite forgotten to tell me that my window commands a splendid view of BURNES'S Monument. Oh! Much obliged to him. Good night. I shall dream of Ben Lomond and the Monument.

### EFFECT OF A RECENT STORM.

THE tempest blew away tiles off the roofs of houses, and turned the tiles into projec-tiles.

### WARDS FOR THE WEALTHY.

THERE are very many persons, who, in reply to the question, "How do you do?" might too truly reply, "Very ill," and yet be also correctly describable as "well-to-do." With reference to this class of people, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, writing on "Hospitals for the Middle Classes," announces that the Treasurer and Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital contemplate making arrangements to set aside certain wards for the reception of paying patients, and suggests that this example should be followed in time by Guy's, Bartholomew's, and ultimately by all other hospitals, general and special. Wanted, in the meanwhile, hospital accommodation for persons doing well enough to be able to pay for it, and ill enough to stand in need of it. At present the Hospital does well only to those that do ill as to estate as well as in body; but its benefits yet remain to be extended to ill-doers of the better sort than those others, as doing ill in health alone, but being, in point of pecuniary circumstances, better off.

### Summer and Autumn.

"SUMMER," cried, in a splendid Brogue, MURPHY, "we'd none; And before it has ended Here's Autumn begun!"

"'Tis high time I should go," Said the Swift to the Swallow; Which bird answered, "I trow When you flit I shall follow."

INTEMPERATE WEATHER.—Beery, Heavy Wet, and "Muggy."

### BIOLOGICAL QUERIES.

DR. ALLMAN, President of the British Association, delivered to that body, at Sheffield, an address on the Basis of Biology, which may have been instructive to a philosopher, whilst intelligible to a young lady. Many a scientific lecturer evinces lucid intervals only; but Dr. ALLMAN in his discourse maintained an uniform lucidity. Some of his interesting statements were suggestive of questions none of which were asked by any of his hearers.

He said that plants as well as animals could be narcotised by chloroform and by ether, and that in the state of insensibility thus induced on them, their organic functions are mostly suspended. Has alcohol also a characteristic effect upon plants? Will it intoxicate them? Will it make any plant whatever drunk and incapable? Drunk and disorderly, perhaps, it can hardly render any mere plant, howsoever a wild one; or even any zoophyte.

Dr. ALLMAN explained that irritability is one thing, and consciousness is another. No doubt. But is it possible for an old gentleman, for instance, to be irritable without being conscious of his irritability?

Are we quite sure that the irritability of plants is unaccompanied by consciousness? Have the *Drosera* and other carnivorous plants no appetite for the insects they eat? Ought cucumbers and cabbages to be cut under anæsthetics, and when they are not, is the gardener chargeable with cruelty to vegetables? And should not a Society be instituted for the prevention thereof?

### Waste and Woodland.

FROM a Parliamentary report on the forests in Cyprus lately published, it appears that, under Turkish mismanagement, there had so long been going on such a great and grievous waste of timber in that island, that there are few if any. The Government is expected to take immediate action, in order, as soon as possible, to replace the Cyprus trees. There is no reason why they should not begin to plant away speedily, for the Massacre of the Innocents has by no means cleared their Nursery grounds.

## A GREAT PAROCHIAL STORM.



H, MR. EDITOR!

WHENEVER there comes a big storm, there are two or three gentlemen who at once write off to the *Times*, just as if it had rained,

hailed, thundered, and lightened for them alone. They always seem to think that they have been on the very spot where the storm was at its worst, and yet, after all, they never tell of more than an inch or so of rain falling. In our part of the country we do not think much of an inch, I can tell you. Why, I have often had it knee-deep in the dip in the road by my house, and yet I have never written to the Editor of the *Times*. However, the parish I live in is as good as any other parish—for a particular breed of Berkshire hogs I would back it against all England—and therefore it is high time that it should get into the newspaper, for indeed we did have a storm here on Saturday week. Were our good Parson living I would get him to write, but he has been dead these five weeks, and they have not had time as yet to appoint another. I suppose they have been too busy getting in their hay. I am, however, the next best thing to the Parson, for I was his Warden, and have lived here, man and boy, fifty years come next grass. Now, Sir, what I want you people in London to understand is this. The worst part of this storm was in this here parish. In fact it was the most parochial storm I have known in my time, and I know as much about parish matters as most people. Following the example of the good folk who write to the papers, I have kept a kind of diary-like of the storm, which may be you will care to print. If so, you are welcome to it, for I don't see that if I keep it, it will be of any good to me, and so you may as well have it. Here it is:—

*Diary of the Great Parochial Storm of the night of Saturday, August 2nd, 1879.*

*Five o'clock in the Evening.*—I had my tea, with a Yarmouth bloater for a relish.

5'30.—I smoked a pipe. A jackass began to bray and the Squire's peacocks to scream. "Depend upon it," said I to my wife, "we are going to have a storm to-night;" for those animals do not make noises for nothing. It is not in reason that they should.

6'30.—Neighbour STOKES came in, and I said to him, "Mark my words. We are in for a storm to-night." He said it was not in the forecasts in the newspapers. I said, "Blow the forecasts and the newspapers too. My jackass does not bray for nothing, no more does the Squire's peacock."

8'0.—I sat down to supper, and made as hearty a meal as ever I have in my life. Heaven be praised for it!

9'0.—It begun to lighten, and I turned to my wife and to Neighbour STOKES, who had stayed to supper, and said, "There! I told you so. I knew how it would be!"

9'30.—We had a glass of something hot to comfort us, and I smoked another pipe. The storm grew worse.

10.—Neighbour STOKES set off home through as heavy a rain as ever I have seen. However, it served him right for trusting those forecasts.

10'15.—As there was nothing to be got by sitting up, I went to bed, and slept soundly till next morning.

*Sunday, August 3rd.*

8.—Up and out before breakfast to look about me. Met Neighbour STOKES, and asked him whether I hadn't been right, after all? Met Mr. JONES, the curate, and told him as how I had told Neighbour STOKES and my wife that I knew there was a storm coming. Mr. JONES said that in all the years he was in the College of Oxford he had never seen such lightning. This will show how bad it was, for he is a very great scholar, and knows, they say, double Greek. It had thundered so much, he said, that he had not been able to write his sermon, and so would have to preach an old one. I told him there was nothing wonderful in that, for I knew that all the milk in the parish must have been turned sour, and so it was not to be looked for that anyone could write a sermon on such a night as that.

11.—Neighbours coming to church told me of a sight of mischief that had been done. A litter of pigs had been drowned. Three barrels of beer turned sour, not to mention the milk. An old shed had had the roof taken clean off. An old woman living in a hut near the Common had been awakened by the water coming in at the back-door, and had passed the night on the table. Another old woman coming home late had had the lightning playing about her umbrella for a quarter of an hour together. But I have not patience to go through half the things I heard; besides, the bell left off ringing as they were telling me about what had happened to the Squire's new hayrick, and, being Warden, I had to hurry into the vestry, only just in time to march into church behind the Curate.

There ends my Diary of the Great Parochial Storm so far as it goes.

Perhaps some day, when I have got the corn in, I shall have time to finish it, when you shall have the rest, should you like it.

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WEATHERWISE,

*Fieldton, August 8th, 1879.*

*Farmer and Churchwarden.*

## A TRIBUTE AND A TROUBLE.

WHAT will Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI do with the "Tribute," as he calls the Wreath, which, instead of encircling the brow it was designed to decorate, hangs upon his hands, and whereby he declares himself a heavy loser? He public-spiritedly offers to "hand it over to one of our great national museums, to be preserved in perpetuity as a specimen of English goldsmith's work of the Nineteenth Century," and proposes that, "to carry out this purpose, a suitable and costly case should be procured;" at a cost of about £100, at which it would be considered, perhaps, a case of cost at least costly enough. This cost, however, he seems to imagine might possibly be defrayed by subscription; and he hopes to be reimbursed for the expenses he has contracted in getting the Tribute up, "but this" he leaves "to the generosity of the British Public." He will be happy to receive communications on this matter. Very likely.

Being, as he says, out of pocket by the "Tribute," and that "Tribute," a Wreath of gold, having been thrown back in his face, couldn't Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, by leave of his subscribers, pocket the affront?

Then he might still, perhaps, be enabled appropriately to carry out the purpose of handing the "Tribute" over to a great national museum, by disposing of it to the representatives of Madame TISSAUD. Clearly the most suitable place for it in all England would be the popular Collection in Baker Street; where, having himself also been added in wax, Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI might remain in perpetuity—his effigy posed in the act of crowning Lord BEACONSFIELD with the tributary Wreath for ever.

## Cookery and Culture.

To "English epicures" whose ideas of liver as a luxury for the table are limited to calf's liver and bacon, the following extract from a column of advertisements in the *Times*, may be somewhat interesting:—

CUISINIÈRE FRANÇAISE, pas moins de 30 livres. Age thirty-five. Bonne référence Anglaise. &c., &c.

This *Cuisinière* may be very well worth full thirty *livres* sterling, and is perhaps up to more in cookery than so many ways of cooking liver, or of cooking so many different livers. Her skill as to livers probably exceeds her knowledge of *livres*, although perhaps she may carry the contents of no end of cookery-books in her head.

## SHOOTING ON THE FIRST.

*(A Suggestion for a Chapter in the next Sporting Novel.)*

Of course whatever may have been the weather in other parts of the country, we were not disappointed in Rainington, Stormshire. It would have been too hard, had all the preparations of my dear old host, the Squire, proved unnecessary. But no, a glance through the

window in the early morn showed that all was right. It was pelting as it had pelted for weeks past. We were in for a regular wet day. Had it cleared up at the last moment it would not have mattered, as for miles round I could see nothing but a level sheet of water.

Thoroughly pleased, I put on my waterproofs, with a jaunty air. I took the greater care with my toilette, as I knew that LOTTIE was waiting to greet me in the breakfast-room.

"How well you look," exclaimed the dear girl, as I hurried into her presence. Why, you only want a helmet to be the very image of the diver at the Polytechnic!"

Without any loss of modesty, I may admit, that the compliment was not undeserved. We had scarcely time to exchange any further greeting, when HAROLD and his father appeared at the breakfast table. They, too, were fully prepared to brave, if not the battle, at least the storm.

After a hearty meal, we got into the boat that had been pushed up beneath the window. The head keeper was in attendance, with half-a-dozen umbrellas; and a Newfoundland had been added to our dogs.

"He's so fond of the water!" exclaimed the Squire, "and will be of the greatest assistance to the retriever."

After kissing my hand to LOTTIE, who watched us as we disappeared through the drizzling rain, I seized an oar, and pulled bow to HAROLD's stroke. The boat made rapid progress.

"Take care, my lads," sang out the cheery old Squire, who was steering. "We have passed the carriage road, and should be somewhere in the avenue by this time. Can you feel any branches?"

We replied in the negative, but had scarcely time to answer, before bump went the boat against some masonry.

"What's that?" asked the Squire, turning to the keeper.

"Well, Sir, I don't rightly know, but if you give me your glasses, I think I may find out. You see all this here water be very confusing. It can't be the church spire, because I know the weathercock ain't yet covered, and— Why, to be sure! What a fool I am! It's the top of the chimney of the West Lodge!"

And so it proved to be. To make a long story a short one, we had about as good sport as

our neighbours. We once thought we saw a rabbit floating on a hurdle, but did not get near enough to verify our supposition.

"And now, lads, for lunch," cried the Squire. "LOTTIE will be waiting for us on the barge moored to the top of the haystack. I have got a little surprise for you, that I think will please you. We won't let the rain beat us. For years past we have lunched under the haystack, and we will lunch there to-day."

The dear old Squire! So profuse in his hospitality, so luxurious in his arrangements! I don't believe it would have occurred to any other man. But, certainly, it was very pleasant. As we got to the barge, we saw the men at the air-pumps, and everything in readiness.

"Now, off we go!" was the cry, and the Squire, HAROLD, LOTTIE, myself, and the lunch, in a twinkling, were fifteen feet under the water!

We could not speak much in the diving-bell; but, you may be sure, LOTTIE and I exchanged a thousand glances. In the afternoon, however, we had some excitement. LOTTIE had gone home, and we had visited every likely spot in search of the birds, but, evidently, the weather was too bad for even partridges to be out in.

"Come, my lads," said the Squire, turning to the beaters, who had followed us in a punt. "We ought to be near the river. Who's for a swim? You may kick up something."

In a moment, half a dozen boys and men were diving in the water. Suddenly the tail of the pointer stiffened.

"Mark!" cried the keeper.

A gleam—a loud report—and a splash.

"I think I hit something," I said, as I removed the empty cartridge from the barrel of my still smoking breechloader.

The retrievers and the Newfoundland dashed into the water, and came back to the boat burdened with the spoil.

A few hours later, I was standing in the library talking to LOTTIE.

"I am afraid you have had bad sport," said the fair girl. "I suppose you have added nothing to the larder. And yet you might have got something for me, Sir."

This was said with a charming pout. I hurried from the room, and returned triumphantly with the contents of my game bag.

"Nothing for you, darling!" I cried. "Why, you know I would give my life for you! But see, I have not forgotten you. Pray accept this trifle as a memento of my never-dying devotion." And I laid at the feet of my loved one—a salmon!

## A Bull for Spain.

It is rumoured that on the occasion of King ALPHONSO's second marriage, DON CARLOS will accept the title of "Infant," with a large pension, and finally relinquish all claim to the throne of Spain. If this satisfactory conclusion to Civil War beyond the Pyrenees is reached, the Ex-Pretender, having laid down his sword, will still have to pay for his railway ticket. Clothed with his new dignity, it will yet be inaccurate to describe his Royal Highness as an "Infant—in arms."

## A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Mr. Punch (after reading a recent Gazette). Can you tell me, my good British Public, the meaning of the letters G.C.B.? *British Public (promptly).* To be sure—Great Cape Blunderer!





"SOLD!"

*School-Board Inquisitor.* "GOOD MORNING, COACHMAN. YOUR NAME IS PROSSER, I BELIEVE? HAVE YOU ANY CHILDREN—BOYS OR GIRLS?"

*Old Groom (assuming intense meekness).* "YES, SIR; AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR. YES, SIR, TWO GIRLS, SIR—"

*School-Board Inquisitor.* "DO THEY GO TO SCHOOL?"

*Old Groom.* "SCHOOL, SIR? NOT THEY, SIR!"

*School-Board Inquisitor (fiercely).* "AND PRAY WHY NOT?"

*Old Groom (shaking his head).* "AH, SIR, THEY'VE GOT SUCH WILLS O' THEIR OWN, SIR!"

*School-Board Inquisitor.* "AHA!"—(Producing Note-Book with ardour.)—"THEIR NAMES AND AGES?"

*Old Groom (still more meekly).* "JANE AND MARY, SIR. ONE'S NINETEEN, SIR, AND THE OTHER'S JUST TURNED O' TWO-AN'-TWENTY, SIR!"

[Exit Inquisitor hastily.]

#### A Problem.

Who will interpret the following, from a Western paper?—

COUNTRY HOME for a Gentleman; pony carriage, cow; or a little Girl to Educate with one who has a Governess. Apply, &c.

## THE TERRIBLE EXAMPLE;

OR, THE WAR-OFFICE PLOT.

(Military Drama—adapted from the South-African.)

SCENE—A modern battle-field on the morrow of a disaster. In the foreground an Unhappy Subaltern waiting, in front of a file of Soldiers, bound, ready to be shot. Enter Distinguished Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by a brilliant Staff.

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* And now, Soldiers, to make a terrible example of him, and vindicate the honour of the Service. Load your carbines fully to the muzzles, and do your duty.

[They load.]

*Unhappy Subaltern.* Nay, but hear me! I repeat that the evidence—

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief (fiercely).* Silence, Sirrah! There are occasions on which evidence is as nothing when weighed in the balance against sentiment. This is one of them. You will be shot, as a terrible example. Soldiers, to your work! Make ready! Present!

*Unhappy Subaltern.* Hold! I would make one last dying observation before I fill a soldier's grave. I was not on duty—at least, that was my firm impression.

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* Indeed! Then that alters the case most materially. Soldiers, a firm impression must be respected. Remove his bonds, and give him an easy-chair.

*Unhappy Subaltern.* Thanks, noble and generous Chief. And am I indeed now free to receive a deputation?

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* You are. But the privilege leaves your poor old Commander in a sorry hobble! How, Sirrah, think you, will he make his "terrible example" now?

*Unhappy Subaltern.* Believe me, most excellent and worthy Chief, I neither know nor care.

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief (with suppressed emotion).* Will no one help me?

Enter an Astute Adjutant-General with writing materials.

*Astute Adjutant-General (throwing open a large blotting-book).* Yes—I! See, here is a piece of official paper, a full inkstand, and a pen. With these trifles, rest assured I will make it tolerably hot for somebody. The illustrious General, for instance?

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* Impossible. He was under the firm impression that it was all right. Besides, he is an excellent fellow. No, no, my good Adjutant, that was not what I meant by a "terrible example." Such things are not for Pall Mall. Now, is there no one—

*Astute Adjutant-General (brightly).* Ha! I have it! There is someone—a distant Colonel—

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* A distant Colonel, said you, my worthy Adjutant?—a distant Colonel? Good! That's good! Proceed!

*Astute Adjutant-General.* A distant Colonel, who, I think, might perhaps be worked in judiciously—

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* Into a manifesto? I see it all, my worthy Adjutant. You will clear the Authorities at home—

*Astute Adjutant-General.* Give a slap at those at a distance—

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* Vindicate the honour of the Service—

*Astute Adjutant-General.* Write the most killing letter of the dull Season—



*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* Make a terrible example of—

*Astute Adjutant-General* (getting off his horse, and bowing). The distinguished Commander-in-Chief—

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief* (curvetting to the front). And the Astute Adjutant-General! (To Audience.) And if our kind friends in front are only satisfied, there isn't a merrier, madder autumn joke going than—

*Astute Adjutant-General.* "The War-Office Plot; or,

*Distinguished Commander-in-Chief.* "The Terrible Example."

[They retire, bowing, as Curtains falls.]

## THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS' VADE MECUM.

(Compiled for the use of Males by a Distinguished Female Member of the British Association.)

Q. What is your position as a man?

A. I am a unit in a minority.

Q. As women belong to the majority, what is your duty to them?

A. To submit myself entirely to their guidance.

Q. Have you any rights?

A. Certainly. I have the right to know how to make a pudding, to darn a stocking, and to scrub a floor.

Q. Are you the head of your own household?

A. Yes, theoretically.

Q. What privilege does this theoretical "headship" confer upon you?

A. It gives me the privilege of settling all the bills and earning the money with which those bills are paid.

Q. Ought you to be given a vote?

A. That is a matter that should be referred to my wife for decision.

Q. In what way has your education been neglected?

A. I have wasted my time in learning grammar when it ought to have been employed in mastering the principles of ironing, clothes-washing, and bonnet-trimming.

Q. Of whom should the Members of the House of Commons consist?

A. Of maiden Ladies who admit that they will never again see five-and-thirty.

Q. When should an M.P. be forced to accept the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds?

A. When she shows her want of wisdom by taking a husband.

Q. Ought such a person to be bullied by her "Lord and Master?"

A. Of course she ought—the silly thing!

Q. In spite of this, what is the first duty of every man, and why?

A. To propose. Because every Lady should have the right of choosing between single blessedness and married life.

Q. Were a Bill passed to carry out this idea, would it increase the number of marriages?

A. Of course it would not.

Q. Why wouldn't it?

A. Because it wouldn't.

Q. Then why should such a Bill be passed?

A. For the very best and most conclusive of Ladies' reasons—because it ought to be!

## MEMORABLE DEPARTURE.

THE Obituary of last week records the exit from Life's stage, in advanced years, of one of the most meritorious Actors that ever trod it—SIR ROWLAND HILL; a performer of the first class among those who perform uses. It has been well suggested that his earthly relics should rest in Westminster Abbey. In the meanwhile, his survivors will please themselves in contemplating the Essential Self of one of the greatest benefactors to his country and to the civilised world that it ever produced, as now inhabiting an abode among the band of departed worthies who in this life were heroes, and saints, and bards of the better sort:—

"Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes."

An inventor, surely, of this description was the man of genius for organisation who invented, and, in spite of all opposition, succeeded in getting established, that system of cheap postage which has been one of the chiefest additions contributed, in these latter times, or perhaps any other, to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.



## FRIVOLITY OF OUTWARD SHOW.

"I FEEL SURE THIS HAT'S NOT BROAD ENOUGH IN THE BRIM, AUNT JEMIMA!"

"WHAT DOES IT MATTER, CHILD! LOOK AT ME! I PUT ON ANYTHING!"

## SERIOUS DOUBTS OF SCIENCE.

(A Soliloquy by a Training-College Tutor.)

THERE they go from their Congress, that crew of free-thinking Philosophers they

Whose Cosmogony, naughty as new, and Biology, lead men astray!  
Poor Apologists feeble, in vain, Faith and Science to reconcile try.  
Truth's clear language away they explain when appearances give it the lie.

Ah, there seem firm foundations, no doubt, for the falsehoods those heretics hold,  
The Geologists, they who make out that this world is tremendously old.  
That the Sun, Moon, and Stars had their birth at no certain time, so long ago;  
And that Man was in being on Earth ages ere we believe that we know.

True, the link 'twixt the Ape and Mankind they confide in remains to be found;  
But ere long they'll that evidence find, in the drift or elsewhere, I'll be bound.  
The delusion will then be complete, so that, when it has blinded their eyes,  
They'll embrace and hold fast the deceit that Man's real descent was a rise.

Ay, and Science has wonders, in sooth, of what sort, if their nature were known?  
Lo, those fossils, a simular tooth, like enough, or a counterfeit bone.  
Look, e'en skeletons whole and entire, in museums the Sages have got,  
Which their minds with wild errors inspire—Mastodon, Megatherium, what not?—

Lying wonders and signs were to come. Have they not come, whilst men never knew,

And deceived them all round, save but some, and almost even those chosen few?  
I suspect, and incline to believe, locomotives and steamers a snare,  
And photography feigned to deceive, a device of the Princedom of Air.

Electricity, too, with its light, and its quick-as-thought word-flashing wire!  
Ha, and Science, by flying a kite, has it not from on high drawn down fire?  
The Deceiver, whose wiles to escape will be possible barely for me,  
May be Science in bodily shape; some Professor, perhaps; which is he?

## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

## CHAPTER III.



ISITS — Grounds —  
Ben again — The  
Monument — Da  
capo — Fortunes —  
Macmillanaires —  
More Ben — Ex-  
terior — Interior —  
Views — Landscape  
gardening — Drive  
home — Prospects  
— Grouse — Mal-  
lock's book again —  
Morning — Plans —  
Review — Pro-  
posal — Tam — Sou-  
ter — A child —  
Ganging awa' —  
The Statue.

NEXT morning I take the initiative. I point out Ben Lomond and BURNS's Monument to my host. I know exactly where to find them, and, so to speak, I can put my hand on them

at a moment's notice,—that is to say, from these grounds; but, away from here, I am always being introduced to either Ben or the Monument, or both, as something quite new which I oughtn't to miss on any account.

We pay visits, and see beautiful grounds and magnificent houses. No matter where I go, people, perfect strangers, with the kindest possible intentions, take me into various parts of different grounds, and, always confidentially, with a sort of implied compliment that this is a treat they wouldn't trouble themselves to give every visitor, they say, "Look! from here you can see Ben Lomond!" And a little while after, "There! do you see that spire-looking thing in the distance?" "Yes." "Well, that's BURNS's Monument."

Nobody thinks much of anyone's place if it doesn't command a view of Ben Lomond or the Monument, or both. As for the latter, it is like the Crystal Palace—there is no getting out of sight of it; and unlike Ben, it almost defies the variations of haziness.

The Isle of Arran comes next in the list, but as an object of interest it is not, so to speak, within several miles of either Ben or The Monument.

After a week of it, when anyone comes up to me mysteriously, and wishes to take my arm in a confidential manner, and walk me off to a distant part of the grounds, I at once, and boldly, say to him,

"Look here! Is it anything about Ben Lomond, or BURNS's Monument? Because if it is, I've seen 'em both, and know all about 'em."

I am becoming callous. I can't be caught even by an excited stranger in a trap—I should say I can't be caught in a trap by an excited stranger (I mean as we are driving in a trap)—calling out, suddenly, "Oh, look!" I never turn my head. I shake it, and simply, but firmly, reply, "I know. Ben Lomond, or BURNS. It won't do with me."

I'm not to be taken in. Catch a weasel asleep, and show him BURNS's Monument!

More luncheon and tennis-parties. The hospitality is something delightful. Everyone lunches and dines with everyone else, and invitations are flying about right and left. As a visitor I find myself quite at home. Better than merely "at home," as if I were at home I shouldn't be doing this. The conversation is general, and is on the turn-and-turn-about principle. Those who are not playing tennis discuss those who are, and so each party has its innings of play and talk. Highly instructive.

"From information I receive" I gather that no one who hasn't sixty thousand a year can live in Scotland—or, at least, in this part of it. At this present moment the united fortunes of the four sets engaged in lawn-tennis amount to, as far as I can compute, about five millions. A monthly account of the residents in this fortunate Isle might be called *Macmillanaires's Magazine*.

I am introduced to a young lady—Miss FERGUSON, of Arkiltrie. I mean that it sounds like "Arkiltrie," though I should be, and am, puzzled how to spell it. I notice that everybody is Somebody of Somewhere, and that Somebody of Somewhere invariably speaks with a sort of contemptuous pity of a Somebody of Somewhere Else who

happens to possess the same name. You are either *The Somebody of Somewhere*, or *A Somebody of Somewhere*, or, with a sudden and startling drop, *The Nobody of Nowhere*. *Additional Note*—that most of the names are pronounced either as if the person speaking were cracking a nut and talking at the same time, or trying to struggle against being choked, or suddenly interrupted by a sneeze.

"She's a millionairess," whispers Captain MACDONALD to me, alluding to Miss FERGUSON of Arkiltrie, and accompanying the information with a friendly nudge and a wink, evidently implying, "Go in, and win." Neither of us can go in and win, but I thank him for the hint, which was well intended. We chat.

Have I been here before? No, I've not. Do I play tennis? Only a little. Don't I think it very nice having this seat on a bank so as to see the games going on below? I do. It is an excellent position. It is beautiful weather for lawn-tennis, isn't it? It is: charming. I suppose Miss FERGUSON plays a great deal? Oh, yes. She often comes over here, too. It's a nice drive, and such a beautiful place. It is.

"Yes," she says, and suddenly rises. I follow her example, being under the impression that she is inclined for a *tête-à-tête* stroll in the grounds. No; she is shading her eyes with her folded fan, and is, I fancy, watching the game.

"Yes," she exclaims, "you can!"

"What?" I ask, looking about.

"You can see Ben Lomond from here."

Then she resumes her seat. I believe there's a conspiracy to show me Ben Lomond. I ask her if BURNS's Monument is visible. Dangerous ground. She doesn't like my tone in alluding to BURNS. If I had been "going in to win," according to Captain MACDONALD's advice, this remark would have settled my haggis—so to speak with a little local colour.

Miss FERGUSON of Arkiltrie takes her turn at lawn-tennis. I talk to Captain MACDONALD of Monteith—I think it's "Monteith"—at all events, it sounds like some "teeth" or other—who repudiates all connection with the MACDONALDS of Drumrick—and I am on a wrong ground again. However, we pull together, so to speak, on the subject of a gentle tonic composed of one part brandy to three of soda, and we enter the house.

Our hostess, at whose place we are spending the afternoon, invites me to view the orchids. Charming! splendid colours, and fantastic, elf-like forms. They remind me of those fairy pictures of DICKY DOYLE's, where the little tiny atomies are riding on petals, and playing hide-and-seek in the flowers. Wonderful models for a transformation scene by Mr. BEVERLEY. We pass on to another house—tropical plants. Am I fond of flowers? Very. She supposes I often visit the Botanical in London? Rarely: but I will. The hostess learns that there is a prize for Landscape Gardening. I believe there is. "It is quite an art," she adds. "It was a very clever landscape-gardener who planned this part of the grounds, and chose this spot for the Tropical House." "Excellent," I say, and am about to enlarge on the luxury of being able suddenly to change, as it were, from Scotland to India without taking more than a couple of steps, when she interrupts me with—

"Yes, isn't it? And so clever, too, to keep Scotland before you while you sit under an Indian palm!"

"I don't quite see how he has accomplished this," I say, deferentially.

"No?" She rejoins, highly pleased, "You wouldn't at first, but if you look between these two large plants which form a sort of frame, you'll see—there—you see it now—that's Ben Lomond!"

And she is triumphant. I don't like to ask anything about the Monument—BURNS's, I mean. I subside. This Ben is becoming to me a sort of pantomime mountain perpetually exclaiming, "Here we are again!"

ALLISON says he'll drive me home by a different route, through some lovely scenery. I stipulate that if Ben Lomond or the Monument is visible, neither shall be pointed out to me.

Agreed. I am happy.

Lovely evening drive. Promising sunset. Mist rising.

ALLISON is silent about Ben and the Monument, but falls back on the Isle of Arran, which is just visible in the distance.

We trot on, enjoying everything in the balmy air and delicious silence.

"Fine day to-morrow?" I ask.

ALLISON shakes his head. He is uncertain. Why?

"Well," he says, "you can see Ben Lomond so clearly to-night; and, if you look—"

No, no! I'm haggis'd if I do!

I know what's coming. "If I look, I shall see BURNS's Monument."

No, no! Drive, on, Macduff!

Captain MACDONALD of Monteith discusses with ALLISON of Dumfraser the grouse prospects. The latter is afraid "the birds will be very wild." This seems nothing but natural. I should be uncommonly wild if I were going to be shot at. As a grouse on the twelfth, I should quote Mr. TOOLE, and say, "It does make me so wild!"

The Captain wants to know if I am "going out on the twelfth." I reply, that, as at present advised, I have no intention of "staying in" on the twelfth. If I do "go out," I do not think the grouse will have much cause for alarm. They certainly need not be wild if they only know I am coming. ALLISON informs us that he has had some excellent accounts from the moors.

[*Happy Thought* (for Stock Exchange).—Better accounts from Moors than from Turks.

*Thoughts on Lawn Tennis by Somebody who's "not so young as he was," and who is no longer a racketty fellow.*—Forty's the deuce. Fifty's the deuce and all. At forty, if it's still "vantage to you," you're lucky—or forty-nate. At fifty the game's over. (Put these down on retiring to rest, and call them, instead of *Young's Night Thoughts*, which were very heavy, *Young's Night-Light Thoughts*.)

*Happy Thought* on seeing a Young Lady forcibly return a ball just over the net, before it had touched the ground—

"When lovely woman stoops to volley—"

I don't know the remainder of the quotation, but supplement it with—

What can her male opponent do?

Before retiring to rest, take up WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK'S book, *Is Life worth Living?* What would the grouse answer to this on the twelfth? Don't think much of HUXLEY, don't think much of Dr. TYNDALL . . . think less and less of anybody . . . sleep, gentle sleep . . . *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle* . . . out, out, brief candle . . . *extinguo!*

*Plan for Next Day, if fine.*—Look at Ben Lomond and BURNS'S Monument in the morning, immediately after breakfast. Ben and Burns rather hazy. Evidently been out all night. We drive over to see the Yeomanry shoot the Militia, or *vice versa*.

Part of the practice is that the Yeomen are to ride a certain distance at full gallop, jump off, shoot something or somebody, jump on their horses, shoot on their horses, then, in taking a fence, be perhaps shot off their horses.

I see the Yeomanry riding at a tremendous pace. I get hold of a military man, and ask him what they're doing. He is not quite certain—in fact, at first he is unable to see if they are doing anything until he gets his glass in his eye, when he informs me that the enemy are supposed to be advancing from the right, and the cavalry, he adds, are manœuvring. The "manœuvring" appears to me to be the simple process of sudding away as fast as they can lay legs to the ground, in the direction of the left, when the enemy are only supposed to be advancing from the right. I don't like to express my opinion, as a civilian, boldly to the military man by my side, but this manœuvring appears to me to be uncommonly like practising how to run away when the enemy's coming. It's what I should do myself, I've no doubt, in actual warfare, but I shouldn't require any practice. Still, it's a pretty sight, and I am informed that "the retreat is masterly." We adjourn to take a tonic. There is a good deal of dust, a great smell of sulphur, and a refreshment-tent, to which we make a masterly retreat—treating and retreating every half-hour. I believe that the day's festivities are to finish with a grand torchlight procession in honour of BURNS'S next centenary.

There's always something going on somewhere in honour of BURNS. Dinners in commemoration of BURNS'S birthday. Breakfasts with the same object. A great Cheese Show for the benefit of the Burns Statue at Kilbannock. Grand Cake Contest given by the MacDougal trustees, the proceeds to go towards erecting a statue of BURNS on the first vacant spot.

This morning—after one strawberry and no cream (nothing like diet)—ALLISON suddenly says,

"Would you like to—"

"See Ben Lomond?" I at once interrupt him.

"No," he replies, "it's—"

"BURNS'S Monument?" I say immediately. "I'm sure it's one or the other."

I'm right. It's the other.

They are going to unveil a statue to-day, and *Tam O'Shanter* and *Souter Johnnie* will be in full force. *Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*. Don't let *Souter Johnnie* take more than he can carry. He can just tak' a wee drappie i' th' ee, but he munna be aye drarm drinkin'. Yes, by all means let's go and unveil a statue. "A chield's amang ye," &c. We start—*Souter Johnnie*, *Tam O'Shanter*, and the chield.

#### A Definition.

(Suggested by a Course of *Allman*, *Schopenhauer*, and *Mallock*.)

WHAT is Life? Since Philosophers cannot agree,  
Let a poor puzzled Socialist hazard a guess;  
'Tis a thing that begins in a Cell—with a C,  
And ends in a Sell—with an S.

#### PARTRIDGE TO CARTRIDGE.



ou copper-headed son of a gun! you grinning powder-monkey!

Don't think your spitfire looks can make me feel the least bit funky.

You're just blank—cart-ridge, I believe—at least I fondly hope it. So pray go off, explode yourself—in vulgar language, slope it!

You make me, as my red-legged coz, the Frenchman says, *très-fâché*.

I'd like to mash your paperbody into *papier-maché*!

Why you should want to riddle me's an unfathomable puzzle!

What call have you in my affairs to poke your ugly muzzle?

D'ye think it's any fun to be eternally made game of,

And peppered in a sneaking way a Kaffir would think shame of?

His assegai is *assez triste*, but your Number Five is "trister;"

And when it lodges in one's twist, by Jingo! it's a twister!

A fowl has feelings, and to play with them, whate'er you say, Sir,

Is nothing less, it seems to me, than what you call foul play, Sir.

My young ones' "cheep," though dear to me, you hold as something cheaper.

Your guns should carry widows' caps, for they make me a weeper.

If I had time, I'd fire away in words a trifle stronger;

But you're not worth my powder, and I'm shot if I stay longer!

#### SPEECH BY A DISTINGUISHED STATESMAN.

In the course of an address delivered, the other day, in the Biology Section of the British Association, Dr. PYE SMITH animadverted on a species of creatures who, though not themselves quadrupeds, object to and oppose vivisection altogether, even albeit performed for the advancement of physiology, to the benefit of bipeds. Of course they are not exactly dumb animals; and Dr. SMITH particularised one of the kind that was generic enough to make a declaration, which the Doctor quoted as below:—

"So little do they appreciate the difference between formal knowledge and real knowledge, that a distinguished statesman once assured me that he would as soon have his leg cut off by a man who had gained what he called his knowledge from books, as by one who had 'walked the hospitals.'"

An articulate bray from a *Dogberry* in high place, or a *Bottom* in *excelsis*. To think that anybody capable of such an asinine utterance could have been a distinguished statesman! Do we still enjoy the advantage of his distinguished statesmanship? His principal distinction, one imagines, has probably been acquired by opposition to physiological inquiry more than by anything else, unless, indeed, by the observation Dr. PYE SMITH adduced from his mouth, which, were the name of this distinguished statesman to transpire, would assuredly earn him the reputation of a no less distinguished donkey.

#### A Good Word for a Weed.

As Mr. GLADSTONE, the other day, at the Hawarden Agricultural Show justly observed, Mr. BADGER, in his *Cottage Gardening*, has correctly "described a weed as a thief and a robber." Therefore, of course, every weed growing on ground where it has no business, and plundering useful plants, should, as soon as possible, be taken up.

#### A POLICY OF NEGATION.

WHAT is Nihilism? Nothing can be plainer. A determination to destroy everything, and put Nothing in its place.

## ONE DAY MORE.

M. ALBERT MILLAUD, of the *Figaro*, having, in his graphic and truthful series of articles entitled "*Huit Jours à Londres*," dispelled nearly every possible "illusion" connected with "perfidious Albion," Mr. *Punch* feels that a ninth day might have dealt, admirably, with perhaps the greatest illusion of all. In fact, so strongly does Mr. *Punch* feel this, that, for the sake of completing an accurate picture of London for the benefit of his Parisian friends, he takes upon himself the responsibility of finishing off the series appropriately, as follows.

I had missed the train, and there was nothing left to me but to pass one more day in this kennel of filth, which Frenchmen by courtesy style *Londres*. But how to spend it? A nobleman from Soho Square determined the question for me.

"You will," he said, "go and see the one great man whom your Paris, beautiful and particular, salutes with the kiss of respect. I know the Duke CAMBRIDGE, and have influence with M. le Prince de GALLES, and Sir HENDERSON. It is a difficult matter, but I will secure you the permit."

It is impossible to oppose the English nobleman. Though he wears evening dress with a tall hat and white kid gloves before the hour of breakfast, he is brutal and dangerous.

"Come," he added, "here is one of the vehicles of the Coaching Man's Club. *Le jeune Léopole* is driving, and there are five sport-Dukes on the *banc aux couteaux*, but it has the licence to carry thirteen inside. Let us mount."

We are arrived now. The sentinels are passed, and so is the Grand Staircase on which Beefeaters, the soldiers of the City, are lying about, in twos and threes, raving appallingly in the last stages of frenzied intoxication. It is brandy-and-soda-water in tubs that has done this, and it is a terrible sight. My guide only kicks them, and passes on. This is "British phlegm."

But we are in the presence of the great personage at last. Let me

describe the room. It is of colossal proportions, and is decorated with tiger-skins, Chinese lanterns, advertising placards, and barbaric emblems. Over the door is a gallery containing the band of the *orse-guard-blue*, a hundred and fifty strong, in full regimentals, playing a national jig. Opposite are reserved seats. I look up. There is a sliding roof. This is to let escape the fumes of continual

orgy. It is horrible, but it is English, and convenient. And the surroundings?

Here, in the corner, piled in savage confusion, are boating oars, maces, cricquette-bats, coachman's whips, and official costumes. On the rug are a "pacque" of *bouledogues* wallowing in the remains of a huge tureen of *turtle-soupe*. Their lord and master has finished his "lunching," and has thrown it to them with a terrible oath. And what of him?

My Guide introduces us. He has on top-boots with spurs, a military breastplate, and is covered with paste diamonds. On seeing him one is reminded instinctively of the British aristocrat. Then one notices that he has on white kid gloves and a tall hat. This tells that he springs from the people.

But let us watch him. He rises and fills a silver goblet with grog and porter. It holds fifteen gallons. One sees, as he staggers down the staircase, spilling its scalding contents, and treading on the faces of his Beefeaters as he descends, that he has emptied it several times already.

We follow him. He has rolled down the steps, and is lying helplessly in the gutter. An omnibus goes over him, then another. A policeman passes indifferently. No one seems to notice him. This is the characteristic of England, that every one looks out for himself. Then he gets huddled up against a lamp-post. He is not hurt. He is only melancholy.

My guide tells me that this is his habit every morning. I survey him, covered with mud, trodden under foot, hustled by everyone, insulted, yet feebly crying for more "grog;" but I feel no surprise. I say to myself, "After eight days' experience of this terrible people, ought I to wonder that I am standing outside the *Mansion-Ouse*, and that this helpless bundle of gold lace and rags lying in the gutter, like an unclaimed sack of potatoes, is the great *Lor Maire*!"



## "L'INVITATION À LA VALSE."

*Sir Fwedewick.* "MAY I—A—HAVE THE PLEASURE?"

*Fair American.* "WAL, I DON'T MIND IF I DO TAKE THE CREASES OUT OF MY KNEES A BIT!"





## A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

JONATHAN. "THEY *DU* SAY WE SENT YOU THIS DARN'D WEATHER! DON'T KNOW 'BOUT THAT! ANYHOW, I GUESS WE'LL SEND YOU THE CORN!!"

FARMER BULL. "THANK'EE KINDLY, JONATHAN, BUT I'D RATHER HA' DONE WITHOUT BOTH!!!"





## A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

(Cordially administered.)

INTERLOCUTORS—*The Sympathetic Mr. Punch and the Sorely-trying British Farmer.**British Farmer.* A Crumb of Comfort, eh? Well, Mr. P., The Crumb's a precious little one—for me.*Mr. Punch.* I fear you're right, friend.*British Farmer.* Glad you're of my mind. Your cuts at me sometimes have not been kind.*Mr. Punch.* But always fair.*British Farmer.* Humph! The wrong way they've rubbed me. The public, as a general rule, have dubbed me A most inveterate grumbler, cause or none. I don't grudge wags their little bit o' fun, But now I hope they'll own I've some excuse For grumbling.*Mr. Punch.* Yes. But grumbling's little use! Better look round, take stock of your position, With a keen eye to bettering your condition.*British Farmer.* Look round? I do; and see a cheerless sight; Swamped fields, a harvest spoiled by Swithin's spite. There never *was* such weather. Why, they say,— I read it in the *Times* myself to-day,— This year our grain, two-thirds of it at least, Must come from foreign countries, west or east. Cold comfort there! They say those blessed Yanks Send us this weather that has played such pranks With poor old England.*Mr. Punch.* That's a joke, my friend. But wheat, and lots of it, they're sure to send.*British Farmer.* Well, *that's* no joke, for me.*Mr. Punch.* No; but JOHN BULL,When his home granaries are less than full,  
May thank Free Trade that he has free command  
Of the lush harvest of another land.  
And howsoever we grumble, or poke fun,  
All Britons' interests at last are one.*British Farmer.* But what am I to do?*Mr. Punch.* You've read, no doubt, The figures and the facts of ZUICKE and PROUT? Food for reflection there.*British Farmer.* I don't quite see—*Mr. Punch.* I dare say not, just yet, but bide a wee. Shrewd brains and sympathetic are at work Upon the task we may no longer shirk, Of squaring agriculture with the need Of a new time.*British Farmer.* I hope they may succeed.*Mr. Punch.* Science and sense must come to labour's aid. We've not seen the last issue of Free Trade. You funk it still, I fear, but by-and-by Its further application you may try, And find the bogey friendly, after all.*British Farmer.* Meanwhile the pinch is sharp.*Mr. Punch.* The comfort's small That friendly words or prospects far can yield To present trouble.*British Farmer.* Look at yonder field! A slushy swamp that should be ruddy sheaves! It's just heart-breaking!*Mr. Punch.* Granted; and it grieves The heart of BULL, and of his Mentor,—me, So sad and ruinous a sight to see. We're all concerned to help you, in a way Whose value may extend beyond to-day. Your business now is England's. Let us hope That thought and care with your hard case may cope. Meanwhile, cheer up! Even in this climate queer, Wet *can't* be endless,—better luck next year!

[Left making the best of it.]

## A DRAPER'S MYSTERY.

THE following extract from the advertising columns of a certain newspaper, presents an obvious parallel to a pretty passage in one of the most elegant, graceful, and imaginative of SHAKESPEARE'S plays—

DRAPERS.—E. S—, Eastbourne, wishes to EXCHANGE SONS with another draper. Has been in the business 12 months.

To similar effect, conversely, with the above advertisement, *Celia* exclaims in *As You Like It*—"O my poor ROSALIND! whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine."

The correspondence, in thought, between the two foregoing examples of authorship, as it suggests a comparison of E. S. with W. S., implies, perhaps, on the part of E. S. a degree of culture and ideality considerably exceeding an ordinary draper's average. At the same time his proposal of an exchange of offspring, addressed to the trade, seems to indicate the existence of quite a peculiar and hitherto unknown department in a draper's business.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)



CIVIL-SERVICE STORES.—Stores where the Customer ought to be served more civilly than anywhere else in London. Of course the Customer himself must be equally civil, otherwise he forfeits his privileges. At the entrance, the Civil Customer meets the Civil Service Doorkeeper, who immediately holds the door open, observing, as he bows with a radiant smile, "Delighted to see you looking so well, Sir, or

Ma'am, or Miss. Pray don't stop out in the cold. Allow me!" &amp;c.

And the Civil Customer will smile and bow, and say, "Thank you so much!" or "A million thanks!" or "Oh, you are quite too awfully polite." To which the Doorkeeper will reply, "Oh, don't mention it!" And so you, if you be the Customer, pass in.

The rest of the business is conducted on the same polite principles of Civil Service.

"Would you have the goodness to inform me how much a pound that bacon is?"

"Might I trespass on you to know the exact price of half a half-penny packet of ordinary pins?"

To which the Civil Servant will reply,

"I have the extreme pleasure to inform you that the article in question will come to exactly one farthing. Shall I make you up a packet of that size? With the greatest possible pleasure. Permit me to carry it for you to the door."

Then the Civil Customers to one another at the pay-desk:

"You will excuse my remarking, my dear Madam, that I have been waiting here for some time."

"I'm sure I beg you a thousand pardons for presenting myself before you, but, noticing that you did not seem to have your purse ready, I thought it would give you more time to prepare yourself if I were to take your place at the desk."

To the Clerks in the pay-place:

"I should be so exceedingly obliged if, when you have quite finished your conversation with one another—but not before—oh, not for the world!—you would give me some of your valuable time and invaluable attention."

Civil Service customers have to be supplied with a ticket, of which particular care must be taken in January. The cold weather affects them seriously; in fact, it is said that "*All tickets expire in February*"—therefore use extra caution, take it to a doctor's, wrap it up, protect it, and, if it only survive February, it is safe for another year.CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—Erected on the Thames Embankment by Professor ERASMUS WILSON, of the Skinners' Company. The Needle is not an advertisement for WHEELER AND WILSON'S Sewing Machines. Perhaps this statement is needless. The hieroglyphics on the Obelisk, when translated, mean "A friend in Need 'll be a friend in Deed." This was an old Egyptian proverb (*vide Colney Hatchette's Foreign Library*). The other Needles are still to be seen near to the Isle of Wight, but this completes the set. For further particulars see *Threads of my Discourses*, by Mr. ALDERMAN COTTON, M.P.

COACHING CLUBS.—Associations of Tutors for seeing pupils through various exams. Apply at CRAMMER'S, Regent Street. There are Army Coaches, Navy Coaches, Indian Civil Service Coaches, Uni-



### "VIVISECTION!"

*Melancholy Barber (with a soul above his business).* "I DON'T GET MUCH OF A LIVIN' BY IT, SIR!"

*Customer (through the lather).* "THEN—YOU OUGHT—FOR YOU SCRAPE—HARD ENOUGH—FOR IT!"

versity Coaches, and Slow Coaches. They are generally "full inside," and mostly "all right." Motto of Club, "*Pupilla oculis*."

**COAL EXCHANGE.**—A most useful establishment when any thing can be exchanged for coals. Some years ago "the Coal Hole" was a Cave of Harmony in the Strand, like the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane. Information on the subject can be obtained at the Coal Exchange from the damsel at the bar, whose attachment to a handsome coal-heaver has been celebrated in the well-known song, which she herself used to sing with much taste and pathos:—

*Heaven! of thee I'm sadly thinking!  
Thy gentle voice my spirits shall cheer.  
Thine was the eye at me always winking  
Over the pint pot containing the beer.*

It is well worth visiting the Coal Exchange merely to hear this beautiful ballad.

**THE COCOA TREE.**—In St. James's Street. Well worth a visit. Entrance free as far as the Hall Porter's desk. Be always polite to this official, remembering that any one who is "*Hall Porter*" can't be a *half-and-half* sort of a chap. When there, apply to him, and, for a small fee, he will give you a full and interesting account of the milk in the Cocoa-nut, though as yet modern science has not been able to explain the *raison d'être* of the hair outside. Here all games are played for Cocoa-nuts, and the Members travel about to the various races with a large supply of this nutritious fruit, as prizes for successful competitors at Aunt Sally and the sticks. The Cocoa Tree Club is a most thriving establishment.

**COLDBATH-FIELDS.**—The name speaks for itself. Here the tired Londoner can plunge and be invigorated. The fresh sparkling stream is supplied from the Bagnigge-wells. The Cockneys say that "waters from the *Wells* strengthen you for going up the *'ills*."

**COLLEGE OF ARMS.**—Ask to see the Head.

**COMMISSIONNAIRES.**—All non-commissioned officers, who, on retirement, receive their commissions from the public. Their headquarters used to be Sergeants' Inn.

### JUPITER PLUVIUS.

(*A Jovial Old Gentleman gushes.*)

Now, my Girls, come get on your goloshes,  
And your waterproof trusty array;  
You Boys, too, in your spruce mackintoshes:  
And away to the meadow, away!  
Never mind, though the turf all a squash is,  
Spite of rain, at Lawn Tennis go play!

Hop off; I'll hobble on, and my leisure  
A while, under shelter, employ  
In watching your game; I take pleasure  
In Youth's laughter, high spirits, and joy;  
Which enliven me, too, in a measure,  
I forget not I once was a boy.

### SAINT PARTRIDGE AND SAINT SWITHIN.

The celebration of the Feast of St. Partridge, which fell due on the 1st instant, had this year to be generally, if not universally, postponed owing to the lateness of the harvest yet to come, if, indeed, the weather will allow of any. This unseasonable and uncanonical put-off has been necessitated by the continual rain, of which the downpour, now of so long duration, is popularly ascribed to the animosity of St. Swithin. But is that imputation sustainable? Can it be possible that St. Swithin owes St. Partridge a grudge, which he is paying him off, being actuated towards him with such spite and ill-will as to be capable of causing the postponement of his Festival by deferring his day, apparently *sine die*? Is that the way in which one Saint can be imagined behaving to another? Can sweet St. Partridge be conceived to have soured St. Swithin, offended him, made him angry? Do Saints in the present circumstances and situation of St. Swithin still remain subject to vindictive and violent wrath? *Tantane animis celestibus iræ*? No, no. The Saint who could demean himself to the petty malice of hindering the observance of his fellow Saint's anniversary, would be altogether unworthy of the name he is invoked by, and the *nimbus* he wears. At the same time it may perhaps truly be said that St. Swithin, for our sins perhaps, has been giving us too much of his *nimbus*.

A TRULY RURAL DEAN.—The Dean of Ferns.

### THE "CHEEP" OF THE PARTRIDGE.

*Perdix Cinerea loquitur.*

'Tis the voice of the Sportsman. I hear him complain,  
"All my hopes of big bags have been damped by the rain.  
With birds shy and scarce, flooded furze and no stubble,  
To beat dripping covers is scarce worth the trouble."  
Aha! The wind's ill that blows nobody good.  
True the wet has proved fatal to many a brood,  
Parent birds have made moan over eggs swamped and addled,  
When our covers were lakes in which ducks might have paddled,  
But partridges drowned when they'd scarce chipped the shell,  
Yet,—yes, on the whole, 'tis perhaps just as well.  
Water! Better than fire; and a cold in the head  
Is not *quite* so bad as a dose of cold lead.  
Prime time for swell vassals of powder and shot!  
What's September to them, without plenty to pot?  
Oh! won't they fume, as they look out this morn  
On these damp furzy swamps, and yon drenched standing corn?  
Poor grumbling gun-maniacs! Isn't it fun?  
In the game "*Birds v. Barrels*" we birds will score one  
Just for once, I should hope. In this beautiful bog  
I am safe, I should fancy, from man, gun, and dog.  
They may bag a few birds on the skirts of the wheat,  
But I don't think *this* cover will pay 'em to beat.  
St. Partridge be bothered! St. Swithin's *my* Saint,  
May his rainy rain last, I shall make no complaint.  
No! Farmers and Sportsmen may grumble together—  
For my part, I rather approve of the weather.

(*Left chuckling.*)

CASE IN THE LONG VACATION.—*Florin v. Halfcrown.*

## COUNTRY SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

## PIPE.

Going (with umbrellas, cloaks, shawls, ulsters, connaughts, and waterproofs) to a Floral and Horticultural Show—flowers, fruits, vegetables, table decorations, poultry, pigeons, rabbits, guinea-pigs, cats, canaries, silk-worms, bees, and domestic pets—six miles in a wagonette drawn by a horse which has grown obese and lazy through want of work; frequent hills, long and steep, up which the male occupants of the carriage, one of whom has lost the slimmness of figure which once adorned his youth, are expected to toil on foot; weather showery, ending in a thunderstorm which lasts the whole of the return journey; detention at a blacksmith's, caused by the horse casting a shoe.

Walking on a hot morning with the children up a narrow lane, rugged, rutty, hilly, abounding in large and loose stones, soil calcareous, and sticky from recent rain, to see and enjoy the extensive view of town and country from the summit, to rest on the grass, and gather specimens of the wild flora of the district. View blurred and obscured by sudden shower, grass too wet to sit down upon, collection of harebells, ox-eyed daisies, ladies' fingers, ragged robin, pimpernel, speedwell, and other botanical rarities; an impossibility: children disappointed and fractious, supply of buns inadequate to demand, youthful tumbles in efforts to gather the wild clematis festooning the hedges, downward journey stickier than ever, great relief on reaching "Southfield Farm" again.

Being weighed in company with a party of friends and relations. Result many pounds heavier than you expected, and more than is consistent with ease, comfort, and graceful proportions. Jokes, banter, and recommendations of "Anti-Fat."

\* The exact weight of our Contributor has been deposited in a sealed envelope, bearing an appropriate and identifying motto, at the office for future reference.—ED.

Escorting the children, in the afternoon, to see the cows milked. Frequent stoppages *en route* to inspect and admire the pigs, puppies, poultry, calves, and other denizens of the somewhat moist and miry farmyard, and to take a look of blended fascination and terror at that formidable monster the bull, fast bound in his secure and solitary stall.

Going over the farm, mostly under an umbrella, getting very damp and dirty, and betraying to our kind and shrewd conductor a deep-seated ignorance of crops, soils, averages, animals, implements, draining processes, and field operations.

Between the showers, pacing up and down in front of the farmhouse, attended by "Maggie" and "Tearem," walking round and round the garden, examining the rain-gauge and barometer, watching the clouds, sauntering into the farm-yard, looking into the cow-sheds and stables, gleanings valuable information from the obdurate bailiff, strolling by the turbid and swollen stream, and wishing it was in a fit state for fishing; ultimately retreating into the dining-room when the rain again comes drifting and scudding over the hills, and there, in a pleasant recess, sitting in the window-seat, and forgetting the weather in the pages of *Guy Manner* or *Kenilworth*.

Lounging on the hay in the rick-yard—when it is fine.

Lying on the straw in the barn—when it is wet.

The chase—a rat-hunt!

Feeding the poultry.

Ordering dinner—to be ready half-an-hour earlier than usual, as it may clear up in the afternoon in time to go and see the flood.

Questioning all the oldest and most experienced authorities in the parish on the subject of

the weather, and recording in a large note-book local proverbs and superstitions about rain, wind, clouds, storms, rainbows, and sunsets.

Writing letters, one especially to the old and faithful retainer in charge of your house, to acquaint her that you may return home a week sooner than you intended, in consequence of the weather.

Making up your meteorological diary. Making your Will.

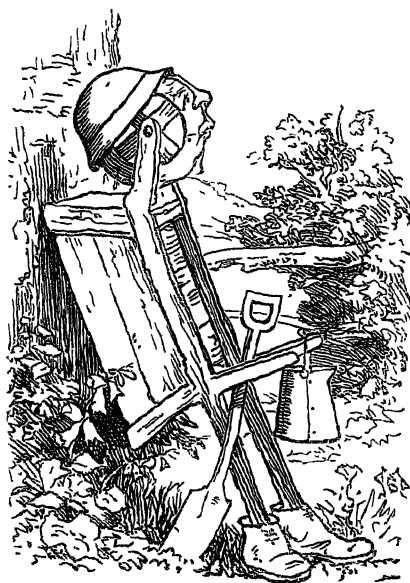
Bed, 9'30 P.M.



"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

"NEVER MIND THE RAIN, MY DEARS. THIS IS WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A SOU'-WESTER AND FISHERMAN'S JERSEY. AND NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL!"

## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.



MR. MASTER PUNCH,  
ZUMTIMES I ha' thowt, as I  
zot i' th' carner, a-zmokin' me  
pipe,  
What th' varmer t' good droo's a-got  
wi' his crops avore ar'n' o' 'em  
be ripe;  
Yet mid he but reäp what's a-zown,  
an' gather an' kip what's a-got,  
Vree-treäde an' bad seasons mid  
vrown, he'd rub droo't all con-  
tent wi' his lot;  
But th' voke 'at there be vor to  
kip—pon-me-song, 'tis a puzzle  
t' me—  
Upon zoo many yäcres o' land, that  
we all be zo fess as we be!  
Jest zo fur dtheasum lines I'd  
a-pen'd, *Meäster Punch*, when  
there cum t' me back,  
Wi' a grin on his veäce, neighbour  
Cox;—but I'll write down th'  
words we did crack:—

Cox. Why jes-zo Lord BEA-  
CONSFELD zays; top o' peäper  
I've zeen it! prent—  
"Dree rents must be paid by th'  
land." (Noo wonder our money's  
a-spent!)

"Th' lab'rer his wages must hev; an' th' landlord his rent, twice a year;  
An' th' varmer hev so'thin' t' live on;" tho' markets an' seasons be queer.

Jere. About gurt men, I b'lieve, it's a-zaid, th' zeäme thowts 'ill creep into  
th'r yead,

But tidden jest what I da meän, what th' gurt man in Lon'on's a-zaid.

I be n't goin' t' zay—no not I! that I vind any fau't wi' lan'lord,

He's a-born to high steätion, an' zoo he's a right to all we can afford;

But when I'm a little bit push'd, I do dthink how th' load do increase,—

Th' schoolmeästers, sojers, an' sailors, jails, paupers, highways, an' police,

Th' kippers, th' yäcents, th' lawyers, all a teäkn a pull at oone cup,

Whatsoever th' land may bring forth, noo wonder 't is all zwoller'd up!

Cox. Bravo, JERE! thee 'st come a bit roun'; but dtheüs lan'lords dost worship  
zo much,

Tidden they that do prey on th' land, but th' laws 'at do meäke 'em as such;

Wold faggots o' ship-skins, an' wax, ink, an' dry-dust, wi' red teäpe a-tied,

Wi' entails an' dowries zo loaded they cou'dn' be free ef they tried!

Well! Th' land, we be twold, must be juggl'd—hocus-pocus—its dree rents to  
yield.

But there's oone 'at ye both ha' vorgotten,—seäst yonder fat rook i' th' yield?

Jere. Th' parson!

Cox. Th' tithe-rent be zure! 'at both thee an' Lord B. ha' vorgat!

Now, varming can't carry *vower rents*!—but I'll tell 'e a tale 'ats' zo pat:

A wheeler by trade was JOHN JUKES, like a brave 'un he'd work a long day,

An' th' harder he work'd the moore jolly, wi' a light purse he'd just pay  
his way;

But oone night he did hit on a plan o' meäken o' mouse-traps by steam,

An' straightway sich work did come to un, an' money like gold in a dream;

Zix voremén JOHN paid t' look a'ter a parcel o' journeymen chaps,

An' he furnished hisself wi' a carriage, an' all th' wide world wi' his traps;

But bime-by a slackness come roun', while his spending run on all the same,

An' JOHN, to his horror, f'un' out Yankee mouse-traps, dirt-chip, were to  
blame;—

Oone day in his carriage I met un, a-wasted t' poor skin-an'-grief,

Zays he, "WILL, do'e gi'e me advice, I'm a-broke if I don't get relief."

Zays I, "JOHN, do'e zell dtheüs vine carriage, get rid o' th' fools ye've a-made;

If still ye can do a day's work ye may still drive a good wholesome trade.

But as for dtheüs fal-lals and follies, ye mid stan' vor a time such expense,

BUT TH' MEÄKEN O' MOUSE-TRAPS OÖN'T CAR' IT!"—Zo there now, 'at's good  
common sense!

JERE SMALLBONE.

## A DISTRICT IN DARKNESS.

HERE, extracted from a Manchester paper, is an enigma in the form of an  
advertisement, of

CLEAN comfortable LODGINGS, for a Young Man. Christian preferred. No  
children. Address, &c., Ardwick.

The advertiser would prefer a Christian for a lodger to a Jew, or a Mahometan,  
or a Heathen, or a Secularist, or an Agnostic, but would receive, not to say take  
in, anybody of any religion, or no religion at all, rather than nobody. This  
lodging-house keeper is clearly not bigoted. The relative proportion of Chris-  
tians to the rest of the population in and about Ardwick would seem, from the  
above intimation, to be of questionable magnitude; so much so as to suggest that

Christian Ministers of all denominations would find that  
district an eligible sphere of missionary usefulness. The  
Bishop of MANCHESTER might as well perhaps look to it.  
If he doesn't, *Stiggins*, or the local Anti-Bishop may.

But what is the desiderated Christian to understand  
by "No children"? That he mustn't bring any, or that  
there are none in the house, and that he is presumed  
to entertain, in virtue of his religion, some peculiar  
objection to children? In that case, the party adver-  
tising for a Christian lodger apparently professes, and  
contemplates him as professing, some very recently  
developed form of Christianity.

## PLAY VERSUS WORK.

NOWADAYS half-a-score of weekly papers indulge their  
readers with glimpses of scenes from the "private life"  
of public men. Some of these sketches are innocent  
enough, while others are not so blameless. The latest  
edition of the list is a series of papers called *Workers*  
at *Play*.

Always ready to improve a good idea, *Mr. Punch* would  
suggest a companion volume, to be entitled *Players at*  
*Work*. To put the matter in a practical form, he pub-  
lishes a sample "first number," which is heartily at the  
service of the professional "biographers":—

## MR. HURRY SKURRY LOUNGE IN MUSCLEDOM.

Some miles from London exists an old house buried in  
a forest of trees. A few paces from the principal en-  
trance is a racecourse, in the back garden there are  
excellent preserves, and at the end of the lawn appears  
a lake well stocked with all sorts of fish. In the  
county of Loamshire there is not a more convenient  
country residence.

It is night as we enter MR. HURRY SKURRY LOUNGE'S  
*sanctum*. He is dressed in full evening costume, and  
nods as we approach him.

"Glad to see you," he says with a yawn. And we can  
but admire the muscular development of his finely-  
shaped throat.

We hint that we should like to know how he has  
been spending the last eighteen hours.

"Well, I came here," he says, taking up a bedroom  
candlestick, "for perfect quiet. After a long London  
season, one requires rest, don't you know?"

We agree with him cordially.

"Well, I was up at a quarter to five this morning," he  
continues, "I wanted to try a mare I have in training,  
and didn't wish to be overlooked by the touts from the  
sporting papers. So I walked five miles out and five  
miles in, and got up a very good appetite for breakfast."

Again we encourage him with our approval.

"Then some of the girls came to see me, so I had to  
take part in twenty or thirty games of Lawn Tennis.  
You know that cousins (especially when they belong to  
the fair sex) *will* have their way. We were interrupted  
by the gong for luncheon."

"Yes?"

"Well, the afternoon passed in the usual manner.  
The North of our county is playing the South at cricket.  
Our side was in, and at about three o'clock I found it  
was my turn to go in for a second innings. Knocked  
about the ball in fine style, Sir, and was not out for  
seventy-two! It was now too late to do anything very  
athletic, so I filled up the pause before dressing for  
dinner with a run of a dozen miles or so on a bicycle."

Again we nodded.

"Well, dinner over, of course we had dancing. You  
know what a country-house is when it's full of people.  
If I waltzed once, I waltzed a dozen times, and I am  
precious glad that the hour has arrived for bed."

"You seem to have had a great deal to do," we hint.  
"I question whether I could get through the same amount  
of work."

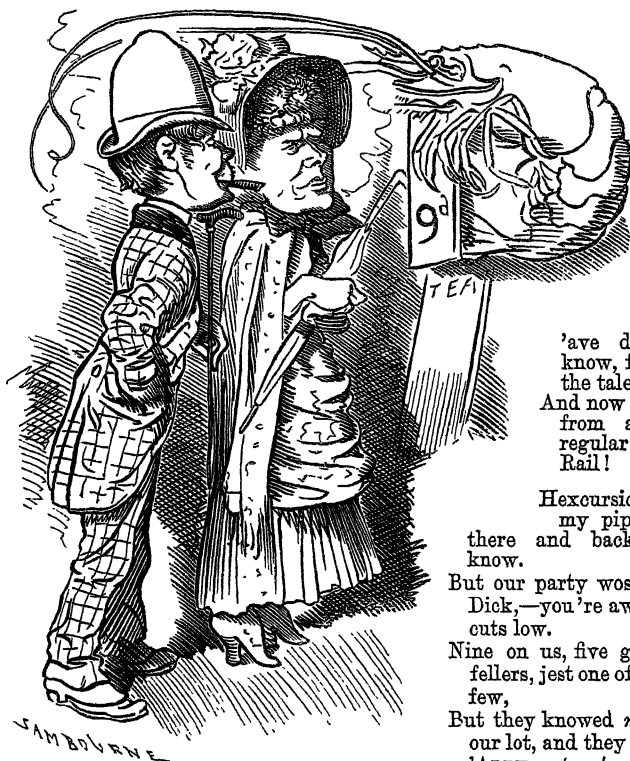
"Of course *you* couldn't, because you are such a busy  
fellow. But, you see, I have nothing on earth to do, so  
I have plenty of time to be lazy!"

And with a gigantic yawn, MR. HURRY SKURRY  
LOUNGE lights his candle, and retires to rest.

THE BEST TOURIST'S COMPANION FOR 1879.—An Um-  
brella.



## 'ARRY ON THE RAIL.



EAR CHARLIE,  
Still keep-  
ing the game  
up! I likes  
a good slog  
while I'm  
in.

Life's jest  
like a shettle-  
cock, CHAR-  
LIE, with  
n o t h i n k  
when not on  
the spin.

The River  
and Road I

'ave done, as you  
know, for I spun you  
the tale;

And now I'm jest back  
from a journey, a  
regular rattler, 'by  
Rail!

Hexcursion to Margit,  
my pippin, five bob  
there and back, don't yer  
know.

But our party was quite up-to-  
Dick,—you're aweer as I never  
cuts low.

Nine on us, five gurls and four  
fellers, jest one of the latter too  
few,

But they knowed me of old, did  
our lot, and they always counts  
'ARRY as two!

I tell you, old man, 'twas my day. I was never in lovelier form;  
And as for the pettiouts, CHARLIE, I regular took *them* by storm.  
Two was told off to me—LIZ and CARRY—but, bless yer, I fetched 'em all round.  
I should make a 'ot Hottoman, CHARLIE, Turk style suits me down to the  
ground.

We was off by the earliest train, and 'ad breakfast, a buster, *ong root*;  
Cold tea, 'ard biled heggs, and green happles,—you know gurls is nuts upon  
fruit,—

Wound up with a nip and a Pickwick. I tell yer it wasn't arf bad.  
There is nothing like starting a spree with a good bottom layer, my lad.

We 'adn't much time by the briny, the weather, as usual, was rummy;  
But the fun on the road made up that, and our progs was peculiar lummy.  
Tuck in? 'Tain't the word. If you'd spotted the tea as we nine put away,  
You'd 'a said that, at ninepence a nut, 'twas a spec as looked 'ardly like pay.

Srimps? Scissors! 'Ow CARRY did crunch 'em! No finnickin peelin,—no  
fear!

Heads off, and then bolt, holus-bolus,—that's bizness! And as for the beer,—  
Not to name other labels of lotion—well, nines into thirty won't go;  
But put it in pots, my dear boy, and you'll not be far from it, I know.

Comin' 'ome was the Barney, my bloater! We got in together, us nine;  
CARRY sat on my knee in one corner, there bein' a rush on the line.  
Young GREEN's concertina was 'andy, Tom BLOGG's a rare dab at the bones,  
If we didn't raise thunder and tommy, old chap, it's a caution to JONES.

We did give it tongue I can tell yer, I didn't choke off, not a minnit,  
And when I bring out my top notes, railway whistles is simply not in it.  
We chorus'd and clump'd it to rights; for a row-de-dow toe-and-heel treat  
The floor of a long railway carriage, third class, isn't easy to beat.

Then the chaff at the Stations! 'Twas spiffing! We put some old guys on  
the wax.

Do they think when a gent rides by rail he must pass all his time reading tracks?  
A fig for sech mumchance old mivvies! I 'ates the 'ole bullion-mouthed brood.  
When a feller is out on the bristle a jolly good 'owl does 'im good.

As for languidge! Them *Telegraff* twaddlers may trot out their CAROS and such;  
Is a chap on the scoop to be burked for a "blowed" or a "blooming" too much?  
Yah! Talk is like tea; it wants "lacing" with something a little bit strong,  
And if it do run to a *d* now and then, why I don't fox the wrong.

It's all Gospel-shop gruel, dear boy. We'll look after our own parts of speech,  
And rap out a hoath now and then without asking a prig on the preach.  
Wot limp 'uns there is in the world! Why, a gurl in our carriage that night  
Pooty nigh did a faint at our fun, and I know it was all nasty spite.

A chalky-faced creature she were, and she sat by 'erself  
and looked sad,  
And when Tom cheeked her up she complained that our  
bacco-smoke made 'er feel bad,  
And *could* we just sing a *bit* softer? Oh, snakes! we'd  
the highest old game,  
Till a big chap stood up from behind, and declared 'twas  
a thundering shame.

He'd a fist like a sledge, so we stashed it. But wasn't  
it like her dashed cheek?

'Owsomever we made up in shindy; they can't quod a  
chap for a squeak.

I never did 'ear sech a rouser; and as for that impident  
CARRY,

She swears if there is a gay dasher, it's

Yours as per usual,

'ARRY.

## IMPENDING EXCHANGES.

THE Baltic for the Baltic Coffee House.

Bulgaria for Belgravia.

The Black Forest for Wood Green.

Broadstairs for the Broadway (Hammersmith).

Brussels for the Waterloo Road.

Burlington Bay for the Burlington Arcade.

The Grand Canal for the Paddington Canal.

Chamouni for the Savoy.

La Grande Chartreuse for the Charter House.

China for the Potteries.

Copenhagen for Denmark Hill.

The Caledonian Canal for the Caledonian Road.

Deal for the Royal Oak.

The Forest of Dean for Bishop's Road.

Edinburgh for Scotland Yard.

Filey for Sheffield.

The New Forest for the Old Bailey.

The Lake of Geneva for Ball's Pond.

Giant's Causeway for Westminster Hall.

Inverness for Inverness Terrace.

Jerusalem for the Old Jewry.

Lausanne for the Swiss Cottage.

Loch Katrine for Catherine Street, Strand.

Lombardy for Lombard Street.

Lowater for Bayswater.

Madrid for the "Spaniards" (Hampstead).

Majorca for the Minories.

Milan for Mile End.

The Mer de Glace for the Crystal Palace.

The Meeting of the Waters for Clapham Junction.

Mont Blanc for Snow Hill.

Mont Cenis for the Holborn Viaduct.

Niagara for the Chelsea Waterworks.

The Nile for Egyptian Hall.

North Devon for South Molton Street.

Orme's Head for Orme's Square.

Oporto for Cork Street.

Patterdale for Paddington.

Poste Restante for the G. P. O.

St. Petersburg for Moscow Road.

The Pontine Marshes for the Essex Marshes.

Ramsgate for Lambeth.

Scarborough for the Borough.

The Seashore for the Strand.

The Isle of Skye for the Sky of London.

South Africa for South Kensington.

Stockholm for Stockwell.

The Tiber for Tyburnia.

St. Mark's, Venice, for Mark Lane.

The Great Wall of China for the Charing Cross radius.

W(h)itstable for Whitefriars.

## Wonderful Alteration.

FROM the City, and in attendance at the Conference  
undermentioned, the *Times* Correspondent reports that—

"The quaint and quiet old city of Basle is very lively  
to-day. The Evangelical Alliance is holding its seventh confer-  
ence here."

This is remarkable. The times are changed. Now an  
Evangelical Assembly imparts liveliness to the place it is  
held in; whereas in other days it would rather have  
rendered it "serious."



### A CONSIDERATION.

*Sir Charles.* "I SHOULD LIKE OF ALL THINGS TO SEE YOU IN PARLIAMENT, CHARLEY."

*Son and Heir.* "WELL, SIR, I DON'T MIND; I BELIEVE IT'S A VERY GOOD SORT OF PLACE; AND THEN IT'S SO HANDY TO THE AQUARIUM."

### EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR SCHOOLMASTERS.

(To be set by the Boy of the Future.)

1. WHAT do you understand by the term "breakfast"? Do you consider a breakfast complete without tea, coffee, kidneys, chops, cold meat, potted shrimps, honey, jam, and hot rolls and butter?
2. Point out the defects of *Mrs. Squeers's* domestic management at Dotheboys Hall, Yorkshire.
3. Define "lunch," and give your opinion as to the advisability of using once-cooked meat for a hash.
4. Give the full meaning of "swipes," "stick-jaw pudding," and "resurrection pie."
5. At what hours of the day and night may a glass of sherry-and-bitters be taken with advantage?
6. What wines do you give your boarders at lunch, dinner, and supper?
7. Given the kitchen garden in May, and the run of the cruet-stand—make a salad.
8. What do you know about *entrées*?
9. Write a short biography of either SOYER or FRANCAELLI.
10. Explain the uses of HARVEY'S Sauce, truffles, garlic, chilli vinegar, and capers.
11. Write a short essay upon "A little dinner for four."
12. Do you believe in bread-sauce, currant-jelly, and mint-sauce? If you do, give as fully as possible your reasons for this belief.
13. How should coffee be made?
14. Give the *menus* of the dinners with which you have entertained your boarders every day for the last six weeks.
15. Give your opinion upon the following much-mooted points—(1) Wine at breakfast; (2) Ice after dinner; (3) Sweets at lunch; (4) and Champagne at dessert.
16. And lastly, supposing you supply your pupils with food that would amply content a *gourmet* and a *gourmand*, do you really expect them to be satisfied?

### Legislation and Lung-work.

How much can "Parliament out of Session" Help "Agricultural Depression"?  
As much, by talk, mere talk, no doubt,  
As when 'twas in, so now 'tis out.

### MUSIC HALLS FOR THE MILLION.

RESPECTABLE and decorous Reader, fancy the Very Reverend the Dean of WESTMINSTER actually sitting and listening to popular melodies and negro minstrelsy in a Music Hall. Imagine him accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE, the Earl and Countess COWPER, SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN, and the Rev. Canon DUCKWORTH. What would Mrs. GRUNDY say? Of course, "How shocking!" And 'ARRY? "What a lark!" For 'ARRY no doubt has information enough to apprehend that gentlemen and ladies of rank and repute, such as those above-named, would be ridiculously unfit to be seen in a haunt of low dissipation, associating with himself, and allowing their ears to be disgusted if not defiled by the strains of his favourite vocalists, singing the songs which he loves.

People, however, not above holding shares in a Music Hall Company are surely quite capable of visiting, if not frequenting, a Music Hall. And all the foregoing names, and those of no less than eight-and-forty other more or less distinguished personages, appear, in a Prospectus, as the members of a "Provisional Council," at the head of a Joint Stock Company lately formed to promote the establishment of Music Halls.

But now for what 'ARRY, perhaps, will term a "sell!" The Music Halls which those "Swells" and "Nobs" (as he would call them) propose to supply will not be establishments in which 'ARRY could obtain B. and S., for example. At least he could only get served with the S. without the B. They will be Temperance Music Halls. Their designers are incorporated by the name of "The Coffee Music Hall Company, Limited." This Association professes that "its object is nightly recreation for the working and lower middle classes, freed from the elements of intoxicating drink, and its accompanying evils." So the Coffee Music Hall will be purely and literally a *Café chantant*.

Unacquainted with this statement, it would be another "sell" for 'ARRY to be apprised that, regarding music as a recreation peculiarly

suitable, after a hard day's work, for persons in the condition of the masses:—

"This Company will provide for such persons an entertainment to which any man may take his wife and daughters, or even allow his wife and daughters to go by themselves."

No such entertainment, of course, would 'ARRY patronise with his presence—not if he knew it. The recreation would perhaps be even more out of his way than the refreshment. Amongst the names on the Council of the "Coffee Music Hall Company" appear those of SIR JULIUS BENEDICT, and Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED. These are obviously guarantees for the music of the contemplated Coffee Music Halls, in addition to the other names; all so many securities also for the words that will be sung to it.

The Promoters of the Coffee Music Hall Company, having every reason to believe that Coffee Music Halls will prove a good commercial speculation, accordingly invite application for shares to be made to the Directors through their Bankers, Messrs. HOARE. Here, therefore, is an opportunity for a good work, and also a chance of an equally good investment; of reaping a reward by beneficence, instead of, as too commonly, incurring the unpleasant drawback of self-sacrifice, in being money out of pocket.

### A FRENCH TRANSLATION.

In the department of the Hautes Alpes there is a place which bears the more remarkable than generally well-known local name of Gap. This Gap in the High Alps is a diocese, and not a *crevasse*. The *Journal Officiel* the other day announced the appointment of Mgr. GUILBERT, Bishop of Gap, to the vacant see of Amiens.

Not to suggest a comparison which may be deemed irreverent, if not odious, and without intending any disrespect to a doubtless venerable Prelate, it may nevertheless be said—let us hope without offence—that Mgr. GUILBERT, now that he has been transferred from



## FORBEARANCE.

*Young Lady.* "JOHN, HOW LONG SHALL YOU BE, AS I WANT TO PRACTISE?"

*Gallant Young Gardener.* "OH, GOO YEOW ON, MISS AMY—GOO YEOW ON! I SHA'N'T MIND YAR NOISE!"

Gap to Amiens, occupies a position in which he cannot but a little remind one of *Bottom the Weaver* with the donkey's head on, to whom *Peter Quince*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, exclaims, "Bless thee, *Bottom*! bless thee! thou art translated!" Only, if anybody has pronounced a benediction on Bishop GUILBERT, it is LEO THE THIRTEENTH, and no such personage as *Peter Quince*.

The *Journal Officiel* further states that the Abbé ROCHE is to succeed Monsignor GUILBERT in the see of Gap. In that case it is to be hoped that M. ROCHE will prove a creditable stop-gap.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**COVENT GARDEN MARKET.**—The sweetest, nastiest, prettiest, dirtiest, brightest, dullest, beautifullest, beastliest place in all London. The road round the Market being generally almost impassible, is invariably chosen by cabmen whose fares are in a hurry, as the shortest route from East to West, or *vice versa*. The smell of the refuse on a fine summer's morning must be most exhilarating to the residents and the extreme vegetarian. The pavement is, for the most part, tastefully strewn with orange-peel, cabbage-stalks, and flower-stems, insuring the pedestrian all the excitement of ice on the path in the middle of summer. Here the Clowns and Pantaloons study the effect of butter-slides for the forthcoming Pantomimes. The Language of Flowers, as heard among the carts, is not the most lovely in the world. Thanks to the exertions of the employes at the Tavistock and Bedford hotels, under the piazza, the roadway on their side is kept tolerably clear. The latter house, sweetly, neatly, and comfortably kept in a good old-fashioned way by Mistres A. WARNER, is "A. Wunner"; and while most reasonable to everyone, is dear to all its patrons, who cling to it as a home in London. *Mr. Punch* speaks of it as a very old friend, for 'twas here that the "Men of Mark"—of "dear old MARK"—with SHIRLEY in his brilliant white waistcoat, at their head, were wont to congre-

gate and discuss the affairs of the nation. *Floreat Bedford!* And oh if the Duke would but have the Market, or a part of it, moved elsewhere, or make some improvements there, then would we bless the Duke of BEDFORD, as we do his Grace of ARGYLL!

**CRICKET.**—Chiefly associated in London with "on the hearth." But if the question be asked "Where on hearth shall we go for cricket?" the answer will be "Lords," as preferable to "Commons," which are generally such a distance from town. The great games are at Lord's, but there is also the Oval, Kennington, where they carry on their little games just as well. At the Oval neither the University nor Public School Matches have been played; when this happens, it will be an *oval* proceeding—which, as a pun, is quite too *ovally* shocking! Admission, as a member, to Lord's is by ballot—cricket ballot, of course; and a certain age being an essential qualification, the candidate must not be past mark of mouth, which is certified by the dentist in attendance, who draws your stumps, if necessary.

**THE CRITERION.**—Familiarly abbreviated as "The Cri." Usually the Full Cri. The refreshment department is Messrs. SPIERS AND POND's, which suggests an excellent idea of co-operative qualities—the sharpness of *SPEARS* and the depth of POND. The former's advice to the barmaids is, "Look after the Pence, and the Ponds'll look after themselves."

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—One of the finest sites about London. Latterly the Show has not been equal to the Site. The visitor to London wishing to see the Crystal Palace, can do so with advantage to his pocket from Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park. If it is a fine day, he will enjoy this view, and can easily imagine the rest. The Directors of the C. P. Co. must have felt at times inclined to label it "Glass—with care."

**CUSTOMS.**—All sorts of peculiar customs in London. Visitors from the country and foreigners have only to call at the Customs House, where, on payment of a small fee, they will be duly instructed. Lessons from ten to four.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THE CUTLERS' FEAST.—The Edgeware Road.



### THE WASHED-OUT TENNIS-PLAYERS.

*A Reminiscence of the Rain.*

*(Chorus.)*—"WE'RE ALL THE WAY FROM BELGRAVIAH, AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!  
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO-O-OO! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO-O-OOO!  
WE'RE OUT OF PLAY, AND WE'RE WILLING TO PLAY—BUT WE'VE GOT NO PLAY TO DO!"

### THE AGE OF MUFTI; OR, WHAT IT OUGHT TO COME TO.

"His Majesty met the CZAR to-day at the little Russian border town of Alexandrawo."—*Times Berlin Correspondent.*

AN event like the above naturally fills the European atmosphere with many rumours. These, however, Mr. Punch has never been in the habit of regarding either with very much interest or satisfaction. What august personages, when they meet, do say, or are supposed to say, strikes him as far less gratifying than what they ought to say. He, therefore, supplies the deficiency on the present occasion, in the shape of the following dramatic sketch, a couple of copies of which he has already despatched to Alexandrawo, in the hope that it may be found useful and suggestive on the next.

SCENE—*A Railway Platform at a small border Town. An August Nephew, surrounded by a brilliant Suite, discovered waiting the arrival of a Train. Enter, from a saloon carriage, an August Uncle, followed by a distinguished Staff.*

*August Uncle.* Well met, my Nephew. *(They embrace.)* And thanks, in the name of the great Fatherland, for this cordial reception. I see the heroic Poppingingerkintsky Regiment, of which, I believe, I am the honorary Corporal, lines the ticket-office. 'Tis thus,—'tis thus—*(Refers to his Notes.)*—Ah, yes, of course: 'tis thus, the Kaiser of one army is the Corporal of another, and vice versa. Thus, that the mighty military brotherhood effected in the union of the Hohenzollern and the Romanoff, guarantees, at the cannon's mouth, the perpetuity of those principles of the barrack-room, which—

*August Nephew.* Quite so. But if you wouldn't mind stepping behind the refreshment counter,—I rather—wanted to ask you—

*August Uncle.* Of course;—if I am going to make you a Drum-Major of the 39th Dragoons of the Line. I am. See, here is the full-

dress uniform, drum and all, in the luggage-van; and I mean to add, if I can find room for them on your breast, the Star of the Order of the Blue Hyæna (third class), and the Grand Cross of the Iron Side-board of Prussia. You seem full; but,—ah! the very thing. Here is a vacant spot on the side of your neck. *[Pins them on.]*

*August Nephew (bowing).* Thanks. But if you would have the goodness to step this way? *(They retire to the Refreshment Counter.)* And, now that we can talk freely, I must tell you, worthy Uncle, frankly and at once, that I have had enough of all this foolery.

*August Uncle.* Foolery? But you surprise me! What—doesn't it fit comfortably in the back?

*August Nephew.* Nay, do not misunderstand me. I am not attacking the tailor, but the system. Why should you, a hoary and respected veteran, and I, an elderly gentleman,—for I'm getting on,—deck ourselves out, on every possible occasion, in trappings which, if they are anything more than a bit of vulgar and idiotic display, imply distinctly that we are both of us, belted, spurred, and armed, as the representatives of two mighty military hosts, ready to rush headlong to carnage on the first battle-field that offers.

*August Uncle (interested).* Dear me, there is something in that. Eh?—Well, as far as I am personally concerned, you know, I would go about in an Ulster to-morrow. But my people? I must, you see, think of them. Believe me, my August Boy, it is the military vapouring of the nation that forces the ruler on to the horse's back.

*August Nephew.* Worthy, but misguided Uncle, I would put it rather thus: It is the military tailoring of the ruler that crushes the nation under the horse's hoofs.

*August Uncle.* And you are not, then, of opinion that cutting off the flower of the nation from productive labour, inducing the stagnation of trade, and exciting revolution at home and revenge abroad, is, on the whole, worth the privilege of belonging to a highly respectable military family and sleeping in epaulettes?

*August Nephew.* Well, no, dear Uncle; to be frank with you, I am not.





### "THE FLESH-POTS."

*The Parson.* "I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR, MRS. BROWN, THAT YOU WERE PRESENT, LAST NIGHT, AT A 'PLYMOUTH BRETHREN'S' TEA-MEETING. I HAVE OFTEN TOLD YOU THAT THESE DOCTRINES ARE HIGHLY ERRONEOUS!"

*Mrs. Brown.* "ERRON'OUS, SIR, THEIR DOCTRINES MAY BE; BUT THEIR CAKE, WITH SULTANY RAISINS, IS EXCELLENT!"

*August Uncle.* Well, well, boy,—you shall have your little whim. Eh? A general disarmament? There—there—say no more about it. I will tell BISMARCK to wire at once to Paris and Vienna, and the thing's done.

*August Nephew (moved).* Thanks, prompt and worthy Uncle—a thousand thanks! Ah! you know not what it is to wear three breast-plates night and day, and have your soup, tepid, through a spongy iron filter!

*August Uncle (confidentially).* My boy, I do! (They both laugh heartily.) And now to promulgate the new era. (Leaving the Refreshment Counter.) Gentlemen, you may all return to your ploughshares, your bureaux, your counters, your coal-mines, and your children!

*All (with enthusiasm).* Impossible! It is scarce seventeen years that we have parted from these trifles, and we are all as yet a little on the right side of seven-and-forty! We repeat, once more, respectfully, "Impossible!"

*August Nephew.* No, my friends—not so. Henceforth the Romanoff and the Hohenzollern will each cultivate not the military but the social traditions of his house. Prepare for a surprise! We have each ordered our first evening suit. To-morrow Europe becomes a vast "At home."

*August Uncle (taking his hand).* Yes, my boy,—millions cannot conveniently cross frontiers in dancing boots and evening dress. Cheer, Gentlemen, for the age of *Mufsi* has commenced.

[They gradually remove each other's decorations as the Curtain descends.]

### Hard Lines in Hives.

FEED your Bees. If you don't, they won't survive the winter. They have not made honey enough to last them through it. The little busy Bee that is when it can be, has, owing to bad weather, been obliged to remain idle, and was unable to improve the shining hour for the want of sunshine. So, in effect, says a Bee-keeper instructing, in the *Times*, other keepers of Bees; which insects he informs them that—

"Some prefer loaf-sugar for feeding, but the best refined moist will answer equally as well."

Still it may be imagined that, as food for Bees, your loaf-sugar would be the nearest thing to your bread.

### WORDS WITHOUT SONGS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been very much struck by a correspondence that has recently appeared in the columns of one of your contemporaries about the scarcity of good English songs. I do not think that the matter has received fair treatment. It has been assumed by some of the writers that we have no good composers, when, as a matter of fact, the poets and not the musicians are in fault. Some one has said (or if he has not said it, he ought to say it immediately), "Let me make the words of a nation's songs, and anyone else may compose the music." If we had better poetry, we should have better ballads. Under these circumstances, I have no hesitation in rushing myself to the assistance of our song-makers. They want novelty, and I think I can supply the article in great profusion.

As an earnest of my powers, I give a few specimens. The first I select is quite a new idea. Why should we not have songs about village pumps, new brass door-knockers, or old street-lamps? In the following I have taken as a theme a well-known article in constant domestic use. I have called it—

#### THE SOUND SIGNAL.

The Babe is startled on the nursery floor;  
The Schoolboy pauses in his game;  
The Lover lingers at his darling's door,  
And half forgets to breathe her name.  
The six weeks' Bride with blushing pleasure leads;  
The Justice follows with his dame.  
With hurried steps march Men of Thoughts and Deeds.  
The Grandsire strives to march the same.  
"Come the short and the long to the boom of my dong,"  
Are the words to the song of the loud Dinner-Gong.

Then again, why should not foreign fairy tales suggest occasionally an idea? The story of the *Little Tin Soldier* has often appeared to me to contain the germ of a notion. I have knocked off a quaint little something (of which below I give the first verse), which I frankly admit is founded upon this fable. I call it

#### THE IMPECUNIOUS WARRIOR.

Came a penniless hero dancing  
To the place where Love was lancing  
A number of darts very bold, dear!  
"My belle I feign would be ringing,"  
"My beau must list while I'm singing."  
And this was the song, I am told, dear.  
"Din a din, din a din!"  
What is love without tin,  
My poor little light-hearted soldier?"

But perhaps the most touching song in my portfolio is one which deals with the life of a well-known type of London Society. The mother with a daughter to marry is a character that might move the sternest heart to pity. I call the little poem I have written about this unhappy lady

#### THE MIDDLE-AGED MATCH-GIRL.

It was terribly dreary  
In the well-lighted hall,  
She was fearfully weary  
At the very late ball.  
For oh! she had been sitting  
Very close to the wall  
For hours, yes, unremitting,  
Smiling to one and all.  
She was the middle-aged Match-Girl;  
Matchmaking, yes, was her care;  
Her child was the no-great-catch girl,  
And he the much-chivied heir!

There! I think this last idea simply charming; and if some of our clever Composers would only come to me, there would be no further complaint about the dearth of native talent. In conclusion, I particularly pride myself on the fact that the above songs are entirely original. We have had nothing like them before.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

APOLLO JUNIOR.  
*Butterfly Gardens (late Grub Street).*

THE DEATH STROKE TO ART IN THE EAST.—A knock-down blow on the Temple.





### NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

*First Mamma.* "I SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN PADDLE."

*Second Mamma.* "YES. DON'T YOURS?"

*First Mamma.* "NO; I'VE MANAGED TO MAKE MY THREE BOYS BELIEVE THAT IT IS VULGAR AND UNGENTLEMANLY EITHER TO GET THEIR FEET WET, OR SIT IN A THOROUGH DRAUGHT, OR BOLT THEIR FOOD, OR EAT GOODIES BETWEEN THEIR MEALS, OR GO TO JUVENILE PARTIES, POOR DEARS. THEY'RE RATHER SOFT, PERHAPS, BUT THEY'RE TWICE THE SIZE OF ANY OTHER BOYS OF THEIR AGE, AND THEY'VE NEVER HAD AN HOUR'S ILLNESS IN THEIR LIVES."

### BETWEEN THE ACTS.

*PLON-PLON loquitor:—*

HAI! "One man in his time plays many parts,"  
So saith the English SHAKSPEARE, doth he not?  
Meaning—no matter! Preachers stretch their text  
Ofttimes beyond its first significance,  
For special application,—why not I?  
I have played many parts, nor played them ill,  
Though mostly minor ones, alas! But now,  
What if poor PLON-PLON, much derided "Pro.",  
Mere General Utility Man, sometimes  
Esteemed the veriest Super, should at last,  
Though late yet not too late, possess a chance?  
Aha! It likes me well, right well, I' faith.  
Methinks that I could star it with the best,  
Would they but let me. B-r-r-r! I bear a chest,  
And boast a calf! Yon swaggerer on the wall  
Had port and front no better than mine own.  
So bravely mounted, booted, spurred, and draped,  
With rampant charger, and with flying cloak,  
He shows pure demi-god. Set him afoot  
Beside me, and I'd match him brow for brow,  
Fine chiselled lip for lip, forelock for forelock.  
The Ladies swear I'm like him, line for line.  
And why not act for act, triumph for triumph?  
'Tis the dress does it. I could play his part,  
Called to the front, caparisoned aright,  
Welcomed by a full house. Ah! shall it be?  
His part indeed 's a little out of fashion,  
Less popular, perchance, than when he played it:  
Damned by its last performer, who at length  
Was hissed from off the Stage, a *dénouement*

He might have 'scaped had he not scorned my hints.

The piece is old, the rôle is not the rage,

But there have been revivals that eclipsed

The original performance. Is't so sure

The present play will run much longer? Ah!

A change were now my chance! Where could they look

For one to fill his part, save *here*? 'Tis true

I have pooh-poohed it times and oft, have sworn

The Stage were well if once well swept of it.

But what said shrewd NAVARRE, gay huckster-hero?

"Paris is worth a mass!" And, after all,

The part, as I should play it, would appear

A new creation, and entrance the house

From gods to groundlings. All the TALMA swells

Within this breast! I'd pose as Hercules!

God Mars himself! though *that* might rouse rude mirth

Amidst mine enemies. I must dissemble

A little longer—but—a time *may* come!!!

[*Left dissembling.*]

### Country Talk "by the Card."

"HERE's a tolerabish chaainge o' weather fur the better," said CORYDON, "come at last. Notwi'standun the wet zummer, I expects we be gwiun to ha' zummud like a bit of a harvust aater all."

"Doan't thee holler," answered THYRSIS, "afoor thee bist out o' the 'ood."

"Out of the 'ood, dost thee say?" retorted the other husband-man. "Naa, mate. Thee mane'st out o' the waater."

WEIRD SISTERS. — Phylloxera Vastatrix, Potato Blight, and Colorado Beetle.



## BETWEEN THE ACTS.

M. PLON-PLON ("General Utility"). "I'M SURE I CAN PLAY THE PART—IF THEY'LL LET ME. I ONLY WANT THE COSTUME!"



## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

## CHAPTER IV.

*A Ceremony—Untimely Jest—Commencement—Cake and Wine—Struggles—Honour of Burns—Bell—Funereal—Apologies—Spirit—The Trades—Genius—Private Character—The Processionists—Outlaws—Costume—Souter—Tum—Ceremonial—Reading—Speeches—Masonic—Band—Interruptions—The Member—Oration—Ceremony concluded.*



WE are full of BURNS. BURNS'S Monument is in the distance, and inside it is BURNS'S Statue, wrapped up as though they were afraid of his catching cold. He is to be unveiled to-day. Of course somebody says that "he hopes the covering will come off at the first pull, so that there may be no un-a-vailing efforts." But somebody is frowned down as this is no joking matter.

Everyone talks of BURNS. As we drive along to the town we

pass waggon-loads of festive people, bonnie lassies, and their chields—all, so to speak, going on about BURNS.

The town is crowded. There is to be a monster procession of the trades, and crafts, and guilds, and societies—from Freemasons to Foresters, all represented. Refreshments have already begun at the hotels, public-houses, eating and drinking houses, in honour of BURNS.

With difficulty we enter the Town-Hall. It is crowded. There is open house for everybody, and everybody appears to be taking advantage of it, in honour of BURNS.

On the tables are cakes of all sorts and sizes, principally of the sponge kind, quite new, canary yellow inside, and light brown without. Fresh and filling. Everyone is talking energetically, everybody is explaining everything to everybody else, and all mouths are full of BURNS and hunches of cake. So much cake, and such huge cakes, I never saw. When a cake appears, which happens every five minutes, there is an immediate rush for it by every one in its immediate vicinity. At first I withdraw in order to allow the elders to "cut in;" finding, however, that I am losing by this politeness, and that there is no chance of any sustenance for another three or four hours, I make a gallant and dashing descent on a waiter with a cake. I am a foraging party, and I intercept the supplies that are going into the front room. Waiter makes a faint show of resistance, but yields, and I retire with the spoil, of which I have only time to take a modest slice, before it has been demolished by rapacious cake-eaters. One cake, two feet high, made in a jelly-mould pattern, is placed on a table by a struggling waiter, and disappears in less than no time. It has been pounced upon by Town Councillors in black coats and white ties, and visitors. Everyone has a glass of something in one hand and a slice of cake in the other. The "something" is either whiskey, sherry, brandy, or port—the spirits, of course, with water; if it weren't for the water, there would be *Burns on every tongue* with a vengeance.

The white ties and the black coats, and the cake and sherry, at first suggest the notion of a funeral, without the gloves and weepers. There is something funereal, too, in the idea that all this festive cake-eating is "to the memory of BURNS." We seem to have

"Come to bury CÆSAR, not to praise him."

Suddenly, a deep-toned bell takes to tolling at regular intervals. Whether this is an accident, or a signal, I don't know, but the effect is solemn, and more than ever suggestive of a funeral, or an execution. Perhaps it means that the artist has just executed the statue.

What I specially notice in all remarks about the great ROBIN BURNS is that everyone apologises for him. His genius is taken for

granted, and scarcely alluded to, but the shortcomings of his private life seem to demand perpetual excuses. BURNS undoubtedly represented the spirit of the people, and the spirit of the people is whiskey.

But that was in his jovial moods, when his genius was making a night of it among the drinkers of the New Lights, which ROBIN had exchanged for the Auld Lights of other days that had not yet faded. Because other folks were virtuous, were there to be no more cakes and whiskey for ROBIN?

The popular view of ROBIN BURNS is inscribed, as a motto, on the car of the Carpenters, or Butchers, or one of the trades. I don't distinctly make out which it is—perhaps the Top Sawyers: "*Robin was a Rantin' Rovin' Roarin' Boy!*" When the Rantin' Rovin' Roarin' Boy was suffering from the effects of to-morrow's headache, then his genius inspired him with the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and so balanced the account. He had a sober genius, and a drunken genius, and was perpetually between the two, like GARRICK in the well-known picture, between Tragedy and Comedy. But by whichever inspired, the sober or drunken, the works are inspirations, powerfully good or powerfully bad, as it might chance.

*Tam O'Shanter* and *Souter Johnie* were a couple of drunken blackguards, for whom every Scotchman has more than a sneaking kindness. Their faults are to be pardoned because they drank much.

To-day the Statue of BURNS is erected in honour of his genius, and not in honour of his private character, to which any allusion, in connection with this celebration, seems to me entirely out of place.

Thirty thousand, and more, are here to honour BURNS, the excise-man, in whose memory thousands of pounds have been spent and to whom, living, an appreciative country barely afforded a subsistence. The dead lion of Scotland is in far better condition than was the living dog.

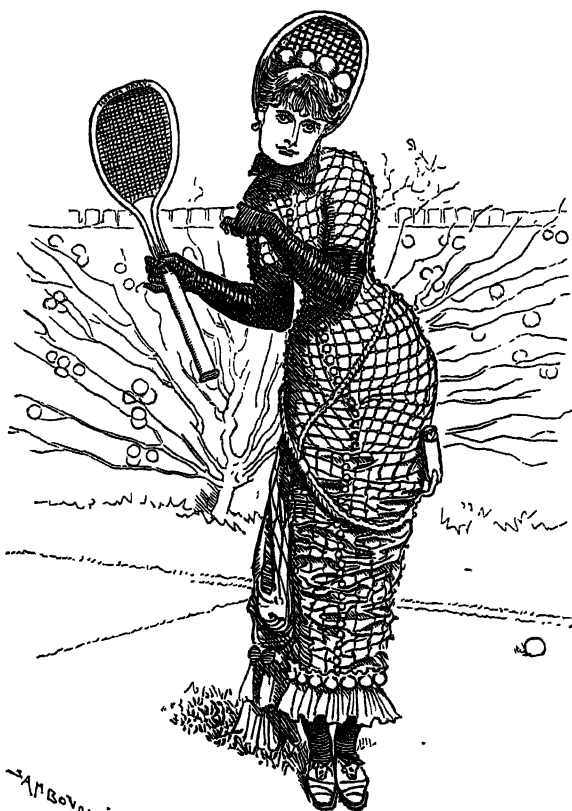
Here are the Freemasons in all their glory of aprons, and signs, and tokens, and squares, and sashes, and hammers, and mallets, and ribands, and jewels, and other insignia. They walk along in procession, trying to look very mysterious, as though not a gallon of whiskey should force their secrets from them. Here are Worshipfuls, and Deputy Worshipfuls, and Masters, and Past Masters, and Junior Wardens, and Senior Wardens, and Deacons with trowels, and Tilers with their tiles on, and a band in full blow—all in honour of BURNS, who was himself a convivial craftsman. Then there are the Carpenters, with a triumphal car, in which is one of the trade at work, in honour of BURNS, who wasn't a carpenter. Then come the Butchers, mounted on saddles of mutton, with drawn bills in their hands—though these ought to be carried by the Bankers; then the Firemen, with their hose ready to extinguish the fire of genius, in honour of BURNS, or, should the necessity arise, to put out the speaker in the middle of his address; then the Gardeners, in honour of BURNS, with bunches of the flowers of poetry, and the Printers, with a car representing a press, and attended by a Printer's Devil correcting a clerical error, in honour of BURNS and the New Lights; then the Foresters, in russet boots, large hats, and feathers, green velvet tunics, and the regular "penny plain, and twopence coloured" costume of the merry days of "*Bold Robin*"—not BURNS, but *Hood*—poets both, by the way. *Friar Tuck* is out of it, but here is *Maid Marian* in a sort of fancy Kilmarnock bonnet and a gorgeous riding-habit of pink and scarlet; and here, too, is *Little John*, whom I can't distinguish from *Robin Hood*; and the popular outlaws are all doing their best to keep up a gay and gallant appearance while bestriding unpleasantly restive steeds, whose sudden movements cause an expression of brief but sharp agony on the countenances of the bold outlaws, who for the first time seem to be doubtful as to whether theatrical pink "fleshings" are quite the most comfortable, or most durable, costume for an equestrian. If they have ridden from Sherwood Forest, I pity them.

Here are two low comedians, from some theatrical company, dressed as *Tam O'Shanter* and *Souter Johnie*, from whom great things are expected, but who do nothing at all, and look very much as if they were wishing they had confined their make-up to their own stage, and had not come out as a sort of advertisement which won't have much effect on anyone.

We all gather about the Statue, from which the vast crowd is separated by ropes and rails.

The Ceremonial commences.

Somebody reads something to the Provost, who, in return, reads something to him. These proceedings are of so strictly a private and confidential character, as far as the general public is concerned, that the theory generally prevailing outside the mystic circle of six feet in diameter, is, that the officials are reading BURNS'S poems to one another—perhaps for a prize. Then somebody else reads something else—another poem, perhaps—which is replied to. Official-looking papers are handed about to flurried people, who appear astonished to get them, and who, having got them, don't know where to put them. The questions, "Who's that?" "What's



LAWN-TENNIS COSTUME.

(Designed by Mr. Punch.)

he doing?" "What's going on now?" are general. The Ladies up above, near the Statue, smile on everybody, and try to interest themselves in the proceedings by guessing at what it all means. To the majority of the spectators the entertainment is a sort of open-air Dumb-Crambo played at by the Provost, the Town Councillors, and somebody on a chair.

The mysterious personage who has taken the chair, not as a formal proceeding, but because he really wanted to sit down, is the Member of Parliament, whom the officials on the steps are doing their best to keep hidden until the proper moment, when he is to be produced as a sort of *coup de théâtre*, which is intended to take the people as much by surprise as does the ring which the conjuror finds in the centre of an orange. He is the trump-card of the Festival pack: his eloquence is to be like the brilliant bouquet of fireworks which brings to a splendid climax a *fête* at the Crystal Palace. He is kept back not to be caught sight of by anyone but the exceptionally privileged, who, on being introduced, shake hands with him, as though he were going on a long and dangerous voyage, and not likely to return. This shaking hands with an orator who is about to address a crowd, seems to suggest the idea that we are taking leave of him because he may ramble in his discourse, and wander to such an extent that we may never see him again.

At the right moment the sitting M.P. rises, and is shown to the people, when an energetic fugleman gives the signal for a cheer, which signal other fuglemen below obey and reply to. The result is a hearty cheer from at least five hundred out of the thirty thousand, of whom the remainder, being still in a state of uncertainty as to what's happening, think that something must have gone wrong, as what they have come to see is the Unveiling of the Statue, and the Statue is still covered up, as if the family were out of town.

Then comes a cry in the vernacular, "Up wi' the Hippen!"—meaning, "Raise the Curtain!" and equivalent to *Hamlet's* impatient exclamation to the poor player, "Leave off thy damnable faces, and begin!"—which rather disturbs the gravity of the officials, and testifies to the growing impatience of the assembly. Taking the hint, they proceed to business, cutting short several other persons with documents all ready, who thereupon pocket them with an air of deeply offended importance.

Now silence is demanded for a prayer by the Masonic Chaplain. The demand is at once complied with by the Freemason's Band

mistaking the signal, and striking up a tune closely resembling "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" which, in any circumstances, can scarcely be considered an entirely devotional air.

The band, having their eyes firmly fixed on their music, and their lungs hard at work, are with difficulty silenced, excepting, however, the big drum and cymbals, who, having got into a sheltered corner under the steps, where ignorance of the whole proceedings is their bliss, keep it up between them in fine style, until they are absolutely collared by the infuriated conductor, and the tune shaken out of them, when they subside sulkily.

And now we are ready for the Masonic Chaplain.

He raises his hand and delivers a Masonic Prayer, in which there are a few sly hits at BURNS's private life, with an apology for his weaknesses, which, considering the occasion, strikes me as coming a little late, and being rather more than usually out of place.

However, only about twenty people, of whom I happen to be one, quite close to the Chaplain, hear what he is saying, and the other twenty-nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty people, about and below, are perhaps under the impression that the gentleman with his hand up is trying to pull the covering off the Statue.

Then the band is called upon again, and reluctantly re-commences where it left off. Once more they're wrong. They were asked for the "Old Hundredth," and they have resumed "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" or whatever the "Masonic Anthem," of a very rollicking description, might have been. But I suppose the Masons know best, and doubtless they possess some authoritative tradition for "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" having been played on the opening of Solomon's Temple, with HIRAM of Tyre as conductor of the orchestra.

Then the Member of Parliament, not yet entirely visible to the crowd, pulls a string, and down comes the drapery, discovering not only the Statue, but somebody who had been hiding behind the Statue, and who now slips down hurriedly and hurts himself. Immense cheering.

Then the Provost and the officials crush themselves into as small a space as possible, in order to show the Member of Parliament to the people below, and to get well out of reach of any consequences of his oratorical energy. More cheering, led by the fugleman.

Then the Member of Parliament, holding on tightly with the grip of a drowning man to the stone parapet in front of him, waves his right arm aloft, sways himself to and fro, and with exhausting effort, pitches his voice so as to be distinctly heard—well, say within a semicircle of twenty yards to the farthest point. If he has any voice left to-morrow, I'm a Dutchman. He literally vibrates under the exertion, and seems actually to perspire through his black frock coat. From those straight in front of him, and from the fugleman's immediate followers, he receives the profoundest attention, but the outsiders have already begun "all the fun of the fair," and the guilds and trades want to be home again, and out of these festive dresses as soon as possible. Actuated by this sentiment, one body of processionists,—I rather fancy it's the bold, outlaw, *Robin Hood*, and party, still painfully anxious as to the durability of their pink fleshings,—sets the example, and their band strikes up a noble march just as the Member of Parliament is making one of his best points. This disconcerts him only for a second or two, but the exodus has commenced, and, as no set of processionists can move off except accompanied by their band, the harmony of the proceedings is somewhat interfered with.

The oration goes on, interesting to those who, being close at hand and so jammed up that they can't get away, have nothing left for it but to cheer loudly at every point which they think is likely to be the finish of the speech, while those not personally known to the excellent Member, or who are not directly under his eye, are looking about to discover the shortest, easiest, and quietest way of escape, comforting themselves for what they may lose, by remembering that they'll see it all in the papers to-morrow.

So we return to the hotel and fetch the trap.

Only just in time, for already the whiskey has begun to tell on a great number of those, who, in drinking to BURNS's memory, have considerably impaired their own.

*Tam o' Shanter* and *Souter Johnie* I see before me,—two genuine successors of *Tam* and *Johnie*, with more than a wee drappie in their ee—"fou," helplessly "fou," but insisting on driving themselves home in a gig, but which, to begin with, they can't even climb. The landlord and his ostlers are equal to the occasion, and on their third attempt to mount, which ends in their both sprawling in the yard, they carry them off, swearing, protesting, kicking, and struggling to fight everybody, and finally lock them up in an empty old two-stalled stable, where they can lie like pigs, as they are, in the dirty straw, till they recover their senses, murmuring to themselves, "A mon's a mon for a' that."

The festivities will be kept up, I am informed, until a late hour in honour of the Rantin' Roarin' Rovin' Boy ROBIN BURNS. One of these celebrations is enough. "Never again wi' you, ROBIN."

Back to ALLISON's and thus ends not a Night wi' BURNS, but a Day wi' him. And, in the words of the modern songster, "What a day we've been having."





### "ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

(George has promised his Ethel the first shot, for luck! A covey rises!)

Ethel (at the critical moment). "OH, GEORGE! PERHAPS THEY TOO HAVE LOVED!"

### THE ABLUTION OF SMOKE?

HOPE has a bad character for being addicted to telling flattering tales. Is one of them the recently published promise that there is about to be an end of all those execrable nuisances, the ugly, black smoke-belching, sky-begriming tall chimneys?

Is it really true that a Mr. JOHNSON, Manager of Mr. BEAUMONT'S Lead Works in Northumberland, has invented fines and machinery, by means of which smoke can actually be washed clear of soot and noxious gases, its remainder, after purification, being merely harmless vapour; escaping and mingling with the atmosphere sweet and clean?

Can it be that this invention has not only been patented but put to the proof; tried, and found to answer in several "plants," and, particularly, on a large scale, at the Engineering Works of Messrs. GOODFELLOW, Hyde? If successful experimenters *pro bono publico*, as well as for their own boot, Messrs. GOODFELLOW are indeed to be accounted among the best of fellows.

Has fact demonstrated the truth of the statement that the various products said to be washed out of the smoke can be collected and utilised, so as to become remunerative? In that case, what an improvement, for manufacturers, on any contrivance for enabling them to consume their own smoke are arrangements of which the operation may be described as *ex fumo dare lucrum*!

Doubtless every British Manufacturer in his senses would rather wash his smoke clean than let it poison the air, if he was quite sure its purification would be less expensive than its waste. Otherwise, he would be unworthy of the name of a British Manufacturer.

What a blessing both for all who benefit, and for everybody that is aggrieved, by smoke and soot, will the devices alleged to have been accomplished for the ablation of the latter from the former, and therewith the abatement of stench also, prove, should they be found to be not only practicable but also profitable, and, notwithstanding that hoaxes are now in season, should the announcement of effectual appliances for the process of smoke-washing not itself turn out to be all smoke!

### ROUGHING IT ON THE RIGI.

(Extra page for the Tourist's Companion.)

#### CONVERSATION ON A KULM.

THERE is scarcely comfortable accommodation in this room for thirteen.

We would rather sleep inside the hotel than in the lake.

Are you the proprietor, or the coalheaver?

Why do you hit me with a ruler on the cheek, the eye, the neck, the calves, the cuffs, and the breast bone?

Is that the hair of my friends that you have in both your hands?

Do not throw those gentlemen over a precipice.

Could you oblige me with a bandage, a yard of sticking-plaster, a warm bath and a doctor?

Are these assailants in white neckties brigands in evening dress?

Why does the M.P. cry "Murder!"?

Is that an Oxford Celebrity or a portmanteau leaving the hotel hurriedly by the window?

I have not seen the new direct route to Arth, over head-and-heels down the mountain side, which you undertake to show me, alluded to in Murray.

Ah, here is the litter, the medical man, materials for making my will, a firm of solicitors, and a return ticket.

### Specialty of a Public School.

OF whatever description may be the sorts of Food wont to be provided for the body, as also for the mind, of Youth in the generality of Public Schools, there is one, at least, of those seats of learning—and teaching—at which the very best of meals must, if there is anything at all in a name, be supposed to be supplied to the scholars; namely, of course, Eton College.

"NOT BEFORE THE BOY" (for £150 a year).—Mutton he can't eat.

## THE TWO IDEALS.



The other, its attenuate fingers spread  
With careful symmetry, upbore her head,  
Which drooped like that of one with woe nigh  
dead.

Her waist, strait-cinctured, was of sylph-like  
size;  
The curv'd lashes of her almond eyes  
Were of a length that filled me with surprise.

It seemed one might have hung his hat thereon.  
In all that dainty frame of aught like bone  
Or solid sinew outward sign was none.

She seemed a thing composed of pulp and pap,  
From her small head, with its coquettish cap,  
To the limp digits drooping o'er her lap.

Meseemed that I before had somewhere seen  
This moon-eyed maid of melancholic mien,  
But knew not when or where it mote have  
been.

"Who art thou, languorous lady?" I inquired.  
"And art thou moribund, or merely tired?"  
Said she, "I once was very much admired.

"But men—ah, me! the false and fickle race!—  
Have lapsed to utter coarseness, lost all trace  
Of love for genuine Della Cruscan grace.

"Albums and Books of Beauty once enshrined  
My pictured loveliness, genteel, refined;  
Bards sang sweet praise of me to every wind.

"Alas! the limners limn, the lyrists sing  
A new Ideal now, and throng to bring  
Gifts to its shrine. Behold the Hideous Thing!"

Instant I turned, and lo! another Dame,  
Attired in wreathed robe of ruddy flame,  
Through the mysterious shadows slowly came.

LADY, primly fair, appeared to me;  
Moon-eyed, and mild, and pulpy-  
mouthed was she;  
Sloping shoulders, slim exceed-  
ingly.

A studied negligence, a mannered  
grace,  
In every turn of form and trait  
of face,  
The calmly critical regard might  
trace.

Her tresses hung in tendril-  
tangles down,  
Long, spirally-disposed—a droop-  
ing crown  
Like poor Ophelia's, when about  
to drown.

Yet there was that about this  
torrent hair  
Suggestive of the comb and  
nightly care;  
Perchance curl-papers even, here  
and there.

Unguent those twisted tresses  
did anoint;  
Each slender finger, innocent of  
joint,  
Tenderly tapered to a trim-nailed  
point.

One arm, its elbow resting on a  
book,  
Curved downward with a soft  
and supple crook,  
Like pendant willow-branch  
above a brook.

Fulvous she was, with frizzed, flamboyant hair,  
As of a rufous Jewess in a scare;  
Her cheeks were cavernous, her form was spare,

Not boneless, like that other's. One might see  
Its osseous framework, fashioned curiously,  
And study its scarce-veiled anatomy.

She stood as one from whom each garment slips,  
Limp, with a hinge-like flexure at the hips,  
Drooping and pendulous of lids and lips.

Her eyes were hollow, dusk, like fires outburned,  
And to the earth in hopeless languor turned,  
As they for restful death and darkness yearned.

Forlorn, and faint, and fatefully foredone,  
Satiated of all delight beneath the sun,  
As sick of passion, as unfit for fun.

Only some hint of fierceness subtly stole  
From eyes that spake the tigress in her soul,  
Hands weak of all but will, for blade and bowl.

"Who art thou, sombre shape?" low queried I.  
Whereto she answered with a windy sigh,  
"I am the last Ideal set on high!"

"In the æsthetic cult there is not space,  
More than one Idol at one time to place,  
Now Mediæval Gloom, now Modish Grace.

"Yon figment of factitious fancy led  
Fools of the Finden era. She is sped.  
Æsthetic Beauty—I—reign in her stead."

Then broke a shaft of sunshine soft and warm,  
And lit the twilight that lent strongest arm  
To Morbid Passion, Meretricious Charm.

Seen in whose honest light those twain did show—  
To-day's Pard-Princess, Nymph of long ago—  
Twin Shadows, void alike of life-blood's flow.

## BIGOTRY AND BEGGING.

AT a special meeting reported, says the *Post*, to have been lately held, in the prospect of a bad harvest, at Newington Free Church, Edinburgh—

"The Rev. Dr. BEGG, in addressing the meeting, expressed his conviction that the unseasonable weather was a judgment on account of national sins, among which he enumerated infidelity, the encouragement of Roman Catholicism by Government, the relations which this country maintained with foreign countries, Sabbath-breaking, and profane swearing."

Dr. BEGG, then, if the foregoing are really his words, is convinced that the late rains were owing to the agency of supernatural power, and not that of natural causes. He regards them as miraculous, and believes that a succession of miracles, consisting in the phenomena of storms of rain, and wind, and thunder and lightning, has been in course of performance for several months past on account, among other national sins, of the encouragement afforded by Government to Roman Catholicism. In the same way, Ultramontane BEGGs, or analogues to BEGG as to intelligence, have ascribed sundry calamities to the destruction of the Temporal Pope-dom. Of course, the diverse BEGGs are equally certain of the truth of their respective assertions, and alike know nothing whatever about it. The BEGGs on both sides beg the question they affirm by a tremendous assumption for which the only excuse that can conceivably be pleaded is intellectual beggary.

## MR. PUNCH'S BAG FOR SEPTEMBER.

ONE Sea Serpent.

Forty-seven gigantic Goose-berries.

Half a dozen showers of living Frogs.

Seventy-nine changes of the weather.

Sixty-one cases of Wife-beating in low life.

Sixty-two cases of Husband-deserting in high life.

Twelve reports of Cholera in Belgium.

One hundred and fifty-four indignant denials of the same.

Three silly Pieces.

Four hundred and seventy-six stupid Novels.

Two hundred thousand nine hundred and eighty-four point-less Jokes.

Twelve tons and a half of superfluous Correspondence.

One hundred and five "Shunting" accidents.

Ten complaints about the Post Office.

One hundred complaints about the Temple.

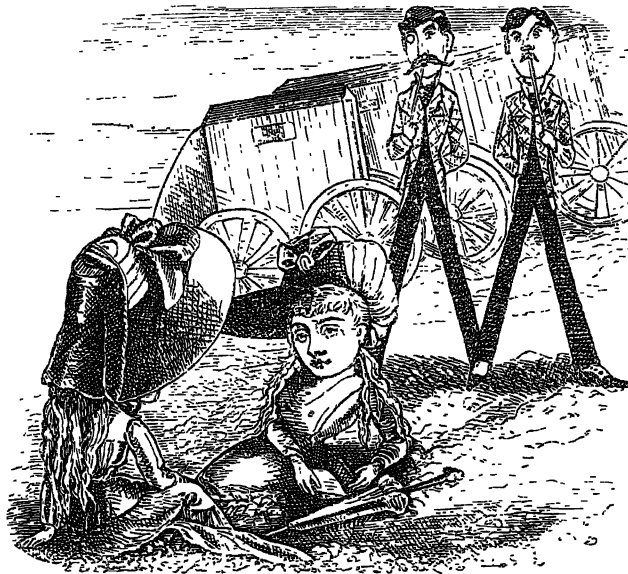
A thousand complaints about Hotel charges.

A million complaints about everything else.

And—a Partridge!

SMALL GO BY A GRECIAN.—*Resurrectio*; ἀνδραγάς. Resurrection pie; a-nasty-sis pie.

## SUNDAY SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.



Y friends, one ounce of example, we all know, is worth a pound of precept. The Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton—heir of a large name—has set not only his parishioners but his profession a pattern with respect to the observance of Sunday out of Church hours. Witness the following short and sweet extract from the *Times*:

“SUNDAY BANDS.—Canon BASIL WILBERFORCE has allowed the use of St. Mary's Rectory grounds, Southampton, next Sunday, for the performance of the Sunday afternoon band.”

Of course the music to be performed on Canon WILBERFORCE's premises on Sundays will be music of a suitable sort. The better the day, the better the music. People

who go to hear it must not be disappointed with it if they find it exclusive of selections from comic operas, of dance music, of Music-Hall music, and of all music especially adapted to the taste of ARRY, and congenial to frivolity and foolish minds. It will, perhaps, even be limited to that particular description of noble and lovely music specifically called sacred. Nevertheless, bravo, Reverend BASIL!

Truly, the better observance of Sunday is progressing. The Town Council of Belfast have at last, after long contention, decided on opening public baths and wash-houses for three hours on Sunday mornings. Some persons require to be told that cleanliness is next to godliness, and ablution a suitable preparative for divine service. For the proposal to allow people in Belfast to wash and be clean before going to church, was stoutly opposed. And there was something to be said against it. *Audi alteram partem.* Hear, for instance, a reverend gentleman of a name at least singularly suitable to the subject of debate, the Rev. Dr. WATTS—and would not his namesake, Dr. WATTS the Greater, a native, by the bye, of Southampton, and a logician as well as a bard and a divine, have very much applauded what Canon WILBERFORCE has done there in the matter of Sunday bands? Hear Dr. WATTS the Less, before

the Belfast Town Council. In introducing an anti-Sunday-baths-and-wash-houses deputation, Dr. WATTS argued at length against the necessity of bathing on the Sabbath, and in particular—according to the *Northern Whig*—made the following avowal:

“Now, he did not see why it was necessary to open public baths on the Sabbath morning; it was not necessary for a man to bath himself every morning. There were other days of the week than the Sabbath on which baths could be had. A man who got a bath twice a week was not badly off. He would not occupy the time of the Corporation any longer.”

In like manner reasoned other speakers in the subsequent discussion. In particular a Mr. MACGEAGH averred that

“He held, if they went on in this way, they would have the Continental system before they knew what they were about. He himself had a bath in his own house, hot and cold, and since he was born he never took a bath on the Sabbath Day. (*Laughter.*) To take a bath on the Sabbath morning he would look upon as a very wrong and improper thing, and he did not sympathise with those gentlemen that did. (*Laughter, and cries of 'Vote!'*) He was sorry also that the parks were open on the Sabbath Day.”

Does the religion of Mr. MACGEAGH allow him to wash his hands on a Sunday? What is the utmost extent to which it compels him to abjure cleanliness? Of course he and Dr. WATTS, and the rest of the Sunday unwashed Sabbatarians, have the consistency of their opinions. Not one of them cooks, or has cooked for him any food whatsoever on Sunday; they each and all eat their meals cold, and, since carving is work, they limit themselves to meat that requires none, and to dry bread, because it is quite sufficient to sustain life without butter, which necessitates the labour of spreading. If any one of those objectors to Sunday washing does not likewise go the whole hog in respect of eating and drinking, what a hypocrite and a humbug he must be!

## “IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?”

WHEN you are changed at your birth by your foster-mother, and have to be contented with the status of a costermonger when in reality you are the son of a Peer?

When you are the “good boy” of the family, and yet by a cruel arrangement of your brothers and sisters, get all the blame for their mischief and none of the credit for your own virtuous deeds?

When you are sent to a public school where you are fagged and neglected, or to a private establishment where you are starved and bullied?

When you go to the University, join a third-rate College, belong to a slow set, allow yourself to be called a “Squill,” and yet are ploughed for Smalls?

When, loving from your childhood up the profession of arms with all your heart and soul, you find yourself forced by circumstances to accept a family living somewhere or other in Cumberland?

When, naturally fond of retirement and much addicted to writing pious tracts for children, you are compelled by the desires of your father to accept a commission in a crack Cavalry regiment, where bear-baiting is the rule and a quiet five minutes the exception?

When, loving one young Lady with everlasting devotion, you find that by some bungling you have married her not too amiable nor too beautiful sister?

When, having taken a house in town, you discover that it lies too low, is too small for you, and that your wife insists upon living in the country?

When, having taken a house in the country, you discover that it stands too high, is too large for you, and that your wife insists upon living in town?

When, as a lawyer, you can't get clients, as a doctor lose all your patients, or as an author see your novels “slated,” and hear your pieces hissed?

When (most melancholy fate of all), finding yourself on a desert island or on the top of the North Pole, you suddenly realise the fact that in such a locality it will be next to impossible to secure the current number of *Punch*?

## SKELETONS IN THE CITY.

THE *Standard*, in a paragraph under the heading of “Human Remains in the City,” records the discovery made the other day by some excavators while digging a hole in Cannon Street, of a number of human skeletons entire, overlying a quantity of loose bones, and states, in addition, that—

“Portions of an old pump, bearing date 1638, have also been found near the same spot.”

An old Pump! The remains of an old Pump—whose were they? The poor old Pump might have been a Common Councilman, might he not? or a Macebearer; or a Swordbearer; or a Remembrancer; or a Sheriff; or an Alderman; or even a Lord Mayor? Where be your feasts now? your turtle, your venison? your dishes of everything that anybody could wish to sit before? Now get you to the City Chamberlain, and tell him that let him be never such a jolly old brick, to this favour he must come; make him laugh at that! The remains of a Pump! An old Pump! A poor old Pump that shall never more raise water. Ah, well!

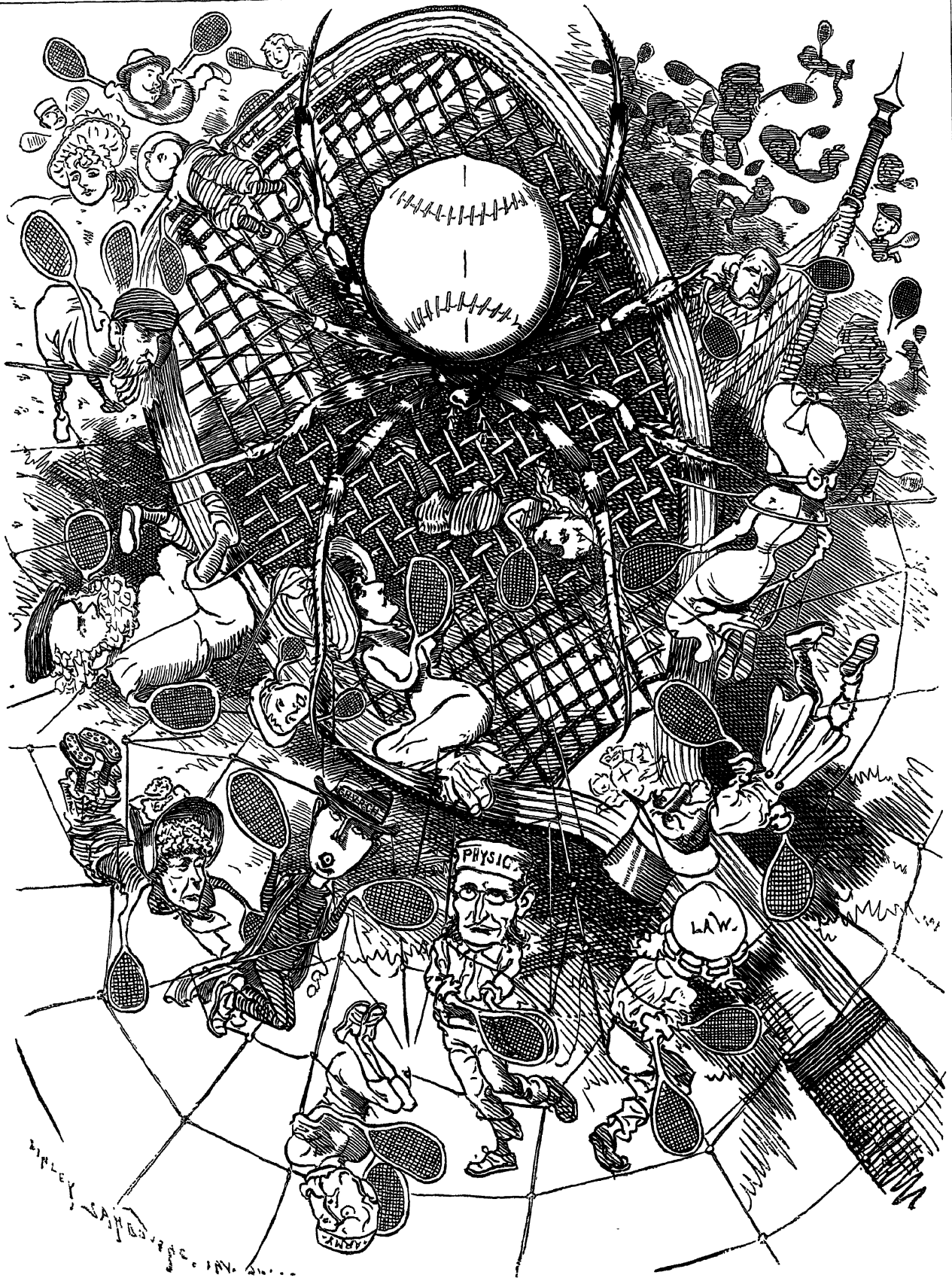
## The Sole Reason.

It has been noticed that executioners in England are invariably volunteers from the craft of shoemakers. This is not so very astonishing when it is remembered that cobblers would naturally have a professional partiality for people who decided “to die in their boots!”

## A CHARITY FOR QUIETISTS.

THE operation of the Charity Organisation Society may be excellent in its way; but is there not also room for the agency of a Charity Disorganisation Society, to be established for the purpose of disorganising the barrel organ-grinders?

SURGERY IN SEASON.—Couching the skies for Cataract.



THE GREAT TURF TYRANT AND HIS VICTIMS."



## A MODERN SAGA.

(With acknowledgments to Professor Longfellow.)

NAMED like some Viking old!  
Thy deeds, brave NORDENSKIÖLD,  
No Scald in song hath told,  
No Saga taught us!  
Telegram brief and terse  
Did the strange tale rehearse.  
Worthy of deathless verse  
The news it brought us!

Far in the Northern land  
Gathered a gallant band,  
Under thy guiding hand,  
Swede sturdy as sage;  
And, with unshrinking heart,  
For the sixth time made start,  
To ope to mind and mart  
The North-East Passage.

On, past that Kara Sea,  
Erst ice-bound mystery,  
Now to its stout keel free,  
Slowly yet surely,  
Eastward the *Vega* bore,  
Till round that headland hoar,\*  
Never yet turned before,  
Sailed she securely.

Then, spreading wing, she flew  
Where, whilst the white whale blew,  
Labour'd her learned crew,  
Dredging and sounding.  
True modern Vikings they,  
Born of our better day,  
Finding in bloodless fray  
Pleasure abounding.

Fighting a dauntless fight  
'Gainst Nature's Titan might,  
Winning from Arctic night  
Light for their fellows.  
Fearless and scorning ease,  
Sure stouter souls than these  
Ne'er of those northern seas  
Braved the chill billows.

On till with ice-pack close  
Compass'd, and endless snows,  
They, midst the frozen floes,  
Fixed winter quarters.  
Nigh thrice a hundred days,  
'Neath half a sun's scant rays,  
Locked in those icy ways  
White waste of waters!

Many a hunting bout  
Helped the long winter out,  
Whilst the Norse *savants* stout  
Searched, watched, and noted.  
Then, that grim season past,  
Scattered the floes, and fast  
Through Behring's Straits at last  
Safely they floated.

So Courage wins the game!  
Brave Swede, thy Viking name  
Ranks on the roll of fame,  
Northern DE GAMA!  
Who shall applause refuse  
To that long Arctic cruise,  
Told in that brief, swift news  
From Yokohama?

Three hundred years or more,  
On that far Arctic shore,  
For way that eastward bore,  
Man hath contended.  
Now thou hast reached the goal,  
Swede, sage and stout of soul,  
*Skool!* to thee, Norseman, *Skool!*  
Thus the fight's ended!

\* Cape Chelyuskin, or Severo, the northernmost promontory of Asia.



THE GENTLE CRAFTSMAN. (P)

*Irascible Angler (who hasn't had a rise all day). "THERE!"—(Throwing his fly-book into the stream, with a malediction)—"TAKE YOUR CHOICE!"*

## POOR NEEDLEMEN!

A VERY serious discovery has been made public within the last few days, to which we lose no time in drawing general attention. A letter in the *Times* ascribes ignorance to Inspectors of Elementary Schools—not of dates or decimals, nor of parsing or physical geography, but of an accomplishment which it may surprise a great many well-informed people to hear that distinguished Graduates of our Universities, high wranglers, first-class men, Fellows of Colleges, are expected to possess—Needlework! not embroidery or crewels, but plain, unadorned, homely, useful needlework!

These hardly-used gentlemen (the Inspectors of Schools), whether married or single, whether engaged or disengaged, are required to examine the needlework done by the children in our elementary schools, the "hemming," the "backstitching," the "button-holing," the "seaming," the "whipping," the "herring-boning," the darning and patching, the cutting-out and making of shirts and frocks and pinafores; and we are told, as might be expected, that they are hardly equal to the obligation; in fact, to bring forth once more a fine old crusted joke, that their performance of this part of their duty is but so-and-so.



Great is the commotion in the Education Office. The telegraph has been working night and day. Communications, in cipher, have been continually passing between the Chiefs who are out of town and the officers who are left in Whitehall, and the outcome of it all is a set of stringent regulations, drawn up mainly with an eye to future appointments, which will come into operation as soon as Inspectors and Candidates for Inspectorships have had sufficient time to acquaint themselves with their full force and meaning. Alterations may be made in the new Code, but substantially it will probably stand as follows:—

No. 81,647. September, 1879.

#### INSPECTION OF NEEDLEWORK IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

At all future examinations of Needlework by H.M. Inspectors, a Committee of Ladies (three to be a quorum) will be invited to attend, under whose eyes the inspection will be conducted. The Education Office is confident that any Lady who may not be satisfied with the proceedings of the Inspector, will at once communicate with the Department.

In future the eyesight of all Candidates for Inspectorships must be certified by the Government oculist.

Henceforth all Candidates for Inspectorships will be required to produce, in addition to the usual certificates of baptism, vaccination, manners, respectability, &c., a certificate signed by three matrons (not being relations or friends), testifying that the holder has satisfied them as to his knowledge of the theory and practice of Plain Needlework.

Candidates not furnished with such a certificate must be prepared to pass an examination in Plain Needlework, both cutting-out and making, extending over three days, and conducted by examiners nominated by the Committee of Council on Education, the Society of Arts, and the Commissioners of Sewers. (The Directors of the Bank of England have kindly offered the use of roomy apartments in Threadneedle Street, where the examinations will be held.)

Candidates applying for a nomination will be expected to satisfy the Education Department that they know who was the inventor of Needles, that they are acquainted with the places where they are made and the mode of their manufacture, and that they have sailed (at least once) round them.

Any Candidate possessing a patchwork counterpane or quilt, or a family sampler, will be required to deposit a drawing of its pattern and a specimen of its stitch, certified by a Justice of the Peace to be done by the candidate's own hand, at the Education Office, fourteen days before his nomination.

Any Candidate who can prove that he has ability sufficient to darn his own socks and sew on his own buttons, will be entitled to extra marks.

Candidates will have the option of writing an Essay either upon—(1) "The Advantages and Miseries of Button-Holes," or (2) "The History and Development of the Modern Wristband."

A preliminary examination will be held in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and any Candidate failing to satisfy the Examinessees that he is competent to hem a duster, to distinguish long cloth from calico, to discriminate between cotton and thread, and to differentiate "seam, and gusset, and band," will be disqualified for further competition.

The Education Office intend, as soon as the Long Vacation has terminated, to communicate with the authorities at our Universities, and to impress upon them the necessity of founding Professorships of Plain Needlework. They also have in contemplation a scheme for the establishment of Training Needlework Colleges, where Candidates for Inspectorships could pass at least six months of their time before offering themselves for examination.

These regulations will remain in force until a Female Branch is added to the Education Department, when the Inspection of Needlework, as well as of Cookery, Cleaning, Domestic Economy, and other cognate Arts and Sciences, will be transferred to duly qualified Inspectoresses.

By Order.

#### AUTUMN SUITS.



THE World's fixed fashion, amidst many mutable,  
Is the pursuit of pleasures that seem suitable;  
But, like the suits Snips advertise in Autumn,  
They do not always suit us when we've bought 'em.  
Paterfamilias, of peace in quest,  
Finds that small bills and Brighton suit him best;  
Mamma, whose marriageable flock her care is,  
Were better suited with the Rhine and Paris.  
TOM's suited with a Moor and much to shoot,  
FAN finds the sands and spooning better suit;  
JACK's suited with an easy-going tutor,  
And JANE—at last—is suited with a suitor.  
LILY declares Lawn-Tennis suits her well;  
WILL's suited wheresoe'er he meets with NELL.  
Monaco suits the impecunious BOB,

And Scarborough the swell uplifted snob;  
Whilst Margate, where the toothsome shrimp is found,  
Suits 'ARRY, so he swears, "down to the ground."  
Fair weather suits the Cockney pseudo-Sailor,  
Paid bills—when he can get 'em—suit his tailor.  
Perks suit the sea-side harpy, apt at dodgings,  
Whose victims are not suited with their lodgings.  
Long holidays and tips just suit "our boys,"  
While we're best suited when they make least noise.  
An early rising suits the wearied House,  
But scarcely suits the partridges and grouse.  
What sweetly suits the stumping minor Member  
Is full reports—he gets it in September.  
The wandering Savant finds he's suited well  
With Science, plus the charms of Miss BLUE BELLE.  
Sea-serpents and big gooseberries—for good reason—  
Suit Editors; Autumn's the Silly Season.  
BEN's suited with success and Champagne jelly,  
WILLIAM with work and some new *casus belli*.  
So badly have things grown, blown, rooted, fruited,  
Farmers with the swamped season are not suited.

The mass of men,—sad it should so befall,—

Are suited—like a Zulu—not at all.

Punch of all outward things, power, pleasure, pelf,  
Is independent, for he suits—himself!

#### ARCADES AMBO; OR, WHO'S THE PATRIOT?

SCENE—*The shady solitude of an old Park. Acknowledged Ornament of Government platform discovered on his back in a swinging hammock, with a pile of uncut Blue Books under his head, gazing peacefully at the calm heaven above him.*

*Acknowledged Ornament (reflecting).* Yes, not a doubt of it—the party horizon is as promising—as clear, as yonder still and smiling summer sky! No vestige of a cloud. Berlin a triumph; Cyprus almost forgotten; no question asked about the Balkans; the Zulu business ending really economically; and, last not least, due to the splendid foresight of our illustrious Chief in all that Afghan business, the *prestige* of the country at its zenith! Capital! The party is safe for years. Time enough next Session to write to the LORD CHANCELLOR about that— (*Enter domestic with evening paper.*) Halloa! What's this? Another row? (*Jumps from his hammock.*) What! the "Scientific" bubble burst? A possible entanglement with Russia! Collapse! Disaster! The country ruined! Why, where shall we be? Oh, this will never do! Hang it!—I'll wire to CAIRNS at once! [*Does it.*]

SCENE—*The margin of a muddy trout stream. Distinguished Supporter of Opposition tactics discovered huddled up, rod in hand, upon a rain-drenched gate staring irritably at the water, and catching nothing.*

*Distinguished Supporter (cogitating).* Disgusting prospect! And yet we've had so much to make it hot for them! Stagnation all the winter;—weather rotting crops (I hope this rain intends to keep it up); and then they've made no end of slips. But, there (*lashing the water angrily*), what's the use of anything! I'm sure we've done our best, when they've pulled one way, to pull hard the other. But what's the use of statesmanship? We can't get in; and if this kind of thing goes on, we shan't be in—for years! There's that tea business,—I've had to take it for the Boy at last. (*Enter domestic with evening paper.*) No! never! Yes! Here it is in black and white! (*Flings rod wildly into river and dances.*) Glorious! Who could have thought of such a stroke of luck as this? Another war! Repulse, perhaps! The mischief spreading! A mutiny! Fresh taxes! Sublime! *We shall be in within six months!* By Jove! the Boy shall wait! I'll wire to stop the tea! [*Does it.*]

PROBLEM FOR PROFESSOR HUXLEY.—*Omne vivum ab ovo.* Does the egg contain an *Ego*?







FIAT JUSTITIA!!

(THE BRITISH LION AND THE AFGHAN WOLVES.)





## IN MEMORIAM.

## Rowland Gill.

ORIGINATOR OF CHEAP POSTAGE.

Born at Kidderminster, Dec. 3, 1795. Died at Hampstead, Aug. 27, 1879.  
Buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of James Watt,  
Thursday, September 4.

No question this of worthy's right to lie  
With England's worthiest, by the grave of him  
Whose brooding brain brought under mastery  
The wasted strength of the Steam-giant grim.  
Like labours—his who tamed by sea and land  
Power, Space, and Time, to needs of human kind,  
That bodies might be stronger, nearer hand,  
And his who multiplied mind's links with mind,  
Breaking the barriers that, of different height  
For rich and poor, were barriers still for all,  
Till "out of mind" was one with "out of sight,"  
And parted souls oft parted past recall;  
Freeing from tax unwise the interchange  
Of distant mind with mind and mart with mart;  
Releasing thought from bars that clipped its range;  
Lightening a load felt most i' the weakest part.  
What if the wings he made so strong and wide  
Bear burdens with their blessings? Own that all  
For which his bold thought we oft hear decried,  
Of laden bag, too frequent postman's call,  
Is nothing to the threads of love and light  
Shot, thanks to him, through life's web dark and wide,  
Nor only where he first unsealed men's sight,  
But far as pulse of time and flow of tide!  
Was it a little thing to think this out?  
Yet none till he had hit upon the thought;  
And, the thought brought to birth, came sneer and flout  
Of all his insight saw, his wisdom taught;  
All office-doors were closed against him—hard;  
All office heads were closed against him too.  
"He had but worked, like others, for reward."  
"The thing was all a dream." "It would not do."  
But this was not a vaguely dreaming man,  
A wind-bag of the known Utopian kind;  
He had thought out, wrought out, in full, his plan;  
'Twas the far-seeing fighting with the blind:  
And the far-seeing won his way, at last,  
Though pig-headed Obstruction's force died hard;  
Denied his due, official bitters cast  
Into the cup wrung slowly from their guard.  
But not until the Country, wiser far  
Than those that ruled it, with an angry cry,  
Seeing its soldiers 'gainst it waging war,  
At last said resolutely, "Stand you by!"  
"And let him in to do what he has said,  
And you do not, and will not let him do."  
And so at last the fight he fought was sped,  
Thought at less cost freer and farther flew.  
And all the world was kindlier closer knit,  
And all man's written word can bring to man  
Had easier ways of transit made for it,  
And none sat silent under poortith's ban  
When severed from his own, as in old days.  
And this we owe to one sagacious brain,  
By one kind heart well-guided, that in ways  
Of life laborious sturdy strength had ta'en.  
And his reward came, late, but sweeter so,  
In the wide way that his wise thought had won:  
He was as one whose seed to tree should grow,  
Who hears him blest that sowed it 'gainst the sun.  
So love and honour made his grey hairs bright,  
And while most things he hoped to fulness came,  
And many ills he warred with were set right,  
Good work and good life joined to crown his name.  
And now that he is dead, we see how great  
The good work done, the good life lived how brave,  
And through all crosses hold him blest of fate,  
Placing this wreath upon his honoured grave!

## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

## CHAPTER V.

Grouse—Summary—Consolation—Preference—Driving—Rule—  
Exceptions—Zulu—A Point—Bogs—Birds—Aim—Thoughts—  
Sighs—Dogs—Bogs—Laugh—Sadness—Shooting—Hitting—  
Diary—Tennis—Out of it—Arrival.



August 12th.—Bravo,  
grouse! A day wi' Moor  
after a night wi' Burns.  
The Lowlands.

Lovely weather,  
Tiring heather,  
Good strong leather  
For the nether

Man;  
Pointing dogs,  
Sticky bogs,  
Fire at grouse,  
Go in souse,  
Get out how I can.

Summary of Morning's  
Performance.—Walked  
for the first hour and saw  
no birds. Next two hours  
the birds saw me. Luncheon.  
Pigeon and steak  
pie: the "Consolation  
Steaks." End of Act I.

After luncheon. Walking,  
hopping over, and  
into the boggy peat, and  
re-peating the process, on  
the bonnie—I should say  
boggie Scotch moor, is  
fatiguing. A prospect of  
three hours' more Hop-  
Scotch is not encouraging.  
[Happy Thought.—Ayr  
and exercise.]

The birds have a knack  
of getting up just when a bird is the very last thing I'm thinking  
about.

I fancy I should prefer "driving," when, I am informed that you  
are put into a pit—like JOSEPH by his brethren, only that wasn't on  
a grouse moor—and the birds are driven towards you. To enjoy  
this entertainment I fancy I should prefer a seat in the pit, to  
remaining in the bogs. You sit, quietly and happily, for half-an-  
hour or so, then, as you see them flying towards you (so it was vividly  
described to me), you go "bang, bang!" and down they come.

All this I feel is an exact description of what I should do, were I  
in the pit, from the very commencement of "sitting quietly and  
smoking a pipe for half-an-hour;" in fact, I follow it with all a  
sportsman's keenness up to the "bang, bang!"—the go-bang—in  
which, as far as letting off the gun goes, I yield to no man living  
—but at this point the description ceases to apply to me. The  
dénouement of "down they come!" is not my climax. When I  
"let off" the gun, I generally "let off" the birds at the same time.  
I say generally, because there is no rule without one, or two, bril-  
liant exceptions. The grouse may think they are safe with me, but  
they are not. I am not to be depended upon. I may kill them when  
they least expect it. I have sometimes wept over the untimely fate  
of confiding rabbits innocently sitting up in a field, and, often,  
absolutely staring me full in the face, up to within a second of their  
decease. They didn't think I was in earnest, poor things! But I  
was; and I've eaten them afterwards—in pies. Perhaps they  
thought I'd only got a hare-trigger, and wasn't going in for rabbits.  
But when I've once tasted blood, so to speak, I could shoot any-  
thing—even a landlord from behind a hedge, I believe, just for  
practice, and about quarter-day. Yes, when I've once begun, all  
the latent savagery of my nature comes out. Also, when I've not  
tasted blood again, so to speak, and meaning when I've missed  
every blessed shot, I feel as wild as the birds are, and am ready for  
anything. I am vindictive; I rage against the birds; I could put  
torpedoes in the peat bogs, and make a bag of some thousands in  
a minute. Are these the peaceful sentiments of a Christian? Yes  
—when he's given himself up to the Moors.

[Happy Thought.—Anyhow "driving" must be better than  
walking.]

Pointer points. Keeper makes mysterious signs to me, as if he had  
caught sight of a Zulu, or other black game, in a bush. I am still  
stealing towards the mysterious spot, and am arranging in my own  
mind exactly what I shall do should a covey suddenly get up,



## A GROUP OF 'ARRIES.

IN THE CENTRE OF WHICH MAY BE SEEN THE PLAIN BUT CAPTIVATING MR. BELLEVILLE, WHO EXPLAINS TO THE LOVELY MISS ELIZA LARKINS THAT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE WHETHER A MAN BE HANDSOME OR NOT, "SO LONG AS HE LOOKS LIKE A GENTLEMAN!"

when, before I have quite settled my plans, there is a chuckle, a flapping of wings, and away flies a bird. Bang!—with one barrel—and away he still flies.

And as he flies  
The Keeper sighs.

Wonder, to myself, why I didn't fire the other barrel immediately. The other barrel doesn't seem to come so readily. If this is so, next time I will begin with the other barrel. If my mind had only been quite made up before that grouse appeared, he would never have left this moor alive. But as it is—

The Grouse that flies  
And gets away,  
Surely dies  
Another day.

I feel that if I were to meet that bird again, it would be the worse for him.

I tramp o'er the moors, breathing slaughter against the grouse. It is a long time before I see another. I fancy they are hiding, and looking at me as I pass.

A young dog is told off to us. He is a gay young dog, and fond of practical joking. All his points are sly jokes, as there is never anything to be seen. He is chastised for playing the fool, and dismissed to the care of a boy, who brings us such an old hand at the game that he scores two points straight off. I bang both barrels, as a sort of *feu de joie*, and the birds go off exultingly. The Keeper sighs again heavily. I fancy I hear a smothered laugh in the direction of the boy with the comic dog. The boy looks serious enough. Perhaps it is an illustration of "The little dog laughed to see such sport!" On we tramp again.

Interminable bogs! To paraphrase what a trespassing Scotchman said when he was asked where he was going to—"Bock again!" so it is with me—"Bog again!" I'm again up to my knees, or knickerboggers.

When asked, subsequently, if I've had good shooting, with the strictest regard for truth I can reply, "Yes, first-rate shooting—with an emphasis on the 'shooting';" but as to the *hitting*—that were to inquire too curiously.

Chuckle, chuckle, flap-flap, from a bird. The Keeper, who has

given me up as hopeless, takes no notice of either the bird or me, except to sigh to himself and to plod on. But my blood is up. This time he shall not escape me. Bang! Missed! Bang! Winged him! "I've done the deed! Did you not hear a noise?" Rather.

Now, more birds—quick! The cry is still, they don't come. But I have finished with a grand blaze of triumph, and the Keeper who had been with me, and whom my splendid failures have plunged into the deepest melancholy, is radiant once again. "Sigh no more, Keeper!"

End of Second Act. Milk and whiskey. End of *The Gamester*. Return of Shooter JOHNIE.

It suddenly occurs to me that no one has pointed out to me all day either Ben Lomond, BURNS's Monument, or the Isle of Arran in the distance. A most remarkable day.

In the paper next day I see with pride, in the accounts from the moors, "Mr. Allison of Dumdoddie and party bagged eighty brace, three plovers, and four hares." It is gratifying to know that I was one of the "party." Also gratifying that details are not given. In fact it would be invidious.

We spend our evenings in reading BURNS's Poems and toasting BURNS's memory. I don't wonder at BURNS's memory being kept so warm in Scotland, as it's so frequently being toasted.

Then, later on, with the whiskey we become philosophical, and discuss MALLOCK's *Is Life worth Living?* A Night w<sup>th</sup> MALLOCK, HUXLEY, TYNDALL, and GEORGE ELIOT, who, with *Ophelia*, might ask—

"What means this, my Lord?"

Whereupon I should reply—

"Marry, this is miching Mallock—O!" Which sounds very like what BURNS himself would have said—"It means mischief."

*Night-Light Thoughts on Lawn-Tennis*.—A perfect specimen of Lawn-tennis would be "A Love game, and no Deuce." Scoring at Lawn-tennis contains the headings of Chapters in a Romantic History:—Chapter I. Fifteen, Love.—Chapter II. Thirty, Love.—Chapter III. Forty, Love.—Chapter IV. Forty, Fifteen (Love's out of it).—Chapter V. Forty, Thirty (Better Match).—Chapter VI. Forty all! Deuce!—Chapter VII. Coquetting. 'Vantage to one, 'Vantage to t'other. The Deuce, like the Queen's Proctor

intervening.—Chapter VIII. Triumph.—Chapter IX. A Love Match. Retirement.

No more strawberries and cream. As *Rip Van Winkle* used to say, "I've sworn off." Feel lighter-hearted in consequence.

Charming place. Weather unsettled. We all hope it will make up its mind to "fine."

Lovely afternoon. Three courts ready. Visitors arriving. On reaching the lawn, I hear an energetic lady arguing with her opponent, across the net, as to the state of the score.

"I'm forty!" she announces, at the top of her voice.

Her opponent, who is waiting for her service, replies, "Yes, forty and one fault!"

She admits the one fault cheerfully.

There's a moral! "Forty, and only one fault!"

Well, well,—in vain is the net set in the sight of the tennis-player!

[*Happy Thought (here).*—Excellent Scotch name for a Tennis Professor—The McRACKET.]

They are making up their sets. Our hostess is, as it were, casting the parts for three comediettas of four *dramatis personæ* each.

Becoming wary by experience, and aspiring to improve, I prefer playing in company with my fellow-men. As, out of politeness to the fair guests (of various ages), I cannot utter this sentiment aloud, I adopt much the same plan of tactics as one does in a ball-room when the smiling hostess attempts to surprise you into dancing with some neglected faded fair one, for whom she has charitably undertaken to find partners.

The formula then is, "Thank you so much, but I've been dancing everything, and I really must." &c.; or, plainly and defiantly, "Thanks, but I'm engaged—just waiting for my partner to return;" or, "Thanks, but I don't dance a galop, or a waltz," &c., or any other excuse ready at the moment. Or one retires into a remote corner of a conservatory, followed by the hostess with her *protégée*, or down to the refreshment-room, or, in fact, "anywhere, everywhere, out of the world!"

I see a gallant set (male) in flannels and colours. I should like to make one of their party. They were enthusiastic till I came up diffidently. The hostess suggests my joining them. They pretend to be in doubt as to whether MACLAREN isn't coming. The hostess says I can play till he comes. There is no avidity on the part of the flannels and colours to close with this proposition.

It suddenly occurs to me that I am in the position of the "Neglected Faded Flower" for whom the hostess is so charitably anxious to obtain a partner. I say, apologetically, "Perhaps you've made up your set?" They reply, awkwardly, "that they have, but—" Then they regard one another in a furtive way, and appear considerably embarrassed. MACLAREN comes to their relief, and they hail him with such a shout of joy as might come from a crew on a shoal at the sight of the lifeboat. I fancy I detect a wink passing round among themselves as they retire to their ground.

In the meantime the other sets have been made up, and, for the nonce, I am out in the cold.

At this moment a trap is driven up carrying two young ladies and a small boy.

He is in that neatest of all boys' suits, an Eton suit; so white about the collar, and so trim about the legs, so generally natty and tidy, and, when topped up, on a Sunday, with a glossy hat, so thoroughly "gentlemanly"—the type of an English home Institution. The boy, I feel instinctively, is an Etonian. I shall interview him.

MUSIC AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Of course you find C in a space of the Base Cliff.



### THE WET SEASON.

Old Gentleman (on his way to bed, after several tumblers, tapping the Clock-case). "GLASSH UNCOM'LY HIGH, C'SHID'RIN' QUAN'TY 'F WET WE'VE HAD (hic)!"

### Civilisation in Central Africa.

[FROM an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* it appears that by some person or persons there is

WANTED, a MAN ROASTING COOK, thoroughly capable, and up to the work.—Apply, &c.

We are informed by recent travellers that there exist in the Interior of Africa certain races of natives, who, whilst endowed with considerable intelligence, and some good qualities, are yet addicted to anthropophagy. Can it be that they are in a measure so civilised as to combine the cultivation of culinary art with the practice of cannibalism; and are those, any of them, the parties who advertise in an English newspaper for a Man Roasting Cook?

A DOUBTFUL DERIVATION.—Academy, from "alpha privative" and "cad."—A school in which there are no cads.



### A FILIAL REBUKE.

*Squire Quiverful (who has a large family, to his eldest Son).* "THESE ARE UN-COMMONLY GOOD CIGARS OF YOURS, FRED! WHAT DO THEY COST YOU?"

*Fred.* "SIXTY SHILLINGS A HUNDRED."

*Squire Quiverful.* "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE! DO YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT I NEVER GIVE MORE THAN THREEPENCE FOR A CIGAR?"

*Fred.* "AND A VERY GOOD PRICE, TOO! BY GEORGE, GOVERNOR, IF I HAD AS MANY CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR AS YOU HAVE, I WOULDN'T SMOKE AT ALL!"

### HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**DEVONSHIRE CLUB.**—The members are all of the Devonshire *crème de la crème*. They go out "junketting" every summer. Cider Cup, known as "The Cider C," is their favourite beverage.

Singing, "O that a Devon Draught should be  
As deep as our jovial 'Cider C'!"

Devonshire titles are given to all the rooms. For instance, the Conversation Salon is the "Talkie Room," the Lavatory is the "Ilfracomb-and-Brush Room." The *ascenseur* comes up in the "Lifton" portion. The Hall-Porter is invariably chosen from his appearance as a *front-Daw-lish* man.

**DOCKS.**—Situated in Bow Street, Middlesex Sessions House, the Old Bailey, and other parts of the Metropolis. The best way of seeing them thoroughly is to trip up a policeman, and sit on his head, until he agrees to take you to the nearest dock. Sometimes a great deal of force is necessary to induce him to comply with your request; but as a policeman has, legally, "power to add to his number," he will call a few others, and you will soon be bonded, and in dock. The London children are instructed at an early age to make the acquaintance of the dock, in the nursery rhyme—

"Dickory, dickory, dock!"

and in Dock-tor WATTS's celebrated

"Let docks delight."

It is thus our youth are indoctrinated. A sure way to obtain admission to any dock is to stay sufficiently long at the bar—any bar in the neighbourhood will do—and refuse to leave until turned out by the landlord.

**DRAINAGE.**—Advice to visitors: Never take lodgings in London until you are quite safe as to the drains. If anything unpleasant arises in consequence of your neglect to make "assurance doubly *sewer*," you will probably be compelled to bring an action against the lodging-house keeper, sue for damages, and so be yourself the suitor or chief *suer*.

**DRESS.**—Reversible suits are the best—morning dress one side, evening the other. Always be in the fashion. White hat with black band, yellow coat with brass buttons, blue velvet waistcoat and plaid trousers, with patent leather boots, white gloves, high collars, and red tie, are never out of place. Always wear cheque trousers on a Bank holiday.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—The home of our National Drama when in town. Though quite close to Covent Garden, and has been, until quite recently, "in the market." This splendid building is, generally, open all the year round—to an offer. It has lately been reported as leased to a party of the name of HARRIS. Whether the names of BETSY PRIG and GAMP are associated with the management, has not yet leaked out. The former of these two can hardly be in it, as "BETSY" has just now quite enough to do elsewhere.

**DUST.**—The police have strict orders to take up any one kicking up a dust in the streets. The ratepayers who are regular in their dues are entitled to the services of a man who does the dust. When you ask in the morning if he has come as usual, you will receive the answer, "*Bin and done it*." For much information on this subject see a work called *Dustward Ho!* translated from the Hindostanee of DOST MOHAMMED. If the dust is not attended to regularly, they make a nice 'ash of it.

**EALING.**—(Vide MEDICAL MEN.)

**ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS.**—A separate department of Commissionnaires, being composed of Clerks who are ready to take Orders. They belong to the surprise population. They bring home the ecclesiastical linen for the Ritualistic clergy, any one of whom will explain to you the gist of the poem known as *Back from the Wash*; or, *The Cotta's Saturday Night*.

**EDGEWARE ROAD.**—The road by which, as indicated by the name, you go to Edgeware, just as a *cul de sac* might be called a Noware Road.

**EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Dedicated to the mysteries of the ancient Egyptians, and paying more than the modern Egyptians. Here live the Magician COOKE and the Neck-romancer MASKELYNE, who cuts off Mr. COOKE's head. At first, people used to think that the Cook in the firm was a female, and wanted to call it MASKELYNE AND FEMININE, but, on inquiry, our nervous reporter found them both out—a very rare occurrence; in fact, they said they'd never been found out before; and, in answer to his questioning as to either of them being at home the page-boy (lately from School Board tutors) replied, "*Neuter!*"

**ELECTRIC LIGHT.**—This Elec-trick has not yet thoroughly succeeded. Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD was the first to give a light entertainment of this kind in London. "There's a good deal yet to be done with it," said someone to an American: "in the meantime there's the gas." "Gas there is!" said the Yankee. For further information see *The Gazette*.

**EPHING FOREST.**—When any Londoner has a holiday chance of an innings, here's the place for one of his outings. There is a new rural hotel at Chingford—which name has a sort of Chinese twang about it. But Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ford is a toooral rural place where one—and more than one—can "spend a happy day."

**FLATS.**—Flats have increased enormously of late years in London. Houses are now built for "taking in Flats." Of course, if the flats allow themselves to be "taken in" after reading this public advertisement, they cannot afterwards complain. A little way out of London the Essex Flats are well known, but, strange to say, have never yet been let out as apartments.

**FLEET STREET.**—Formerly, as the name implies, part of the river where the Fleet used to be. The only remnant of the ancient shipping interest is a small "model dockyard shop" and a few dancing sailors in the toy-shop windows. The site of the bar which used to be the entrance to the harbour, as at Boulogne and Dieppe, may still be seen. It was called Temple Bar.

**FOGS.**—(See HAYES, CORNHILL.)

**FOLLOWERS.**—(On this subject, see SERVANTS.)

**FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.**—(See ZULUS.)

## A PIG IN A POKE!



PIG in a poke! Oh, how can  
you poke,  
Dear old *Punch*, such hard  
fun at the sweetest of  
bonnets?  
Which instead of your lash,  
ought to bring down a  
clash  
From the bells in your cap,  
in the sweetest of son-  
nets!

Say "a duck in a poke," or, "a dove in a poke,"  
Or "a dear in a poke," or "a pet," or "a poppet."  
But "a pig in a poke"—'tis the ugliest joke  
On the prettiest fashion—PLEASE, *Mr. Punch*, drop it!

## IN RE THE RIGI.

FROM a recent letter in the *Times* it would seem that tourists visiting the hotels on the Rigi have to secure entertainment at the point (or rather the knuckle) of the fist. If the fashion is permitted to become chronic (by the patient endurance of the British public), every diary kept by a visitor to the Rigi is likely to appear in the following form:—

*Tuesday, 4 A.M.*—Just seen the sun rise. Rather cloudy in the valley, but on the whole magnificent. Will stay until to-morrow, as I am sure the air is excellent.

5 A.M.—Going back to the hotel. The night porter is shouting at me.

8 A.M.—Just finished a three hours' fight with the night porter. He scored "first blood" to my "first knock-down blow." I was able to polish him off in forty-seven rounds, and consequently have an excellent appetite for breakfast.

9 A.M.—After some desperate struggling with half-a-dozen waiters, have secured a cup of coffee and a small plate of cold meat.

12 A.M.—Have been asleep on a bench outside the hotel for the last two hours and a half, recovering from my recent exertions.

1 P.M.—Have fraternised with five English tourists armed with alpenstocks. One of our party has opened negotiations with the hotel-keeper as to the possibility of obtaining some lunch.

2 P.M.—Our ambassador has returned with his coat torn into tatters, and one of his eyes severely bruised.

3 P.M.—By a *coup de main* we have seized the *salle-à-manger*, and now are feasting merrily on bread and honey.

4 P.M.—Just driven from our vantage-ground by eight boots, ten waiters, the landlord and auxiliaries from the kitchen.

6 P.M.—Have spent the last two hours in consultation.

7 P.M.—A spy from our party (assuming the character of an English duke) is just leaving us for the front.

8 P.M.—Our spy has just returned, and reports that when he asked for a room the enemy attacked him with brooms and candlesticks.

9 P.M.—Have just matured our plan of attack.

10 P.M.—Glorious news! A triumphant victory! Our party, in single file,

made a descent upon the *table-d'hôte*, seized a large number of *hors d'œuvres*, and, after an hour's desperate fighting, secured a large room on the top floor, where we are now safely barricaded for the night! Hurrah!

## A SILLY SEASON.

"A SILLY Season?" Sure the phrase,  
With limitation, sounds ironic,  
For in these delirious days  
Silliness seems growing chronic.  
Ere one bubble vanisheth  
Folly hath another blown;  
Silliness, like despot Death,  
Claims *all* Seasons for its own.  
Shower of frogs, and toad in granite,  
Giant gooseberry, huge sea kraken,  
All that on our much plagued planet  
Quidnunc nerves hath stirred or shaken,—  
What are ye but passing types  
Of a folly that's enduring?  
Wit, with donkeydom at grips,  
Sometimes fears the ill's past curing.  
Patriot howl, peacemonger's plaint,  
Priestly feud, and party schism,  
Fussy fear in wild war-paint,  
Brummagem Imperialism,  
Legion luns that haunt the age,  
Point to MALLOCK's question giving,  
When he asks, sardonic Sage,  
"Whether life is worth the living."  
Hardly, when once sober BULL  
Like a blatant moon-calf bellows,  
Glorving in corn-measure full  
When with o'erheaped chaff it yellows.  
Scarcely, while our glittering Earl  
Poses as a pinchbeck Jove,  
Storing 'neath his frontal curl  
Such *finesse* as Zanies love.  
See he stands, the cunning Cook,  
His imperial omelette making!  
While but few of those who look  
Care to count the eggs he's breaking.  
Prudence though it cost and peace  
And prosperity, what matter?  
Cackle, ye gregarious geese,  
Though 'tis an expensive batter!  
Many eggs, yet not enough;  
JOHN will find it, when he's tasted,  
Poor as stodgiest plum-duff,  
And the eggs entirely wasted.  
They who change of *Chef* advise  
Are abused and charged with treason.  
JOHN, when once you open your eyes,  
You'll repent your Silly Season!  
Bluster over barren gain,  
Shouting over tarnished glory,—  
These inspire not pride, but pain,  
Thinking o'er the year's sad story.  
Fine to smite a little foe!  
Grand to triumph in his thrashing!  
Big on dunghills small to crow,  
Self-dubbed heroes, dauntless, dashing!  
JOHN, we know your heart is sound,  
But you've sadly lost your head.  
Shifting from Right's solid ground,  
Quicksands of Intrigue you tread.  
Fool of fears and dupe of dreams,  
Phantom-lured and bogey-frighted,  
From extremes tost to extremes,  
Firework-dazzled, fog-benighted;  
Is it you, JOHN? Oh, take thought!  
Heed the voice of Right and Reason!  
Dear is the experience bought  
In this too-long Silly Season!

## A CAGED BLACKBIRD.

THE battle of Ulundi, putting CETEWAYO to flight, is truly said to have driven him into the bush. Now having been caught, he may be regarded as a bird in the hand worth many more than two birds in the bush.





A ZULU REBUS.—"CIGAR. NET-WOOL. SEE."

## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

## CHAPTER VI.

*The Etonian—Modern Boy—Interview—Contrast—Temporis acti—Style—Old—New—Question—Answer—Long Ago—Dead Water—More Tennis—Something New—A Match—Fagged—A Boy again—Gallery—Chaff—Retirement—Vantage—Resolution.*

HAVING been at Eton myself, I am enabled to ask him certain questions with an air of an old hand. Not having talked to modern young Etonians for some time, I am a little at a loss what to say to him.

My host says to me, "Here's TEDDY MACKENZIE—he's at Eton. You" (to me) "were at Eton, weren't you?"

I say "Yes," and look at the small boy, who smiles incredulously. His smile implies "Gammon! You" (meaning me) "weren't at Eton."

I see that the boy's manner is not without its effect on my host. He begins to believe I wasn't at Eton. In another second, if this small boy goes on smiling incredulously, he'll begin to believe I'm a humbug—a Mac Humbug—altogether.

Must put Etonian questions to Eton boy, and show I've been there.

I say, at haphazard, with a vague memory of the form the question ought to assume, "Where are you at?"

On thinking it over subsequently, I discover that what was in my mind was, "Where do you keep?"—a Cambridge Undergraduate expression for "Where do you lodge?" confused with "Whose house are you in?"

"Where am I at?" repeats the little Etonian, carelessly cutting at an imaginary ball with his racket. "What do you mean?—I'm at Eton." And again he smiles, more incredulously and superciliously than before, and makes another careless cut at an invisible ball.

Now, did I reply in this manner when I was a little Etonian? Wasn't I far more respectful to my elders? I'm afraid there's a falling off in this respect—literally in this "respect."



## SEASONED!

*Lady Tourist.* "ARE THE SHEETS WELL AIRED?"

*Irish Chambermaid.* "TROTH, AND THEY ARE, MA'AM; FOR THE SAYSON IS THREE MONTHS BEGUN, AND THEY'VE BEEN WELL USED SINCE!"

"I know you're at Eton," I reply, blandly, while my host watches us as though it were a fine contest of intellects between me and the little boy, in which the odds were greatly in favour of the latter. "But at what house?"

"Oh!" he says, explaining to me what I do mean, and looking up at me from under his wide-brimmed hat. "You mean who's my tutor?"

Yes!—I *did* mean that. The memory of my boyhood's days comes back again in a flash! Yes, I did mean "Who's your tutor?"

"TOBY BUNFORD's my tutor," he says.

What? is it possible! BUNFORD—without the TOBY—was *my* tutor, and we used to call him PUNCH BUNFORD. Evidently they call this BUNFORD TOBY because he comes after PUNCH; TOBY being supposed to follow his master. Good. I give the young Etonian my information about PUNCH, and my theory about TOBY. It has no effect upon his manner, however. He still preserves his smile of supercilious incredulity, and my host, I firmly believe, thinks I am inventing my experience, but listens with as impartial an air as he can assume. The contest of intellects is still going on, only it has assumed the appearance of a serious counsel being suddenly examined by a flippant witness, before a judge who is rather pleased at the turn things are taking.

The boy looks at me as though he didn't believe for one moment that PUNCH BUNFORD had ever been a tutor, and says curtly, "PUNCH BUNFORD's a Fellow."

Indeed! Oh, then, I suppose they make Fellows of superannuated tutors. Then the Fellows in my day had been 'tutors in somebody else's day. I never knew this before. Would it have made any difference in my conduct in years gone by had I known it? I don't think so.

[*Happy Thought.*—Every tutor has his day. Like a saint,—and a dog. TOBY is now having *his* day, TOBY BUNFORD, I mean. And *his* day is a "day out" in the vacation. Poor TOBY!]

I turn to my host and explain to him that, in my time, PUNCH BUNFORD was my tutor, whereat he doesn't appear the least bit interested. I feel convinced that if he talks me over with this small Etonian,

alone, he will come to the conclusion that I never was at Eton at all, and am an impostor, a sort of Claimant. I am determined to prove I was at Eton, and to compel the Etonian's respect—not for my age, but for my honesty. I wish him to recognise me as a Boy and a Brother. I should be happier if he would shake hands with me heartily, and tell me all about everything, of how the old place has changed, and how it remains the same, and how they do much the same *now* as I did *then*, and in fact, clearly prove to me that I only left Eton the day before yesterday, that I am only this little boy's senior by a fortnight or so at most, and that when the holidays are over, I shall go back again, and we shall both meet in the school yard and talk about "knowing him at home." But no—he is a determined boy. He only smiles incredulously, and remains peculiarly uncommunicative.

My host is still waiting, judicially, to hear the issue of the examination. It almost seems that I had been invited here on the strength of my having been an Etonian, and that if, from this boy's evidence, it is shown that I have *not* been at Eton, my things will be packed up on the spot, and I shall be politely requested to leave, as having obtained an introduction here under false pretences.

I can't think of old Etonian terms which could effectually confirm my position.

Suddenly the expressions "wet bob," "dry bob," occur to me. I feel my face lighting up with the radiant smile of victory. I can never forget that "wet bob" means a boy who goes in for boating, and "dry bob" one who goes in for cricket.

"Are you a wet bob or a dry bob?" I ask, with an air that implies, "Now, then, my lad, am I not a Boy and a Brother?"

"I've got a lock-up," he replies.

Deuce take him! What's a "lock-up"? I ought to know. Let me see! Oh, I remember! A "lock-up" was a boat to oneself, and "a chance boat" meant one's paying so much and taking one's chance of whatever happened to be in. Good! Now I'll show him I know all about it.

"Ah!" I say, with a smack of satisfaction, recalling happy memories of idle times, "I suppose you get your sherry cobbler and pipe, and go up Dead Water. Eh?"



### HOLIDAY MAKING.

TO WATCH A YACHT-RACE, DURING A DEAD CALM, WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THE YACHTS BELONG TO (AND DON'T CARE), AND ARE SO LITTLE VERSED IN THE NAUTICAL CRAFT THAT YOU CANNOT TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SCHOONER, A CUTTER, AND A YAWL, IS NOT A LIVELY WAY OF GETTING THROUGH A WET AFTERNOON AT THE SEA-SIDE.

I rather emphasise the "pipe," implying that *I* know what these young dogs do, and that they can't get over *me*.

He stares at me. What *do* I mean?

My host stares at me, too. "That's a nice way of being at Eton," he remarks, with a dry, caustic laugh.

"Dead Water!" repeats the boy, shaking his head sharply, and nearly laughing outright. "Where's *that*?"

"Oh," I say, "come, hang it—not know Dead Water? Why, when I was there—" Ah, but it suddenly occurs to me that this was longer ago than the day before yesterday; and as the Young Etonian, all of the Modern Time has never heard of "Dead Water"—which was an aquatic lounge in *my* day—the water which was dead *then*, must have been buried, long since, in a watery grave. He could tell me more about the Dead Sea, I dare say, if I were to ask him; but I shan't.

The Etonian goes on to tell me that he occupies himself chiefly in volunteering, shooting, and drilling. This is all new to me.

"Volunteering and shooting"! Dear me!

"And," I ask, "is old WEBBER still there?"

I prefix "Old" to the name of WEBBER (who was a confectioner) because it occurs to me that if PUNCH BUNFORD is a superannuated tutor, WEBBER must be a superannuated pastry-cook.

The Etonian shakes his head, and smiles suspiciously. Am I chaffing him? He doesn't know any "WEBBER."

"He had a shop on—" (here my memory fails me)—"on—Dear, bless me, what's the name of the bridge?"

"Windsor Bridge?" suggests the boy, maliciously.

"No, no—just out of bounds," I say, with a side-look at my host, to see if he is not favourably impressed by my knowledge of localities. He isn't, that's evident. It is, apparently, to him, still a contest of wits between myself and the Etonian, with six to four in the latter's favour.

"Barnes Bridge," says the boy.

"Yes!" I exclaim, exultingly—"on Barnes Bridge, and Barnes, too, and the Pool!"

And I nearly shout with joy at remembering so much. The little Etonian only shakes his head pityingly. All gone—except the bridge.

I question him about the position of certain houses. No. He doesn't know them. He has never even heard of them. "Joe's?" Pooh! Who's JOE? "BRIAN? SPANKIE?" The Etonian smiles upon me sadly. I feel that were he to put his thoughts into words, he would say, "Poor old chap! What *is* he maundering about?"

I am inclined to ask if Eton exists at all, as *I* knew it? My host tires of the conversation—perhaps of me. I remark to him, for the sake of my character for veracity, "The place must have changed considerably."

He nods.

The boy, cutting at the hundredth invisible ball with a racket, and smiling, knowingly, up at me, from under his broad brim, observes,

"I s'pose you haven't been there for a *very long time*?"

It occurs to me, as something that had never struck me before, that I have *not* been there for a *very long time*. I begin to call to mind when I left, and when I went,—dates for the boy's information, and my own.

My host suggests that TEDDY, the Etonian, should play a game of lawn-tennis with me; whereat the boy seems to measure me from head to foot (not a very lengthy calculation—though I would not hear my enemy say so), and his smile becomes more supercilious and more decided than ever.

"Do you play lawn-tennis at Eton?" I ask diffidently, and am almost inclined to add "Sir," and raise my hat to him, respectfully.

"A little—not much," he answers, carelessly, switching the racket about.

"I suppose," I say to him, still diffidently, and with a trembling sort of fear that he will, by some sort of right, fag me to fetch the balls, or order me to run and get something for him that he has left in the house, "I suppose you are a great swell at tennis?"

I put this to him in a flattering tone, so as to conciliate him, and induce him not to be severe, or unkind, with *me*.

"No," he says, "not much of a swell," and he begins driving the balls into the corner of the court where he is going to play.

By this time the other players in the other court—first-raters—are taking a rest, and have formed a gallery on the terrace.

I am in full lawn-tennis flannel costume, evidently intending to work hard. My antagonist, the little Etonian, doesn't even condescend to remove his coat, but saunters into the right-hand corner, and in another second, without saying "Play!" he has whizzed a ball right over the net, I have missed it, and he has taken the other side ready for next service.

The balls come whizzing over the net one after the other. He keeps me running from side to side without hitting one once, and in less than a minute the game is over.

Roars of laughter (at *me*), and ironical applause from the gallery.

I have to serve. Ripples of laughter from gallery, and facetious remarks on the match, all the worse for not being spoken out loud, but whispered half audibly.

I serve. Fault. *Mea culpa!*

I serve again; and again. *Mea culpa!* Ironical cheers. Somebody shouts out something to me. I smile, and say "What?"

Boy cries out, "Now then—that's *your* court!" and points to me to change sides. I had forgotten. I bow to him humbly, and wish I had never been at Eton.

Serve again. Good. He returns a whizzler. I make for it. Hit it. Where it goes I can't see. Nor anybody else. I have sent it flying over the tops of the trees. Ironical applause.

"Don't use so much force!" shouts my host, anxiously, who foresees the loss of the balls.

"All right!" I reply, as cheerfully as I can.

"The *other* side!" cries out the boy, in a tone that implies "Now then, stoopid!" and again I bow mentally in the deepest humility, and feel that I am getting fagged just as much as though I were a boy again waiting to pick up the ball behind the fives-courts in the school-yard. Do they exist still? I don't know. I don't

care. I won't ask any more about Eton. It is no longer "the old place"—but quite a new one. And the boys are all new too. I'm sure *we* were more respectful.

Another serve. Fault. Applause. Hang the fault!

Another serve for the right. Returned into the centre. It comes slowly. I see it coming. I know exactly the place where it must bound. I slip forward, make my hit *at* it, but the ball passes on underneath.

Applause from gallery.

The Etonian calls out, "There's a hole in your racket."

I examine my bat. Roars of laughter, specially from boy. As I am examining it, and see no hole, it suddenly occurs to me that this is his chaff. I am perfectly sure *I* was more respectful to my elders—for I now admit I am his elder—when I was a boy at Eton. *On a changé tout cela.*

[*Happy Thought.*—To continue my inspection of bat as if this was part of my chaff. Everybody, however, I am sure, sees through this very shallow performance.]

More games. After the third I fall back, so to speak, on my weight of years and gravity of character, and protest I don't see the fun of running about—not, of course, that I *can't*, but simply that I don't care about doing it.

Boy becomes careless, as despising his foe. He wins all the games in something less than a quarter of an hour. I've only scored twice, when he was *VERY* careless.

I say to him, patronisingly, "Why, you're a capital player!"

He has become rather grumpy—I think he has been bored—by being sent to play with me, as if I were so many years younger, and no companion for him. At all events, he replies, candidly,

"You don't practise much, do you?"

I admit that I do *not* "practise" much, by way of answering his question, which implies that I "don't practise much, and can't *play* at all."

"Now, then," cries my host, apparently in exuberant spirits at the conclusion of my performance, "we'll have a real good match!" And forthwith, while I retire into the shade, the Etonian is mixed up in a set of four, is obliged to take off his coat, and, to my great delight, is tackled by his elder sisters, who work him hard and chaff him mercilessly: he then finds himself pitted against an elderly, but cool, and agile gentleman, an expert at the game, who, on every occasion (having no fear of Eton before his eyes), treats him as though he were a mere child; and I, as one of the gallery, following the fortunes of the game, come out of my shell, applaud ironically, make facetious remarks, call out "Butter-fingers!" when the Little Etonian misses the ball, and congratulate myself generally on taking the change out of him:

[*Happy Thought* (as one of the spectators).—"Vantage to me."]

I confess I am rather afraid of a reprisal; but he hasn't time for it, as he is taken away by his family, who have to return to dinner after this exciting contest is finished.

*Happy Thought.*—Shall run down to Eton and stay a few days at the Christopher—is there a Christopher?—do they "keep up the Christopher?"—just to see what the place is like. I will. Yet—won't it be melancholy? Shall I not be returning to my former haunts, like a Spirit from The Shades? I shall have no one to talk to; and if I address one of the boys, he will run away as though he had seen a ghost. I might get another ghost to accompany me. I'll try.]

### A HAPPY RELEASE!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OF course, I congratulate Lord BEACONSFIELD and his Cabinet, and Lord CHELMSFORD, and Sir BARTLE, and Sir GARNET, and Major MARTER, and the King's Dragoon Guards, and the Local Parliament, and the Managers of Madame TUSSAUD's Exhibition, and myself, and every other despairing tax-payer, on the latest brilliant "addition" to English History—on CETEWAYO being "ketch'd" at last. But, more than all these, I congratulate you, dear Sir, because I hope you will now be rescued from the brisk fire of jokes and jocularities on the Zulu King and his name, which, I suspect, you have had to face from the very beginning of the outbreak. May your daily pile of letters now be lessened! May your W.P. baskets be immensely relieved!

Yours loyally,

AFRICANUS.

P.S.—We brought away an umbrella from Ashantee; we have now received an elephant's tusk from Zululand, another trophy for the South Kensington Museum—what are we to look for from Afghanistan?

[*"A Happy Release"* our correspondent calls it. He little knows the floodgates that the event opens on *Punch's* devoted head. Let him read what follows:—

### TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE tide of obvious puns on KETCHWAXO just ketch'd, and Major MARTER his ketcher, having set in, with even exceptional severity, PUNCH HEREBY GIVES NOTICE that no play of words on either name can be admitted to his columns. "Play," as such things may seem to their perpetrators, they are death to *Punch*, to say nothing of his readers.]

### DOCTRINAL DESIDERATUM.—Orthodoxy without Paradoxy.

### WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH HIM?



Procession on the Ninth of November next (as in the Roman triumphs of old), have to stand the fire of Lord BEACONSFIELD's rhetoric in the Guildhall?

Will he be produced as the latest African novelty at the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society?

Will he be allowed to lecture and exhibit himself and his kraal at St. James's Hall?

Will some Aquarium eventually get hold of him?

Will he be the Lion of the next London Season?

Will he appear at Exeter Hall?

ONE? Doubtful.

Will he be sent to the Tower?

Will rooms be taken for him at CLARIDGE'S?

Will he be banished to Cyprus?

Will he join the circle assembled at Hughenden Manor?

Will he be mobbed some Sunday soon at the Zulu-logical Gardens?

Will he be released on parole, and enjoy the privilege of gazing at his own effigy at Madame TUSSAUD'S?

Will he be carried captive in the Lord Mayor's procession, and afterwards

Will people at last learn to spell and pronounce his name correctly?

Won't he be photographed!

### THIS WILL BE DONE WITH HIM.

He will be photographed in several cartes—each utterly unlike the other—in his fat and lean states, with and without his crown on his head.

He will be taken as the trade-mark for a new "South African Relish."

He will appear as the principal figure in more than one highly imaginary group in more than one of the Illustrated papers.

His biography will form a substantial part of the padding to the current numbers of several shilling Magazines.

For nearly three weeks his name will loom large in the "Extra-Parliamentary utterances" of all the less responsible members of the Ministry.

He will be missing, like the Cabul massacre, from Lord BEACONSFIELD'S first rural oration.

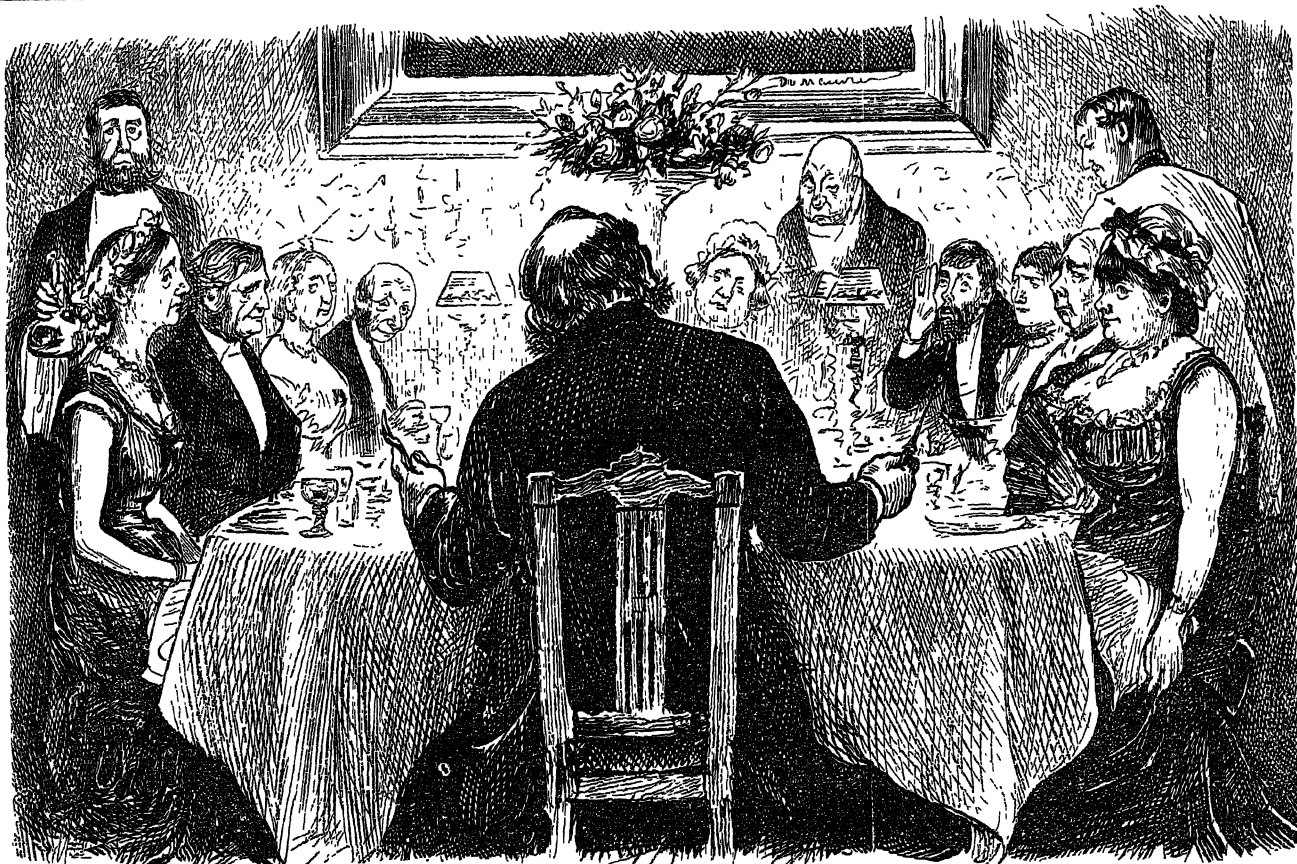
For a month his swarthy physiognomy will appear and disappear in a dissolving view, at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

He will enlist the sympathies of many thousands of well-meaning people, who will take the deepest interest in him for nearly a month.

He will appear in effigy at Madame TUSSAUD'S, and continue as an addition to that most perennial of exhibitions until his wax is required for a newer novelty and a more startling sensation.

And then—he will be forgotten!





### WHO SHALL SAY THE RACE OF BRILLIANT TALKERS IS EXTINCT?

*Festive Host (confidentially, to Lady on his right).* "IT HAS CONSTANTLY SUGGESTED ITSELF TO ME, MRS. BROWN, THAT—ER—THAT THE REASON WHY THE WEATHER—ER—AFFORDS SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF CONVERSATION AMONGST ENGLISH PEOPLE, IS—ER—IS THAT THE ENGLISH CLIMATE IS SUBJECT TO—ER—TO RAPID VARIATIONS, WHICH CANNOT BE FORESEEN, SO TO SPEAK!"

*The Same (to Lady on his left, also confidentially).* "AS I WAS JUST OBSERVING TO MRS. BROWN, IT HAS FREQUENTLY OCCURRED TO MY MIND, MRS. JONES, THAT—ER—THAT THE REASON WHY—ER—WHY THE WEATHER, IN SHORT, FURNISHES SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF DISCUSSION TO—ER—TO BRITISH PEOPLE, IS—ER—NO DOUBT—ER—THAT THE CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH ISLES IS LIABLE, SO TO SPEAK, TO—ER—TO SUDDEN MUTATIONS, WHICH WE CANNOT CALCULATE UPON BEFOREHAND!"

*The Same (loud, across the table, to festive Hostess).* "MY LOVE—ER—AS I WAS ONLY JUST OBSERVING TO MRS. BROWN, AND—ER—TO MRS. JONES, IT HAS FREQUENTLY, AND INDEED CONSTANTLY, SUGGESTED ITSELF TO MY MIND, THAT THE REASON WHY—ER—WHY THE—THE WEATHER, IN POINT OF FACT, SHOULD—ER—SHOULD FURNISH SO FRUITFUL A TOPIC OF DISCUSSION, AND AFFORD SO INEXHAUSTIBLE A THEME OF CONVERSATION AMONGST—ER—AMONGST THE INHABITANTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES, MAY—ER—MAY POSSIBLY BE OWING TO THE PECULIARITY THAT THE—ER—WELL, THE CLIMATE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IS LIABLE, AND SUBJECT, SO TO SPEAK, TO SUDDEN VARIATIONS, WHICH CANNOT BE CALCULATED UPON BEFOREHAND, AND TO—ER—TO RAPID MUTATIONS, IN SHORT, WHICH—ER—WHICH WE CANNOT—ER—FORESEE!"

### WAR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE FUTURE.

(STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.)

(By Punch's own Clairvoyant Captain.)

*Encampment—somewhere. Monday or Tuesday.*

I MUST apologise for the vagueness of my address and doubtfulness of my date, and also for my long silence, which has been caused by my military duties. However complimentary the selection, I am not half pleased that the General commanding has detailed me as your Correspondent, in the absence of the regular civilian fellows, who have been drilled into that sort of thing. But I suppose the public would not be satisfied unless they received some account of our doings at the front! You may rely upon the intelligence I send you—as far as it goes.

Our orders are to confine ourselves to facts, and not venture on comments or opinions. I am Acting-Captain of my Company—rather an arduous duty for a subaltern of two years' standing. I know that we marched here; but as I have not been able to get hold of a map of the country, I have no idea where we are. There are some trees in the distance, and something like an encampment of the enemy, but as I cannot leave my men to make inquiries, this is all

the information I can give you at present. I must break off for the present, as my Sergeant-Major wants to speak to me.

*Tuesday or Wednesday—or is it Thursday?*

I RESUME my pen and my letter. As it happens, my Sergeant-Major needn't have bothered me; but when once a fellow who is Acting-Captain gets called away from his newspaper work, it is no easy matter to get back to it. I do wish that the General had left this kind of work to the regular old hands, who were up to it. I asked my Sergeant to relieve me of the job, but he was mutinous, and wouldn't. If we were not in front of the enemy, I should bring him before the C. O. for insubordination. Unluckily, there is nothing, as far as I can find, in the Articles of War or the Queen's Regulations about refusing to write letters to newspapers.

Well, we marched here, after striking our last encampment. By the way, I haven't told you how we came to strike our encampment. This will interest your readers. Well . . .

Thought so! Just as I am settling down to my letter, here comes an "Officer's call." Must cut pen and ink for the present.

*Either Friday or Saturday.*

For the last day or two I really haven't known whether I have been standing on my head or my heels. I should like you to be the Acting-Captain of a Company, knowing as little about it, too, as I did when I began, and you would soon see how impossible it is to do





## A BLACK "WHITE ELEPHANT."

JOHN BULL (*puzzled*). "HE'S COST ME ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM! AND NOW I'VE GOT HIM, WHAT AM I TO DO WITH HIM?"

THE GREAT F-RINI (*with alacrity*). "MIGHT I SUGGEST THE *AQUARIUM*?"



your duty to your men, and yet find time for writing to a newspaper! Of course pen and ink have had to go to the wall.

Still, I have been told off to act as your Correspondent, so I am not going to get into a row by disobeying orders. So here I am at my pothooks again.

As Acting-Captain of the rear Company of a battalion in a middle brigade, I have not the smallest notion where we are. That must be clear enough. As a Subaltern of two years' standing, and not the General Commanding in Chief, I haven't the faintest idea where we are marching to, or what we are going to do. That must be clearer still—now mustn't it?

I may, however, tell you that there has been a rumour—By Jove! the assembly is sounding! Must break off to fall in! Ta ta!

*Sunday (know it's Sunday—Church Parade this morning).*

We have had a lot of fighting. I don't know whether we won or not. I fancy the former, but you can never tell. All I know is, my Company behaved splendidly. Of course I could not see what we were doing. I am dead tired, but jot down these lines as I know you would like to hear from me. If I get any more news before post time, I will send it you. Good bye for the present.

## ET APRÈS ?



MR. PUNCH feels, of course, in common with the bulk of his fellow-countrymen, that there is nothing to be done with Cabul, at the present moment, but to take it. As, however, he thinks that a British Army may find less difficulty in taking it than in knowing what to do with it when they have got it, he publishes a few "suggestions" on the subject, which may come in extremely useful before next spring.

*Lord Lytton.* The easiest thing in the world. We have only to establish there at once a Perfumery Emporium, Casino, Circus, Opéra Comique, one or two Clubs, and push on the new

frontier to the Oxus. The sooner they know this at St. Petersburg the better. As to the AMEER, I propose to give him a satin dressing-gown, a diamond ring, a volume of my poems in vellum, and attach him to my suite.

*Mr. Parnell.* These Afghans are a simple, kindly, harmless, and constitutional people. The country should be incorporated in "regenerated Ireland," and send a Member, with all his travelling expenses paid, to the Home-Rule Convention in Dublin.

*The Emperor of Russia.* Let a line be drawn straight through the city with a cannon-shot, and Russian troops occupy one half, British the other. They may then divide the contents of the Treasury between them. Here would be, at once, a truly scientific frontier for both of us.

*Lord Beaconsfield.* What! More fireworks required? Very well, then, we have only to take the country, and float a new phrase. Say—"Robbery with respectability."

*Mr. Gladstone.* It is difficult to define what I would do with Cabul. It is more difficult to conjecture what I would not do with it. But it is most difficult to face these two alternatives, and deliberately hazard neither one nor the other. Here is good, stubborn, and ponderous material for a *Nineteenth Century* article. Much comes to him who knows how to weight.

*Sir Bartle Frere.* Only let me get back from Africa—I'll show you what to do with it!

*Mr. Toole.* Why not give it to the Bard?

*Lord Cranbrook.* I appear to have ridden the high horse a little

too hastily. Still, I am quite open to conviction. In fact, when we do get to Cabul, I shall be extremely obliged if anybody will tell me what on earth I ought to do next.

*Mr. John Bull.* Get out of the mess we ought never to have got into; and after due punishment of those whom we find to blame for the massacre, trust natural frontiers against "scientific" for the future.

## THE FALLING OF THE CURTAIN.

THE capture of King CETEWAYO having at length put a finish—*Punch* trusts a permanent one—to the Zulu War, it will doubtless be considered the thing to celebrate the event, as is now customary under such circumstances, by some public monument worthy of the occasion.

*Mr. Punch* leaves it to others to suggest the fitting site, material, and design, though he has all three of course already in his eye. He feels it his duty, however, at once to supply what is the most important feature of the whole—the inscription for its face, and puts the following at the disposal of any recognised Committee who may take the matter up:—

### IN THANKFUL COMMEMORATION

Of the close

Of the Zulu War of 1879,

Alike unnecessary, costly, and disastrous.

It owed its origin

To the untrammelled vagaries of a farsightedness  
Philosophically independent of consequences.

It enabled

Sir BARTLE FRERE

To write kindly and encouragingly

To the Colonial Secretary,

While adding the sum of

TEN MILLIONS STERLING

To the National Expenditure.

Of doubtful public benefit,

However fruitful in National humiliation,

It culminated,

In spite of the heroism and endurance

OF BRITISH SOLDIERS,

In a grave crisis,

Which astonished the Duke of CAMBRIDGE,

Drove Dr. RUSSELL into the arms of the *Daily Telegraph*,

But rescued

Sir GARNET WOLSELEY from Cyprus

And

Lord CHELMSFORD from a task beyond his strength.

Ultimately taken in hand

With energy and judgment,

It was wound up by the capture

OF THE FATTEST SAVAGE SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR.

Thus closing a fallacious policy

By the acquisition of a new and permanent attraction

At the Aquarium,

While bringing home,

To the profound satisfaction of the British Taxpayer,

Unabashed, unconvinced, and unemployed,

To be rewarded with a Statue at Madame Tussaud's,

THE GREAT PROCONSUL OF HIS TIME.

A grateful Country,

Willing to acknowledge, in the midst of much misfortune,

One undisputed public benefit,

Has raised this Monument

In Memory

Of one of the Costliest Blunders

Of Modern Times.

### Game of "Give and Take."

(Only two can play.)

*He.* "It is sweeter to give than receive."

Of a whipping this doubtless is true,

But of kissing I cannot believe

It holds good, till I've tried it. Can you?

*She.* I don't know; let's each give and receive,

And so come to proof of the prop.

*Both.* Then you give, and I'll take, and we'll leave

The one to decide, who cries "Stop!"

[*N.B.*—There is no end to this game.]

A LINE WE HAVE MISSED IN "ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT" ADVERTISEMENT.—A great reduction on taking a quantity.



### ÆSTHETIC PRIDE.

*Fond Mother.* "YOU LIVE TOO MUCH ALONE, ALGERNON!"

*Young Genius (Poet, Painter, Sculptor, &c.).* "'TIS BETTER SO, MOTHER! BESIDES I ONLY CARE FOR THE SOCIETY OF MY EQUALS, AND—A—SUCH BEING THE CASE—A—MY CIRCLE IS NECESSARILY RATHER LIMITED."

*Fond Mother.* "BUT SURELY THE SOCIETY OF YOUR SUPERIORS——"

*Young Genius.* "MY WHAT, MOTHER? MY SUPERIORS! WHERE ARE THEY!!!"

### BETSY THE AVENGER.

WHICH to snivel of mercy is muck, and to 'owl about reason is rot;  
We must down on 'em like a tornader, and drop on 'em 'eavy and 'ot.  
Shall one thought of the faith we purfess cause the red heel of vengeance to halt?

No! Slauter the murderous 'ordes, sow the site of their city with salt!

How durst they dispute what we said, or how durst they resist what we did?  
The whole duty of seum sech as them is to do as BRITANNYER may bid.  
Though we sent 'em an Envoy they loathed, their own rule of respect for a guest  
Should have taught the dark demons to cherish the man their black hearts might detest.

Are they Britons that patriot zeal shall be granted to cover *their* sins,  
Or the pretext of national sperrit purtect their infernal black skins?  
Are we Rooshians that cribbing their land should be counted to *us* as a crime,  
Or the swoop of the strong on the feeble seem anythink short of sublime?

Shall the fiends who'd resist our advances be looked on as land-loving men?  
Shall the dusk-hided dogs be excused for opposing the plans of my BEN?  
Eh? Measure our vengeance like Christians? No! Hew 'em as AGAG was hewed.

Nor pause till each blade in our 'ands with the blood of a score is imbrued.

Blood! blood! Only that shall wipe out the red stain with a redder one yet.  
Don't whimper to me of calm justice, nor prate about ruth or regret.  
Till the slayers are slain, and the cry of their anguige through Asia shall peal,  
The only right reckoning's fire, and the only true argyment's steel.

BETSY PRIG's on the war-path! Who pules in a wile  
party sperrit of pity?  
My 'brella pints wengefully on to the sack of that foul  
faithless city!  
Till the cheek of each sooty-skinn'd 'ound at the sight of  
our 'olocaut pales,  
Blind Justice's Sword is enough; what have *we* got to do  
with her Scales?

### HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**FOLLY THEATRE.**—Used at different times as a Place of Worship, a House of Entertainment (specially Mr. WOODIN's, who, though he was Woodin, wasn't a bit of a stick), and, lastly, as a Theatre, where, as the Hexameter Poet might sing—

"Used to sing and play the sparkling LYDIA THOMPSON,"

and where, afterwards, appeared Madame DOLARO. But

Madame DOLLY  
Left the Folly,

and now it is said that Mr. J. L. TOOLE is to become its proprietor. His favourite piece for the last year has been *A Fool and his Money*; and perhaps for the opening night we shall see *a fool and his money* at the Folly. This seems appropriate. The wise man has said, "Answer a Fool according to his Folly;" but, in this instance, *A Fool* may make his Folly answer. Will he change the name, and, as it's quite close to "the Garden," call it The Toole House? Or will he get the Board of Works to alter the name of the street, and call it J. L. Tooley Street? However, 'tis not yet fixed, we believe, that it is *Let to Toole*, but it certainly has been for some time *To L-et*. If he's going to produce a French piece—not  *Ici on parle*—he must take great care that the scene is not laid in Toulouse. It would be awkward for the popular comedian to enter in a tourist suit, and have for his first speech, "I'm bound for Toulouse." *Absit omen*—or, as our lively neighbours in Leicester Square have it—"Absinthe, O men!"—why didn't J. L. T. take Drury Lane? There he'd have had scope. No matter. We'll all rejoice when "JOHNNY comes marching home"—for he "*always* comes home to tea."

**FOREIGN OFFICE.**—Well worth a visit. Office for everything foreign. Representatives of every nation on every floor. China on the shelves, and documents in pigeon-English in the pigeon-holes. French commissioners sit here daily, to grant passes to people wishing to take French leave. Three married couples on the *entresol* represent the United States. The Greek *employés* are up in the Attic. Turkey in the back yard: feeding-time, three to four. A clerk, full of business, and always in a hurry all over the place, represents the Czar of all the Rushers. A rope of onions waves over the Spanish department—motto, "Give 'em rope enough." Holland is represented by the noble owner of a Duchy with his lovely and accomplished Dutch-cheese dressed in Brown Holland, and wearing a Dutch tile. Notice the request: "Blease not do dutch the Vigures." Be very polite, or he will show you his Dutch courage if once put on his Dutch metal. Chaff him, and he'll return with *Sauce Hollandaise*. There are many more curiosities—too numerous to be described; and no visitor to London should leave without seeing the F.O. In fact, he would be unworthy of the name of an Englishman if he were afraid to face the F.O.

**FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.**—See Foundlings, on Sundays. Dear little mites! Every visitor is requested to bring his mite with him, and leave it. Nowhere is mite more right than here.

**FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.**—See AQUARIUM, EVANS's, PROMENADE CONCERTS, &c. Also, see QUAKERS and ZULUS.

**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Devoted to the highest kind of dramatic entertainment. The highest and the kindest are to be seen in the burlesques for which this is now the noted house. *Beaucoup de fées—pas de "fées."* The latter ballet was originally invented by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. The natty Gaiety *ouvreuses* would as soon think of taking the visitor's two-and-sixpence as



## EVIDENCE OLFATORY.

*Angelina (scientific).* "DO YOU SMELL THE IODINE FROM THE SEA, EDWIN? ISN'T IT REFRESHING?"

*Old Salt (overhearing).* "WHAT YOU SMELL AIN'T THE SEA, MISS. IT'S THE TOWN-DRAINS AS FLOWS OUT JUST 'ERE!"

LORD BEACONSFIELD would of accepting TRACY TURNERELLI's crown. The name of Mr. EDWARD TERRY is now so thoroughly associated with this stage, that it has come to be looked on as his terry-tory or his terry firma. He is no relation to Miss TERRY or Mr. TERRIS, though this does seem a little *mys-terry-ous*. Though *His-terry* repeats itself, *Our Terry* doesn't. All this is highly in-terry-esting. As for Miss NELLIE FARREN—well, the public would miss NELLIE FARREN if she weren't there. There's not an *inch* to spare in the house when there's a *Nell* and two feet on the stage. That she is as sprightly as the liveliest French actress, is to be accounted for by her being of *farren* extraction. The dancing of Miss KATE VAUGHAN is deservedly *Vaunted*. When she *vornt* there she was still more *vaunted*. Judging from her activity, she is strong, though she looks a little *vorn*. Mr. ROYCE is invaluable, specially when he appears as a lively *viveur* or a Royce-terer. He is an indefatigable dancer, and trains on a spare diet of bold royce pudding. He doesn't dance unless there's an *r* in the month. "That's my rule," he explains to the other RULE in Maiden Lane, "because it's not your *oyce-stir* season." In the lobby of the theatre there is a great display of pictorial art—also of practical *Hart* in the Box-office—photographs of theatrical types on the walls, and a fine specimen of Talbottype in the Manager's room. The Stalls are comfortable, and the forms are elegant. There are various Gaiety theatres over the civilised world, but by this "the Gaiety of nations is eclipsed." As the hymn of the "Church and Stage Guild" has it—

"Oh, let the laity  
Go to the Gaiety!"

GARRICK CLUB.—An Association of literary and dramatic celebrities, as also of singers and composers—in fact, anybody of any note. The hall is lighted by the brilliancy of the members, while feats, jokes, *bon mots*, and witticisms sparkle and crackle all over the place. Good things are on the sideboard and in everybody's mouth. Here is a comedian lunching off "a bit of fat," and a tragedian is at a side-table cutting a joke. The *très sec* wine of La Veuve Pomméry sparkles in the glasses, and the library shelves dazzle the eye with their splendid diamond editions. Here at the side-tables are unequalled musical critics having their knife into a round of beef, while another is picking a bone with a popular composer in a corner. Clever journalists are writing their indefinite articles, racing journalists are passing the Post, while a messenger

from the great Jupiter has just called for a leader—which may turn out to be, like its mythological namesake, a Miss-Leda. The Hall itself is an Exchange of Wit, where you hear the latest quotations. The Committee are distinguished by their costume of the time of GARRICK—being all dressed in *garrick-ter*. In the billiard-room all the members dress as *Paul Pry*, when they play *Pool*. The only quiet place is the card-room, and over this door is the appropriate word, "*Pax*." Through the Aristophanic clouds of the smoking-room it is difficult to see a joke. Should you come in late, and miss it, you will be told that "it is jest gone." The best day for strangers to visit the Garrick is Wit Monday.

## A BRITISH BALLAD.

(Inspired by a recent Correspondence.)

I CANNOT sing the old songs,  
Although you get them cheap;  
Pathetic, tender, bold songs—  
Oh yes, we have a heap.  
But if you watch the little birds  
As I have done, you'll see  
Their aim is not to give their words,  
But to touch their upper C.  
So bring me strains from other lands,  
And language no one understands!  
You say, "Then try the new songs;  
They're elegant indeed.  
Why not select a few songs?"  
I would—if I could read!  
I talk of "tears," and never weep,  
But sweetly smile instead;  
And when I have to whisper "sleep,"  
I shout to wake the dead.  
So give me still, from foreign lands,  
The Songs that no one understands!

SHORT FOR A TWO-SHILLING PIECE.—A Bibob. A Crown might be called a Fibob.



## THE SPHINX ON SHAM.

"Sham,—a stupid word generally used by stupid people."—Lord BEACONSFIELD at Aylesbury.



MY LORD BEACONSFIELD  
AT AYLESBURY.

It is not gold that glitters? Fudge!  
Is all success on bullion built?  
Most dullards deem that they can judge  
'Twixt solid gold and surface gilt.

It fogs them though, would they confess,  
To gauge the sort of god I am—  
The showy yet assured success  
Which stupid people call a Sham.

The cant of satire on the lips  
Of foolish failure moves my mirth.  
False glitter? Well, its gleams eclipse  
Their muddy wits, their souls of earth.  
Dull, dowdy delf flouts porcelain fine,  
Because 'tis gilded. All mere flam!  
There's virtue in the show and shine  
Which stupid people call a Sham.

A land of dullards to illumine,  
A world of grovellers to inspire,  
Were weary work. Let zealots fume  
Of quickening light or purging fire;  
To dazzle is an easier task.  
Tact tickles folly's diaphragm,  
And mimes and wears the modish mask,  
Which stupid people call a Sham.

A stupid word by dullness shaped,  
Blind spite's poor substitute for wit.  
When duncedom satire's scourging aped,  
The borrowed lash no longer bit.  
For what but gulls were groundlings sent?  
Is folly's crop not made to cram?  
Tact triumphs, and is well content,  
Though stupid people call it Sham!

## BULLS, WELSH AND IRISH.

BESIDES the typical Bull, to which the typical Englishman, Mr. JOHN BULL, corresponds, there exist, in the United Kingdom, distinct national varieties of the *Bos Taurus*. The Welsh Bull, for instance, is usually said to have peculiarities of conformation and colour quite its own. And yet the *North Wales Guardian*, in an account of an anniversary celebration lately held at St. Mary's Church, Cefn, informs us that:—

"At three o'clock a children's service was conducted by the Rector, and an excellent address given by the Rev. LL. JONES. The English service was in Welsh."

Here is an example of the *Bos Cymricus* in no way to be distinguished from the *Bos Ilibernicus*.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.—The Collie-flower, of course.

## CETEWAYO.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—As we all know that *Punch* is a loyal journal, and devoted to the interests of England, I solicit your aid in giving publicity to the plan I have to propose for paying the expenses of the Zulu War. I propose that CETEWAYO be given into my charge. I am prepared to hire as attendants on His Majesty the Zulus now showing at the Aquarium.

I engage to dress H.M. in regal robes, after the fashion of his Court.

I invite Sir BARTLE FRERE, my Lord CHELMSFORD, and Captain CAREY, to accompany the party on a tour through Great Britain, the United States of America, and Canada.

Every respect shall be paid to all parties, according to their position; and I engage that no person shall be allowed in the Royal presence unless furnished with cards issued at one shilling each, half the proceeds of sale of such cards to be paid into the British treasury, the other half to go in liquidation of my expenses; the cards to become the property of the purchaser, and to be countersigned by H. M. CETEWAYO, my Lord CHELMSFORD, Sir BARTLE FRERE, and Captain CAREY.

It seems to me that such an exhibition will be at once agreeable to the party, advantageous to the British nation, and profitable to myself.

J. BARNUM, of New York.

## Races and Roguery.

An article quoted by the *Times* from the *Brisbane Courier* contains some interesting particulars relative to "Decaying Races"—in particular, the Maori race in New Zealand, and the Polynesian races generally. Other races that we know of are fast decaying from a cause quite notorious. There can be no doubt that the decay of Epsom Races is attributable to the roguery with which they have got contaminated by tribes of betting cads. It is to be feared that Newmarket, Ascot, and Goodwood Races will ere long be involved in decay alike with the Derby.

## NATURAL HISTORY OF A NUISANCE.

BUGBEARS, of course, are now on show, along with other monsters of the dead season. One of the most horrid of these horrid objects is yet physically minute; the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, a pestilent little insect, said to be on the way to destroy all the vines in the world. Perhaps it had better be called a bugbore than a bugbear, being indeed a bore of the first magnitude, although in bodily size considerably smaller than the Norfolk Howard. It belongs, however, to another family than that branch of the Howards, being a member of the *Aphidae*, though by some supposed to be a *novum entomon*, or upstart, among insects: a creature of yesterday, recently "developed," by "spontaneous generation."

But possibly the *Phylloxera vastatrix* came into existence very long ago, though not into notice until lately, when it was brought forward by the newspapers.

As an addition to standard plagues, or, what the Americans call "cusses," your *Phylloxera vastatrix* is certainly "something new and strange;" yet, being the nuisance that it is, we cannot "therefore as a stranger give it welcome," but, on the contrary, are compelled to salute it, "Unwelcome, little stranger!" And yet this odious little *Aphis* (for which a very proper *ahas* would be *Aphis Lawsonii*) may be enthusiastically welcomed by the United Kingdom Alliance, as a powerful ally in their warfare against the juice of the vine.

## CONSOLATION À LA TENNYSON.

(For Candidates who have failed to satisfy the Examiners at the last Oxford Examination.)

'Tis better to have shied and lost  
Than never to have shied at all.

## PRISONER AND PRECEDENT.

WHAT are Her Majesty's Ministers to do with CETEWAYO? Send him to St. Helena.

## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

MEASTER PUNCH,

T'OTHER day, ridin' roun' o' th' varm, I com'd t' me furdest, an' there, Awver hedge, Zur, I zeed neighbour Cox, a-stampin' an' tearin' his yhair! Zes I, "WILLGUM," zes I, "what be-st at? Be-st a so'tpoll, or gotten a vit?" Zes he, "JERE," zes he, "I can't stand 't; thof, min, I can stan' a good bit! See this 'ere galvanised wire (cost a shillun a yard: an' not chip). I run'd it all roun' o' dtheis vatches, that be laid up vor veedin' th' ship; An' yonder's dthick copse, vull o' rabbits, they've yeaten a yacre, an' moore, Enuf vor t' kip vor a month o' me yeowes an' me lambs twenty scoore! When I zeed it I know'd 'twere no use nor th' copse nor th' rabbits to bleame, Vor th' copse me Lord teakes vor his use, an' I mu'n't hev noo hands wi' noo geame;

So zes I, to myself, then, zes I, I'll goo buy zum o' dthick netted vence,—T' seave what's me own is noo crime, nor 'et goin' agin common sense,—Zo I run'd it all roun', as ye see, atwixt me Lord's copse an' my crops, An' I thowt I'd a-done a good dthing, when th' varmin so neatly I stops, 'thout interruptin' me Lord, 'thout yagent or kipper upset, An', thof th' cost were a tax upon me, I were glad I'd a-thowt o' th' net. Well! dtheis mornin', a blarm'd lawyer's-letter, a spun out so long as me yarm,

I've a-got, zayin', 'teake down th' vence, or else you mid 'speat quit th' varm! Ef it war'n't vor th' missus an' kids, teake un down, min, I'u'dn't, I swear! I can't dthink o't, eood! vor 'thot blood's a-bilin' th' roots o' me yhair!" Then, sez I to un, "WILLGUM," zes I, "now don't 'e goo gitten zo wroth, Do 'e keep a still tongue 'twixt the teeth, an' the' breath vor a-coolin' the' broth; Thee'st a nasty an' radical sperit, thus the' better's t' virk an' defy; Thy Bible 'ill tell 'e thee'st wrong to gurt Caesar his due to deny." "Gie to Caesar his due!" then he roar'd. "Why I pays un his rent, to be sure! HE'S A-GOT THE BEST END O' TH' STICK; 'TISN'T HONEST T' GRASP ZO MUCH MOORE!"

Well, now, thof I'd a-snub'd Neighbour Cox, as I jogg'd along back I tuk heed O' his case, that 'twere hard lines vor he, an' that ef a good chance mid be zeed T' help th' leame dog awver stile, I'd a-zort-o a-vowed I 'uld try; When, comin' along o' th' road, who, b'th' powers o' good luck, sh'd I spy But our young Measter, Hon'rab' Dick—last election we'd meade an M.P.—An' I up, an' I steated th' case, an' I fitted th' cap to a T.

But, lawd! I fun' out, in a trice, I'd a-meade a mistake, an' noo end! Thof at 'lection he'd twold I, be zure, if 'at ever I mid want a friend, T' speak to un, an' zo I meade byold; but th' way as he zuck'd his moustache, An' screw'd up his eye-glass at I, I'd a-sooner a-velt his whip-lash A-dra'd smartly across o' me thigh! Then, I zes as I hoped noo offence: Then 'e smil'd, an' 'e hum'd, an' 'e haw'd—"Oh, why, SMA'BONE, for this wretched fence,

Round the tares, and the turnips, and stuff, I can't see there's the smallest pretence;

You farmers have more than enough of such things that you weally can't use; And my father won't let men his land to go farming it just how they choose. Ta-ta!" zes he, "SMA'BONE!"—an' off, wi' his spurs i' th' flanks o' his cob, An' 'e left I—well, hang it!—I'll own, dumb-founder'd, a-scratchin' me nob!

JERE SMALLBONE.

## MICHAELMAS "GEESE."

THOSE who imagine Lord BEACONSFIELD will dissolve Parliament, and encounter the perils of a General Election, one hour before he is legally compelled.

Those who carefully read through to the end all the speeches which are delivered in "Parliament out of Session."

Those who send back their growing sons and daughters to schools high in their terms but low in their diet.

Those who look forward to the abolition or extinction of Co-operative Associations, and anticipate the renewed subjugation of the British housekeeper to the British shopkeeper.

Those who voluntarily undergo all the expense, worry, discomfort, and disappointment of fitting, without some overwhelming inducement, or clear and positive gain and advantage.

Those who neglect or condemn the finest of all fine arts—the Art of Cookery.

Those who, in this era of cheap, good, and abundant stationery, persist in crossing their letters, and making their correspondents cross. (This admonition is particularly addressed to the best—with all its faults—sex in the world.)

Those (tradesmen) who fail to see that their true policy is to give discount to ready-money customers and genuine wares to all.

Those who subscribe to (if destruction) funds in the cause of "restoration."

Those who drink, and allow their children to drink, watered or adulterated milk, when they can readily procure an abundant supply of the pure and genuine article.

Those who dream of the return of Protection.

Those who style themselves Canons and Prebendaries, when they are nothing more than honorary ones.

Those who devour the sacred bird on the feast of St. Michael, whether it agrees with them or not.

Those who keep poultry in a London back garden, and please themselves with the thought that the hobby will pay.

Those who grumble at School Boards and the cost of the education they are diffusing throughout the country to the incalculable benefit of our England of the future.

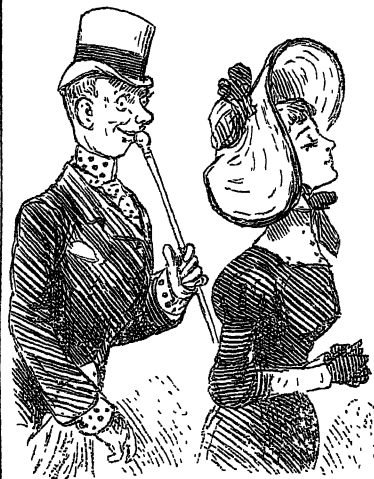
Those who expect any good from the present Parliament.

Those (women) who adopt the ruling fashions in dress, whether they become or disfigure them.

Those who pester *Punch* with jokes about CETERWAYS, &c., &c.

## WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

(At various Sea-side Resorts.)



THAT mortals are a queer gregarious crowd, With very funny ways of wooing Nature:

That cheap excursionists are mostly loud, Slangy of speech, and strange of nomenclature:

That 'ARRIET, though an unlovely lass, Is vastly the superior of 'ARRY;

And that the latter ne'er looks such an ass As when a telescope he tries to carry:

That Cockney sailors might make Plutus laugh, And wake the loud derision of old Neptune:

That sea-side Niggers shine in vulgar chaff:

That sea-side bands, if German, ne'er yet kept tune:

That English lasses, loose-tressed midst the brine, Are lovelier far than classic Nymphs and Sirens:

That sea-side "spoons" all spout that sounding line—

About the Ocean's mane—of "dear Lord BYRON'S:"

That Ocean's vulgarised by snobs and shrimps:

That man ne'er tires of idly tossing pebbles:

That British boys are saucy little imps:

And British girls bewitching little rebels:

That British tradesmen, even by the sea, Are sadly given to talking shop and twaddling:

That bathers' manners are a little free:

That fancy can't conceive a Nereid waddling:

That curiosity seems strangely fed

When it in traveller's troubles finds its diet:

That Swelldom, when of fashion not in dread, Oft lets its Cad proclivities run riot.

That stuck-up posings on the ocean's marge Impress one as an anserine sort of folly:

That rollicking Vulgarity at large Makes taste turn sick at the mere name of "jolly:"

That though old Neptune's gorge looks pretty wide, 'Tis nothing to the gauge of Cockney throattles:

That 'tis too bad to burden the salt tide

With bones, and greasy paper, bungs, and bottles:

That kissing Beauty's feet brings no disgrace,

But laving some foul cads makes Ocean shudder:

That man's a marvel when he blacks his face,

And makes a row, and calls his partner "brudder:"

That promenading on a long damp pier Might be considered dull, if not the fashion:

That human faces wear expressions queer

When flounder-bobbing or declaring passion:

Lastly, that Neptune loves the sea-washed isle

Which prides itself so on its insularity,

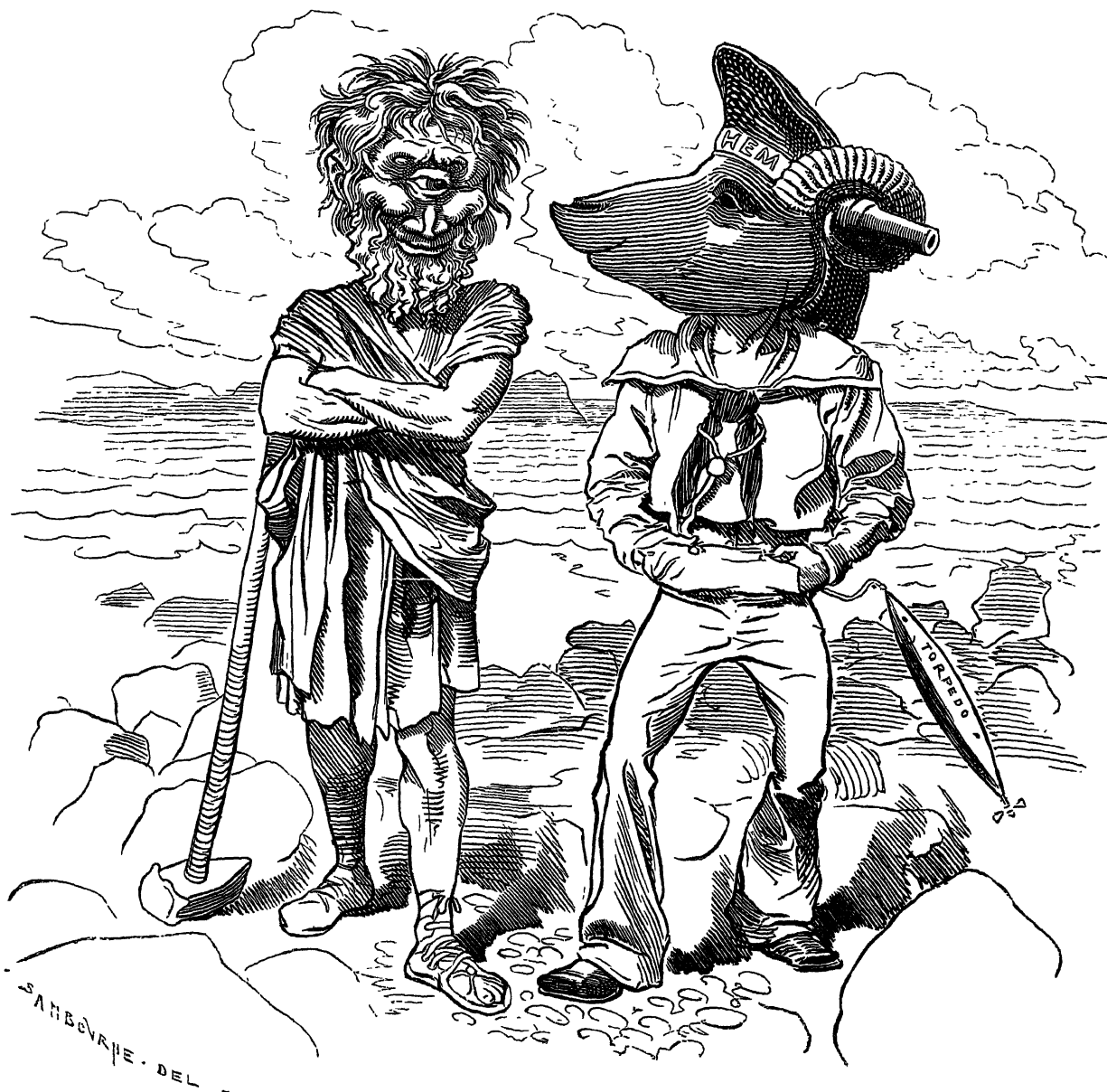
But finds it somewhat difficult to smile

On Swell's vapidty or Snob's vulgarity.

"STAND FAST, CRAIG ELLACHIE!"

(With *Punch's* compliments to Sir George Macpherson Grant.)

How they swear now in Morayshire—"By George," not "By Jingo."



### "OUR MR. POLYPHEMUS."

"The *Polyphemus* will be the newest development of war-ship. She will carry no guns, trusting entirely to her ram and her torpedoes."—*Latest Naval Report.*

*The Classical Mr. Polyphemus.* "WHY, IT USED TO BE ALL MY EYE." *Our Mr. Polyphemus.* "AH, BUT IT'S ALL MY NOSE NOW!"

### A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I CAN scarcely write for indignation! I have been grossly and cruelly libelled! For the last thirty years I have been a benefactor, during the dead season, to the British Public in general, and the Editors of newspapers in particular. Not one of my enemies can point to a year in which I have failed to keep my engagements. And yet because this season I was a little late, a general cry has been raised that I have shirked my responsibilities! It has been said over and over again that although September had arrived, I would never put in an appearance! But I have been amply vindicated. I can only say that if I had known what was being said about me behind my back, my advent would have been sooner.

*Mr. Punch,* Sir, I respect you. You are the only man to whom I would deign to offer an explanation. You may perhaps wish to learn why my visit to the shores of England has been this year delayed. Well, Sir, I have no objection to gratifying your very pardonable

curiosity. Sir, here is my case. I have heard that this year all the watering-places in England have been simply detestable. I have been told that the rain rained every day; that 'ARRY and 'ARRIETTE have had it all their own way on the Piers and the Sands, and that the boarding-house keepers and proprietors of apartments have been twice as extortionate as usual. Under these circumstances I thought to myself, "Why should I not try a new place?" But what new place? Ah, there was the rub!

But to those who dare, nothing is impossible. You may know that, as a bachelor, I have little luggage. I have not to look after a wife's boxes filled with a score of different costumes, or a child's perambulator. Without an ounce of *impedimenta* I could go anywhere, and I took full advantage of my liberty. Sir, I have discovered a new watering-place!—a perfect watering-place!

I will describe it to you—negatively. It is a spot free from uncomfortable hotels, dirty lodgings, and overcrowded boarding-houses. The bathing is excellent, as there are no rickety machines with wet and sandy floors. There are no German bands, Italian organ-

grinders, nor mechanical piano-players. There is no intensely Provincial Company filling a stuffy little theatre. As there is no temple of the Drama of any sort, fourth-rate "London Stars" never fill engagements "for six nights only." There are no adulterating grocers, dishonest butchers, nor poisoning wine-merchants. The company is the selectest in the world. There are no vulgar matrons, fast young ladies, nor unpleasant old maids. Rain is unknown, and the climate is *unique*.

There, *Mr. Punch*, surely such a description should cause your mouth to water! And you want the direction? Well, I have no objection to giving it you. The only stipulation I would make is, that you do not send too many people. All you have to do is to take a balloon, and go to—the North Pole!

And now, as we live in a sceptical age, let me furnish you with a proof that I have kept my annual engagement. "Seeing is believing;" but as I am not particularly fond of company, I do not very often afford an "ocular demonstration" of my presence. But this will suffice. I quote from the *Times* of Sept. 24th:

"Captain J. F. Cox, master of the British ship *Privateer*, which arrived at Delaware Breakwater on the 9th inst. from London, says:—'On the 5th ult., 100 miles west of Brest (France), weather fine and clear, at 5 P.M., as I was walking the quarter-deck, looking to windward, I saw something black rise out of the water about 20 feet, in shape like an immense snake, about three feet in diameter. It was about 300 yards from the ship, coming towards us. It turned its head partly from us, and went down with a great splash, after staying up about five seconds, but rose again three times, at intervals of ten seconds, until it had turned completely from us, and was going from us with great speed, and making the water boil all round it. I could see its eyes and shape perfectly. It was like a great eel or snake, but as black as coal tar, and appeared to be making great exertions to get away from the ship. I have seen many kinds of fish in five different oceans, but was never favoured with a sight of the great sea snake before.'"

And, having sent you this, allow me to sign myself

Your faithful friend and admirer,  
THE OLD ORIGINAL SEA-SERPENT.  
*Not far from Brest, France.*

WITH PUNCH'S THANKS TO MR. BUCKMASTER.  
—Addition to the Three R's.—Roasting.



"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

*Village Doctor (to the Grave-Digger, who is given to Whiskey).* "AH, JOHN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS PITTIABLE CONDITION AGAIN!"

*Grave-Digger.* "TOOTS, SIR! CAN YE NO' LET A'E LITTLE FAU'T O' MINE GAE BY? IT'S MONY A MUCKLE ANE O' YOURS I HA'E HAPPIT OWRE, AN' SAID NAETHING ABOUT!"

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

GLOBE THEATRE.—(See CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.)

GUILDHALL.—Originally occupied by the two bachelor Giants, Gog and Magog, whose effigies still adorn the interior. The beautiful crypt was originally intended for gymnastic exercise: observe the vaulting. In noticing the carving it is difficult to choose which is the best of all the bosses. This apparent equality gave rise to the saying, which has since become a Yankeeism—"Are you *the* boss of this place, or am I?"

HANOVER SQUARE CLUB.—No round games permitted. Hence the name. The members settle all difficulties amicably among themselves, and are known as the "Hanover Squarers."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—For many years associated with the name of J. B. BUCKSTONE, old Comedies, and old Actors. The present lessee, the American Comedian, CLARKE, is soon to give it up to S. BANCROFT, Esquire, who is tired of the monotony of making money in the little theatre near Tottenham Court Road, and wants to vary the proceedings. Whether the Haymarket is the best market for the Busy B.'s "remains," as the philosopher says, "to be seen."

HERALDS' COLLEGE.—Well worth a visit. Rouge Dragon fed every day at three. If a stranger wishes to see the arms of any family, let him inquire at the Family Herald's Office.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA-HOUSE.—For particulars, see HER MAJESTY.

HOME OFFICE.—Intended as a sort of Club, with suites of residential chambers for foreigners finding themselves houseless and homeless in London. Any visitor unable to obtain a bed at a hotel,

should immediately apply here. Night porter always up. No fees. Over the door is inscribed, "Wherever we wander, there's no place like the Home Office." Any complaints must be made by letter to the HOME SECRETARY, who will see that the comfort of the visitor is secured.

HORSE GUARDS.—Anyone wishing to hire horses, must apply here. The Horse Marines, in dismounted bathing-machines, are always on duty at the gates, to answer all inquiries. The charge for hiring is two-and-sixpence the first hour, and eighteen pence the second, but you may not commence with the latter, except by paying an extra shilling for the privilege. Each of the men has his own particular carriage—which you can notice, but are not allowed to hire.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—(See PLANTS, POLICE, &c.)

THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.—Commonly known as the House of D.T.-ention for confirmed Drunkards. Unconfirmed Drunkards are not admitted.

HOUSES.—There are several Houses in London. Apsley House, Marlborough House, the House of Lords, House of Commons. The two last are public Houses. There are also Work Houses and Play Houses. There is only one House in the City which is known as "The House," but the tenants are, apparently, always in difficulties, as the Brokers are seldom out of it, and sales are perpetually going on.

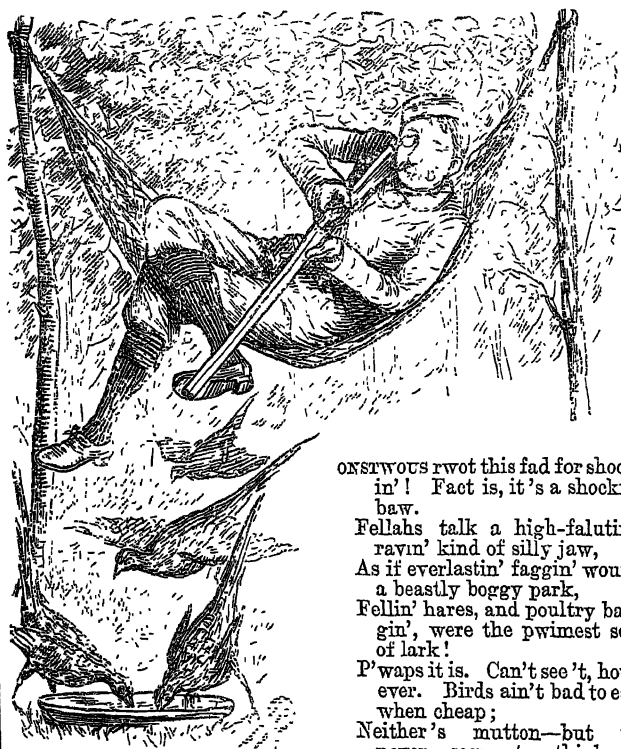
HYDE PARK.—Where everyone prefers to ride, drive, or walk, though there is a line of rails all round it. In the centre are the stables of the Humane Society, where the drag is kept. A little further on is the office of the Hyde Park Magazine, where, when any of the Park-keepers are unwell, they can go and take a little powder. The Serpentine is a large piece of water famous for its serpents (as the name indicates), whence are obtained all the overstock of fish

which go to make the ride called Rotten Roe. The Aristocracy comes here on week-days during the season, and the 'Arry-stocracy on Sundays. It is a great place for meetings of all sorts, from a crushing crowd to a cooing couple.

**INNS OF COURT.**—Ask at the bar. There are only four Inns to describe, which is, however, rather *four-inn* to our present purpose.

**IRISH OFFICE.**—Motto over the door, "Now can I do it, Pat!" —*Hamlet*. Well worth a visit about luncheon time, on account of its admirable Irish stew. Ask for the Irish Steward, Mr. O'GREEDY, and he'll give you some Moore. Home-rulers on all the desks. Here ground landlords can interview ground tenants, and come to some arrangements short of shooting. There is a fine allegorical painting over the mantelpiece, representing *Signs of Fine Weather; or, A Rent in the Clouds*. Also a portrait of the celebrated "Pig that paid the rent." Don't leave without seeing the Chapel, with its beautiful Emerald Aisle.

## ADOLPHUS ON PHEASANT-SHOOTING.



ONSTWOUS rivot this fad for shoot-  
in! Fact is, it's a shockin'  
baw.

Fellahs talk a high-falutin',  
ravin' kind of silly jaw,  
As if everlastin' faggin' wound  
a beastly boggy park,  
Fellin' hares, and poultry bag-  
gin', were the pwimist sort  
of lark!

P'waps it is. Can't see 't, how-  
ever. Birds ain't bad to eat,  
when cheap;

Neither's mutton—but we  
never seem to think of  
stalkin' sheep!

Pottin' beef would be excitin', and pig-stickin' 's quite good form:  
Boars we know are full of fightin', and they'd make it pwetty warm.

Chevyin' cats is cheap and pleasant; worryin' rats is hard to beat;  
But where's the fun of slaughterin' pheasant, pickin' tame about  
your feet?

If a fellah wants a pullet, does he bawl for dawg and gun?  
If he drowped her with a bullet, Jove! how fellahs would make fun!  
'Seems a farm-yard hand-fed pheasant 's quite another sort of bird;  
If you wrung his neck, all present would be scweaming out "Absurd!"  
Puzzles me to guess the weason. Cuwious thing is shooters' law.  
P'waps you think I'm talking tweekson? Possibly. Don't know,  
I'm shaw!

## Pleasures of a Public School.

At the top of a column of Winchester news stands the annexed paragraph:—

"The College Summer Holidays finished on Wednesday, and the Founda-  
tion scholars, and the Commoners in Tutors' Houses, returned to their studies  
and school enjoyments."

Do the enjoyments of Winchester Schoolboys continue to include  
"tunding" and being "tunded"? If so, then perhaps WILLIAM  
OF WYKEHAM's young gentlemen, commonly called Wykehamists,  
had better be denominated Whackemists.

SLANG BETWEEN OLD SAINTS.—What a shocking bad Nimbus!

## "READY, AYE READY!"

MR. PUNCH, weary with wading through three columns of "Naval  
Intelligence," *à propos* of the late Admiralty visit to the Dockyards,  
had not unnaturally fallen asleep. With the exception of a few  
insignificant outlying wars, when he slumbered, it was a time of  
peace. When he awoke, as it seemed to him, *Toby* stood before him,  
announcing a European war, in which all the Great Powers were  
engaged.

"But never mind, Master," said the faithful dog. "It is not a  
question of armies with us. England's focs will have to meet her on  
the seas."

"Come! that at any rate is satisfactory," observed Mr. Punch.  
"But it may be as well to have a talk with SMITH."

"Ready, aye ready!" sung out the First Lord of the Admiralty,  
as he suddenly appeared in the *sanctum*. "I thought you might  
want me, Sir; so you see I have hurried from my tour of Dockyard  
inspection to wait upon you."

"Quite right, SMITH. Take a chair, SMITH. And now to busi-  
ness. But, first, let me hope you have enjoyed your little official  
trip?"

"So pleasant!" cheerfully replied Mr. SMITH. "At Portsmouth  
we had great fun. The poor unfortunate public were chivied  
through the Dockyard by the Police like a flock of sheep. You  
should have seen them running away from us as we went to inspect  
the fire-engines. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Punch, rather impatiently. "But what  
did you do there?"

"Well," returned the First Lord, after some consideration, "when  
dinner was over at the Admiral's, we had the electric light on the  
lawn (it was rather spoilt by the weather, though); and then, you  
know, there was a capital ball at the Southsea Assembly Rooms. It  
was only five shillings a head, but we kept it up till three in the  
morning."

"But did you do nothing more?" asked Mr. Punch, with even  
greater impatience.

"To be sure we did. We gave the workmen at Chatham Dock-  
yard a half-holiday."

"Come, Sir, no trifling. What else did you do at Portsmouth?"

"Oh, a lot of things, Sir. But then you see our plans were rather  
spoiled by the weather. The motion afloat was decidedly unpleasant.  
It was much better at the Assembly Rooms. The dance pro-  
gramme—"

"Silence, Sir!" interrupted Mr. Punch, sternly. "Are you  
aware that we are engaged in a large maritime war?"

"That 's news! But nowadays the papers get hold of things long  
before we do."

"I have a list before me of our fleet. Now be good enough to  
answer a few questions. What do you know about the *Royal  
Sovereign*?"

"That it now represents so many tons of old iron."

Mr. Punch frowned.

"What do you say of the *Glatton*?"

"That she certainly cannot be relied upon to serve in all weathers,  
even on our own coasts. But then she is more seaworthy than the  
*Cyclops*."

"Hm! How about the *Neptune*?"

"Never been able to send her to sea since we took her from the  
Brazilian Government and re-christened her."

"And the *Devastation*, the *Inflexible*, the *Repulse*, and the  
*Sultan*?"

"All of them in dock under repair."

"They seem to be always under repair," observed Mr. Punch.

"Ah, ironclads are," replied Mr. SMITH, airily, "except when  
they are building, or breaking up. We have got a lot on the stocks.  
There's the *Colossus*, for instance. It will be a splendid vessel some  
day. And the *Polyphemus*—with her ram and her torpedos together  
—she'll astonish the enemy, some day."

"And how many of these vessels are to be costly failures?"

"I am sure I don't know!" replied the First Lord. "As I read  
the other day, with lively satisfaction—"The courage of the Admi-  
ralty must not be dashed by a few mistakes."

"But what are we to do now, Sir? Are we ready, Sir, in case of  
sudden emergency? Can we be said to have a fleet? Can we depend  
on your giving us the ships for our money, Sir?"

The First Lord was silent. Mr. Punch was about to raise his  
voice in repetition of the question, when in the effort he awoke.

"No naval war as yet," muttered the Sage of Sages. "Thank  
the Fates, it was only a dream! Under the circumstances, so much  
the better!" And he returned to his paper—of magnificent prom-  
ises—with a sigh of genuine relief.

WHY ARE ALL CURATES CONSERVATIVES.—Because a Tory is more  
than half way to a Rec-tory.



## A CHANCELLOR ON CETEWAYO.

(By our own Interviewer.)



his people wouldn't mind him unless he did kill them. When people will not mind their ruler unless they are killed, they ought to be killed. Then the Cape Government would not, let him "wash his spears." We wash our bayonets. We washed our bayonets in Schleswig-Holstein. We washed them

O, now he is taken, you wish to know what I think of CETEWAYO? Unsuccessful as he has been, he is a great man: the greatest man in Africa. CETEWAYO is great in the greatest of knowledges. He knows how to work with blood and iron. But he can only carry out his blood and iron in half measures. Blood he has at command in quite an enviable quantity. But he is not equally well supplied with iron. What he has he gets from Birmingham. So much for Free Trade!

As to his quarrel with the English, CETEWAYO was in the right, as far as the weaker party can be. They objected to his killing his own people. But, as he said,

again at Sadowa. The French wanted to wash their bayonets in Germany. We washed ours in France instead. There is nothing but imprudence and miscalculation, when there is anything, to blame in washing bayonets, or spears.

CETEWAYO, in wishing to wash his spears, perhaps somewhat misconceived his duty towards his neighbours. It is our duty towards our neighbours to improve them—if sometimes off the face of the earth. The British Government has too little resolution to improve away the Zulus; and the British Public has had to pay, as the public always must in the long run, for its half-heartedness.

CETEWAYO's heathenism, of course, is horrible, notwithstanding all his fine qualities. What a pity he is not a Christian! It is impossible to sympathise with him altogether. Otherwise, when I imagine him leading his army, as pictured by Lord ELCHO in the House of Commons, like a gorilla brandishing a rifle, I say to myself, after your Nonconformist divine, "There, but for the blessing of having been reared in the true religion, goes OTTO VON B——!" Your health in a pot of Sillery and Barclay and Perkins. Prost!

## DONNING THE TOGA.

*Turkey.* General disarmament? Bismillah! But who's to begin?

*Russia.* Won't you? I'll promise, on my word of honour as a gentleman, to follow suit—almost immediately.

*Italy.* A true act of homage to the great goddess of universal liberty. Let only Austria lead the way, and her old friend, United Italy, won't be very far off.

*Austria.* A capital idea! But in what order are we to execute the movement?

*Germany.* Why, all together, of course.

*France.* All but France, who is trusted by Europe, and is best fitted, by the universal confidence she inspires, to act as the European police force.

*England.* I am prepared to take off one of the Horse Guards in Parliament Street, and to meet Europe halfway on the road to disarmament, with pleasure. You have only to let me know when you're all ready!

## CO-OPERATIVE CLERGYMEN.

DEARLY BELOVED PUNCH,

As a British Tradesman in a small way, being a Chandler and Grocer, licensed to deal in Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, Snuff, Vinegar, and Pepper, allow me in concert with the Conference of the Traders' Defence Association as met the other day in that Assembly-room of the Saints what used to be, now, alas! "To Be Sold," Exeter All, for to rise my voice and uplift my Testimony agen the unwarrantable and injurious System of Civil, Military, and Naval Service Co-operative Stores. Yea, and moreover to protest and declare my cordial concurrence in the Resolution voted unanimous by my Christian friends at the above highly respectable Meeting in condemnation of the Same.

But a Rider as was subseckently added to the Original Resolution, and likewise carried by exclamation, is quite a different thing, and Oh, with your help, may my affectionate remonstrance as a humble Instrument indoose them beloved Brethren for to resind that addition which they passed as follows:—

"That it is the opinion of the meeting that the clergy should be included in the resolution, and that they be prohibited from engaging in trade."

Nay, Christian friends, not so. Combining, as I do, the calling abovementioned with that of a Minister of a Congregation, mostly in indignant circumstances which they are unable to contribute him sufficient for an Independent livelihood, and I am consequently necessitated to eak out my Subsistence by means of the Shop as a supplement to the Pulpit, I must remonstrate for the free and perfect liberty of the Clergy to engage in any trade whatsoever olesale or retail as is lawful for any Body else. I mean, of course, the Clergy of all denominations, including them of the Establishment, and if they ain't allowed to belong to Co-operative Stores, keep Shop, or get their own living anyhow they choose or can if they can't by their hearers that sits under them, how I should like to know is the State Church ever to be Disestablished and Disendowed?

So, therefore, as my Clerical Brethren and fellow Labourers in the Vinyard, I desire for the Clergymen of the Established Church not on no account to be denied, but by all means to be granted the Christian privilege of honest Industry, labourin, if needs be, with

their own ands, and which I also claim for to continue to enjoy myself, being a Reverend as well as them, though my only Establishment is my Shop, and my place of Business is a little one, the same as the Flock of which I remain, yea verily, beloved Punch, alway, and evermore Your faithful and affectionate Shepherd,

Tabernacle Walk, Goose Day, 1879.

NAHUM STIGGINS.

P.S.—I inclose ½ a Dozen Tracts & my Business Card.

## OUR BADLY-USED BOYS.

THE following piteous tale will but corroborate the touching accounts we have lately seen in the papers of the starving of our over-worked and under-fed sons. It needs no comment:—

MY DEAR MAMA.

I AM glad to see that the Guvernor has been riting to the papers about the feeding at Scools for it is disgraceful here. just fancy, we have been back a weak, and we haven't yet seen a partridge for dinner That old sneak STARVUM is his nickname among the fellows says they are scairce.

I don't believe it, it is only that he is so beastly mean, then we have always had the chickens plain roasted, instead of being made eetable with mushrooms and truffles. he *actually talked* of giving us goose for dinner on Michaelmas day vulgar beast. We are starved here, the potatos are always boiled, never fried in chips or Materdotel or anything tasty. They never give us peeches or apricot tart, or anything but pears and plums and grapes, it is a beastly chouse.

I felt quite ill the day after I came, I am sure it was from having so little food I could eat, for I was obliged to buy a jam tart before dinner, as I had finished the hamper of Tuck I brought.

I wish the Guvernor wold write and say all scholmasters should know how to cook it would be much better than Lattin and speling and that stuff.

Your aff. Son,

O. TWIST.

P.S.—Could you send me some of that *fova gra patty* you said might tempt Aunt LUCY's appetite, it is a pity to waist it on anybody who is not as hungry as me.

P.S.—You may send this to the times if you like.



## PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

*Great Grandpapa.* "OH, INDEED! YOU CAN LICK YOUR SISTERS AT LAWN-TENNIS, CAN YOU? WELL DONE, MY BOY! BUT BEWARE OF SELF-CONCEIT, AND NEVER BRAG. WHY, I COULD LICK EVERYBODY AT LAWN-TENNIS, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE—OR COULD HAVE DONE IF THERE'D BEEN ANY LAWN-TENNIS TO PLAY! I WAS THE BEST CRICKETER, THE BEST FENCER, THE BEST BOXER, RUNNER, JUMPER, SWIMMER, AND DIVER I EVER CAME ACROSS, EITHER AT SCHOOL, OR COLLEGE, OR AFTER; AND IN CLASSICS AND MATHEMATICS I BEAT 'EM ALL CLEAN OUT OF THE FIELD! AS FOR RIDING, NO ONE EVER TOUCHED ME; OR DANCING EITHER; LET ALONE THAT I WAS THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE COUNTY, AND THE BEST-DRESSED, FOR THAT MATTER; BESIDES BEING THE WITTIEST AND THE MOST POPULAR. AY, AND SUCH A SONG AS I COULD SING, TOO! AND YET A MORE MODEST AND UNASSUMING DEMEANOUR THAN MINE IT'S NEVER BEEN MY GOOD FORTUNE TO SET EYES ON, MAN OR BOY, THESE FOURSORE YEARS AND TEN—FOR I'M ALL THAT, MY BOY, AND MORE, THOUGH YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT, TO LOOK AT ME!—BEWARE OF SELF-CONCEIT, MY BOY, AND NEVER, NEVER BRAG!!"

## THE GAME OF THE DAY.

*Bismarck (to ANDRASSY).* Fine game! Hurrah for racket, ball, and net!

Shall we play partners in the coming set?

*Andrassy.* With pleasure, if so very poor a player—

*Bismarck.* Pooh, pooh! I know your form—a regular stayer.

*Andrassy.* Considering how you thrashed me—

*Bismarck.* Long ago!

And you have much improved since then, you know.

*Andrassy.* You flatter me.

*Bismarck.* Not I; 'tis not my way.

I am incarnate frankness.

*Andrassy.* So you say.

*Bismarck.* Never use language to conceal my thought.

*Andrassy.* Ingenious innocent!

*Bismarck.* Finesse is fraught

With charms for some; but a sham Machiavelli

Deserves—say, wreathing by a Turnerelli.

*Andrassy.* Ha! Dear BRITANNIA seems a little out of it;

And Bruin, too, looks bothered.

Not a doubt of it.

*Bismarck.* He's such a bear.

*Andrassy.* Unbearable; and lately

His manners really have annoyed me greatly.

'Tis hard to play with one who's always growling,

And without reason.

*Andrassy.* Just so. See him prowling

With ear a-cock to listen to our talk!

*Bismarck.* He's looking for a partner.

*Andrassy.* What a walk!

A lovely figure for a game like this!

*Bismarck.* All have not Austrian grace.

*Andrassy.* That's not amiss

From a blunt Teuton. You yourself, no doubt,

Are—may I hint it?—getting rather stout.

But then your force and fleetness, for your age,

Are wonderful.

*Bismarck.* How vanity would rage

At that left-handed compliment!

*Andrassy.* Oh well,

When Polyphemus rivals Ariel—

*Bismarck.* That's better. But I'll back that man to win

Who has stout heart, steel nerves, and—a thick skin.

[*Whisper together aside.*]

*Bruin (suspiciously).* What are they talking of? Wish I could hear.

Up to some game that won't suit me, I fear.

Partners? Oh, hang it! That may spoil my play.

Bizzy and I have paired this many a day:

It's deuced hard to turn me thus adrift

To seek another. Well, I must make shift,

Though eye and wrist like his 'twere vain to seek.

MISS FRANCE, now,—there she sits demure and meek;

Yet she can serve and strike, or could of old.

(*To FRANCE.*) Pardon, Ma'm'selle, but may I make so bold?

As—?

*Miss France.* Merci, mais je ne joue pas—at least not yet.

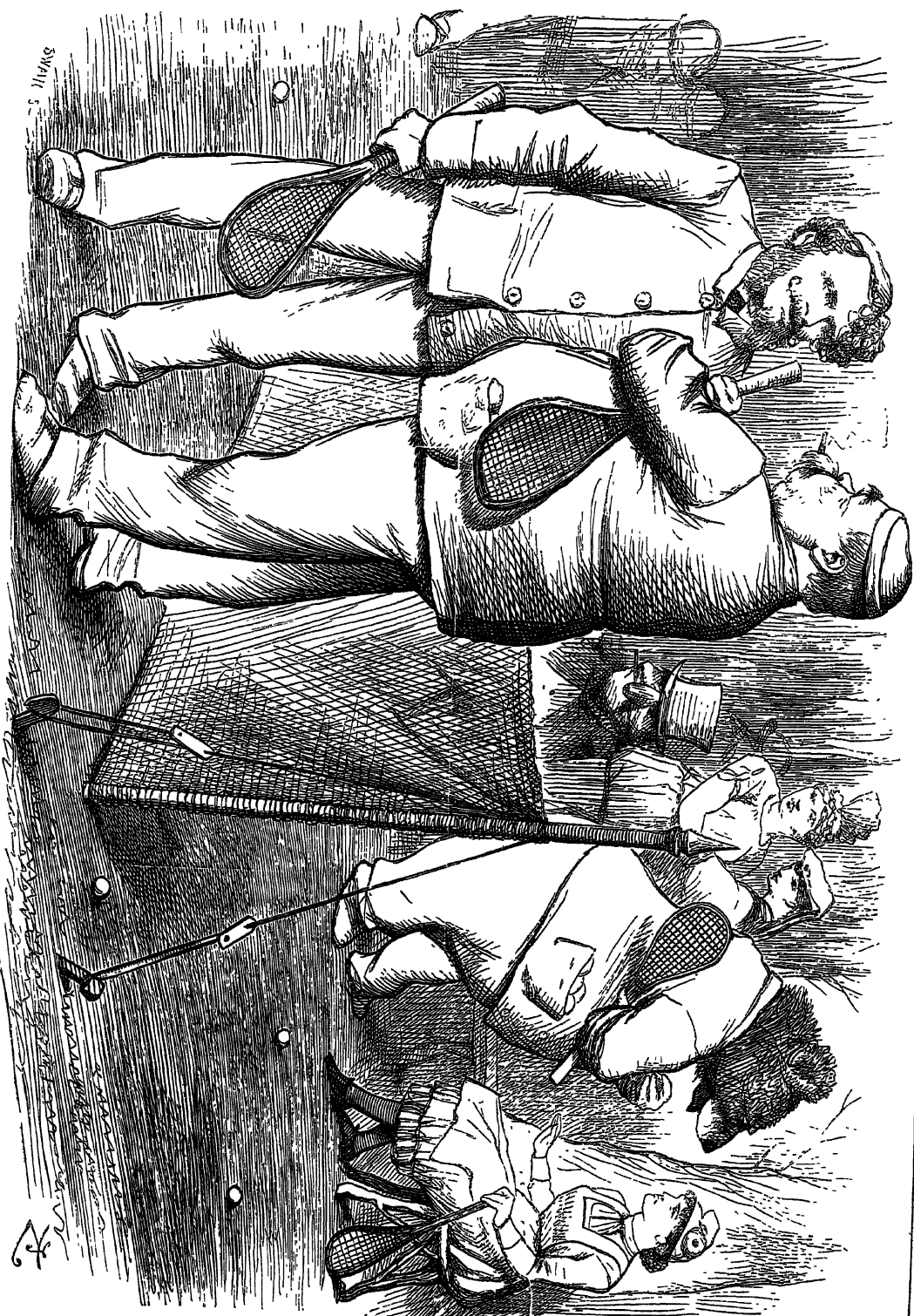
I rather think I will sit out this set.

*Mrs. Britannia.* No one asks me, my dear.

*Miss France.*

Oh well, you see,

You have refused so often—even me!



# THE GAME OF THE DAY.

BISMARCK. "COME, ANDRASSY, WE KNOW EACH OTHERS 'FORM.' YOU AND I TOGETHER AGAINST THE LOT!"  
 RUSSIA (*do France*). "I THINK, MADAME, *WE* MIGHT BE A MATCH FOR THEM!"  
 FRANCE. "THANKS! I PREFER TO SIT OUT AT PRESENT!"  
 ENGLAND (*do Italy*). "NOBODY ASKS *YOU*!"

ENGLAND (*to ITALY*). "NOBODY ASKS US!!"



*Bismarck (to ANDRASSY).* We've played against each other, as you say;  
So much the better—know each other's play.  
Now let us try together. Tell you what,  
I'll take odds you and I can play the lot!

## ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



THE rumour that Prince BISMARCK has proposed a general European disarmament having, *Mr. Punch* observes, been received with general satisfaction, he has much pleasure in giving publicity to the following *on dits*, which strike him as equally authentic, and deserving to be even more welcome:—

LORD BEAconsFIELD will shortly resign the Premiership, for the purpose of undertaking the management of an extensive air-balloon and firework factory now in course of construction on his Lordship's property at Hughenden.

MR. PARNELL has accepted an engagement of Mr. FARINI to appear, with the captive King CETEWAYO and a few of the Friendly Zulus, in a drawing-room entertainment,

to commence, shortly after the opening of Parliament, at a central spot in South Africa.

LORD LYTON has intimated to the Indian Secretary that he is desirous of being immediately relieved of his Vice-Imperial functions, in order that he may be able personally to superintend the production of a new poetical pantomime of his own, now in active preparation at the Court Theatre, Mandalay.

SIR BARTLE FRERE will not, as has been reported, be offered the first vacant Garter. It is his intention to confine himself, for the present, to writing a defence of his South-African policy, which is likely to occupy him a considerable time.

The repairs now in progress in St. James's Street are proceeding steadily. If they are continued at the present rate, it may be possible, some time early next spring, to cross after dark from one pavement to the other, without the aid of a pair of stilts, two policemen, and a dark lantern.

A Company has been formed for buying up all the mechanical pianos in the Metropolis, with the copyright of the popular song, "*My Grandfather's Clock*." The Lunatic Asylum Committee have the privilege of purchasing them at cost price on the three years' hire system.

In answer to a monster petition signed by five million and a half readers of the daily papers, it has been unanimously determined not to admit reporters to the meetings of the forthcoming Social Science Congress.

The Board of Works have directed the names of streets and numbers of houses to be painted on the gas-lamps, for the benefit of persons wishing to know where they are after dark.

## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

### CHAPTER VII.

*The beginning of the end—Changes—Weather-glass—Reconnoitring—Caution—Dew—Discussion—Prophetical—Weathercock—Wire—News—Summing up—Callousness—Familiarity—Perfection—Politeness—Working order—Present state—Prospect—Nephew—Keeping alive—On wires—Arrival.*

'Tis the last strawberry of summer, all his blooming companions have faded and gone. Nobody attempts to show me Ben Lomond, or to point out BURNS's Monument in the distance. We look at the Isle of Arran when it is visible, and we look for it when it is invisible, silently. All that can be said about them has been said. We have exhausted the subject. Even the weather, as a topic of conversation, is dismissed cursorily. A few weeks ago, everybody

coming down fresh in the morning—"fresh" in the morning sounds dissipated, but is meant healthily—used to tap the glass, screw the ivory button, tap it again, scrutinise it closely as if trying to detect a falsehood on the very face of it, shake his head despondently, or hopefully, or triumphantly, as the case might be, and then yield his place to the next comer, who would take his turn at the glass with that eager, earnest expression that is seldom seen on a man's face, except when he is looking at the dim reflection of himself in a London shop-window, to see if he has got a black on his nose, or not. Then the two barometer-inspectors would go outside, not venturing further than the door-step, cautiously, as if fearful of being taken by surprise and captured, and not stirring until they have reconnoitred the carriage-road, left and right, as though on the look-out for the sudden appearance of an unfriendly Zulu out of the bushes.

There being no signs of danger, the visitors would step on to the gravel, and some, braver than the others, would just touch the lawn with the tips of their toes, drawing back quickly, as if they'd been stung by something, and then examining their soles to see what was the matter. This would lead to discussion.

Was the moisture the dew, or had there been a heavy fall of rain in the night?

This having been *dew-ly* settled, one way or the other, everyone would then take up different positions for making meteorological observations. More discussion. Prophecies. Doubts, fears, hopes. Suddenly it strikes some one, that a really valuable opinion might be obtained from the Weathercock, just as it would naturally occur to anyone in a legal difficulty to consult a Solicitor.

The Weathercock, being consulted, differs slightly from that other eminent authority, the Barometer, and, apparently, from two other distinguished weathercocks in the immediate neighbourhood. Who shall decide when weathercocks disagree?

*Happy Thought.*—Wire to Forecast Department in London, and ask Clerk of the Weather what sort of a day we're going to have here in Scotland. Answer paid.

More conversation on the subject. Then a council would be held, in the carriage-drive, with a view to reconcile these apparent discrepancies. The most experienced in weather predictions talks of what would be infallible signs in any other part of the world with which he is personally acquainted, but admits that *here* he is at fault—this being his first visit. One or two bold thinkers pronounce for fine weather, and are regarded with a sort of veneration by the more timid; while the hopeful, but cautious minds, refer to the sunset of last night as a prognostication of what the weather ought to be to-day. The elders shake their heads dubiously, as old birds who are not to be caught with chaff, and who, appearances being proverbially deceptive, are not going out without their umbrellas—catch them! Then the host, inclining to the last and more cautious opinion, would give the others a ray of hope in pointing out how hazy was the view of Benjamin Lomond and BURNS's Monument, "which," he would add, "is a good sign."

This summing-up used to be, mysteriously enough, the signal for the gong to sound, which meant "All in, to begin!"—breakfast.

But now this overture of the day, ending with the gong solo, seldom takes place, or, if at all, on a very limited scale.

We nod at the glass indifferently, as much as to say, "Still there, you old bore-ometer!" We just go to the front-door, give a sharp look out, shrug our shoulders, say nothing, and, the gong having sounded long ago perhaps, without any of us having remarked it, we enter the breakfast-room, nod to the nearest person, in much the same style as we had previously nodded to the barometer, if we haven't seen him before, and then occupy ourselves in a very business-like way.

When we first met together in this pleasantest of Country Houses, it was a perfect school of politeness for anyone to come into suddenly. It was a real pleasure to see, and to assist in. No one could do too much for anyone. The Gentlemen were eagerly watching the Ladies, to anticipate their slightest wishes in the way of eggs, toast, ham, chicken, ketchup, marmalade, strawberries, and so forth, while the Ladies showed their appreciation of this devotion, by presiding in a really masterly manner at the tea-urn, coffee- and cocoa-pots, never allowing hot milk to do duty for cold, keeping the tea fresh and fresh, in fact, hotter and hotter, so that the last cup of any of the breakfast beverages was equal to the first in strength, tone, taste, temperature, and every other perfection.

Then, after a few days, we improved. The politeness was in no way diminished: on the contrary, it was at high pressure, and in full working order. All went easily, without effort. Gentlemen knew which Ladies took ham, which eggs, and which eggs and ham, how many were for chicken, how many were for braised pie, and could tell to a second when each would be ready for a clean plate and a fresh help. The waiting of the Gentlemen was so perfect, that the Ladies never had to wait at all.

On the other hand, the Ladies knew to a man who took coffee, who tea, and who cocoa, who took hot milk, who cold, who liked much sugar, who liked little, and who took none, and everyone was





“NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.”

*Sea-side Visitor (on the Suffolk Coast).* “YOU’LL EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I NOTICE THAT YOU SEEM TO LIKE TO SIT ALL DAY ON THIS EXPOSED SPOT—”

*Native (Ancient Mariner).* “YES, I DEW, SIR; ’CAUSE THEN I KNOW THERE AIN’T NOBODY TO THE EAST’ARD O’ ME!”

helped exactly to his taste and liking—always, of course, with the exception of that one undecided person, who *will* turn up on every occasion of this sort, and who never *can* make up his mind as to what he really does want, so upsetting all calculations, and generally finishing by saying, “Oh, don’t mind me—I’ll help myself;” and ultimately taking something of everything.

After a while, getting to know one another thoroughly well, unpunctuality set in. The men had gradually sat up later and later, and therefore rose later and later. They dropped into breakfast with various apologies, the younger offering excuses for their tardy appearance, and the more experienced not attempting to explain anything. Then, imperceptibly, there was a falling-off in politeness, generally, though sustained only in private and particular instances; the tone became familiar and less courteous. We had, as it were, begun with the *minuet de la cour*, and were ending with a polka. Perhaps the strain had been too great at first, and “self” was reasserting itself. At last our house party has dwindled down to a few, who cling on affectionately, like the bluebottles in September, and we are dependent for excitement on outsiders, to whose houses we go, and who return our visits.

My excellent host and myself agree that this is what we like. We have plenty of time for the papers, which are no longer seized on, taken away, and hidden, and after dinner we can sit down quietly to discuss claret, BURNS’S works and life, and with the second bottle we discuss philosophy and social science. If my host insists on producing some peculiarly fine old port, after the claret, then we get into theology. On the whole, with the assistance of a little occasional contradiction from externs, the evenings are passed seriously, pleasantly, and profitably. After any prolonged discussion, finishing only with the departure of the last guest, whose carriage has been announced two hours ago, I invariably retire to read up a certain portion of what are, to my mind, clenching anti-positivist arguments in Mr. MALLOCK’S *Is Life worth Living?* Having commenced a chapter, I find that this must be the same chapter I began last night, and when I’ve got to the second page, which determines me on the point, I close my eyes, to make a mental *resumé* of the strong points

in the previous argument. The *resumé* becoming rather muddled, gets itself mixed up with lawn-tennis, with what we’ll do to-morrow, with an indistinct recollection of having said something to somebody in London about something of great importance, which suddenly connects itself with something else that happened years and years ago, that I had forgotten till now,—and then—I pull myself together, and determine to . . . to put out the candle before I forget it.

Thus we are passing a pleasant and peaceable time, when one morning my host enters with a telegram, and announces to us generally, that “JIM’S coming!”

The prospect of JIM’S coming puts everyone into good spirits. A flash of delight passes round like an electric current. I own to feeling intensely pleased. Not because I know JIM, or have the slightest idea who he is, or what he is—“What’s ALLISON to JIM, or JIM to ALLISON?” (*Mac Shakspeare* adapted)—but simply from seeing the delight depicted on everyone’s countenance. JIM, it turns out, is ALLISON’S nephew, the life and soul of the house—when he’s there.

Host and hostess beam, as the former flourishes JIM’S telegram, for it is a peculiarity with JIM, that, no matter where he may be, no matter how far from home, or how near—whether in India, Africa, Paris, Germany, London, or merely in the next village, if there is only a telegraph station to be found, JIM telegraphs.

ALLISON’S house is six miles from a telegraph station, but this makes no difference to JIM, who, in the impulse of a message, annihilates times, space, and expense—the latter having nothing to do with his own pocket personally. So a messenger has arrived in hot haste on horseback, from the nearest town; and as there is a request that an answer may be sent, ALLISON complies with it, and sends one—it being comparatively economical to pay a shilling for sending a message, in order to forestall another five-shilling telegram from JIM in the course of the morning, inquiring if the first had come all right.

Everyone personally acquainted with JIM beams again. “He’ll wake us up a bit!” says ALLISON; which, though he means it well, is rather a slur on the present company’s liveliness.

## A CALL FOR A CANDIDATE.

IN the account, according to the *Morning Post*, of the recent Trades' Union Conference at Exeter Hall, and in the paragraph comprising a speech reported to have been delivered by a Mr. Z. D. BERRY, you will find the following words:—

"He trusted people would vote for Whig, Tory, Radical, or the Devil himself, so long as they would pledge themselves to put down Crown trading."

It is hardly conceivable that Mr. BERRY, speaking as above, can speak for any considerable number of tradesmen besides himself. Other wise, the Personage whom he declares he is ready to vote for might, if he came forward as a Candidate for the representation of Southwark, for example, command a considerable number of votes amongst a certain class of shopkeepers.

Fancy the electioneering appeals and exhortations which would then be posted and borne about by standard-bearers and stalling sandwiches—as:—"Give your votes for the Old Gentleman." "Vote for Old HARRY." "Poll for Old NICK." "The Fiend—the Tradesman's Friend." "The Old One for the Counter." "Old SCRATCH for the Till." "Down with Co-operative Stores, and the Prince of Darkness for Ever!"

Of course tradesmen prepared to vote for the "lost Archangel," commended to their preference by Mr. BERRY, would give him as honest a vote as could be expected of parties accustomed to be fined for using false weights and measures.



## A SINE QUÂ NON.

*Patient.* "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY COMPLAINT IS A DANGEROUS ONE?"

*Doctor.* "A VERY DANGEROUS ONE, MY DEAR FRIEND. STILL, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO RECOVER FROM IT; SO YOU MUST NOT GIVE UP ALL HOPE. BUT RECOLLECT ONE THING: YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO KEEP IN A CHEERFUL FRAME OF MIND, AND AVOID ANYTHING LIKE DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS!"

We all express intense delight at the prospect of being woke up, and privately to one another—those who don't know JOSEPH, I mean JIM—wonder how the operation is going to be performed.

"He'll keep us alive!" repeats Uncle ALLISON, beaming again. And once more the guests express themselves with extreme politeness on the subject of being kept alive, but secretly resent the liberty that Nephew JIM is going to take with their existence. It really sounds as if we were a set of old dummies, whose machinery having gone wrong, was going to be set in motion by a touch-up from Nephew JIM, and we are as much disturbed as would be a party of over-fed lotos-eaters by the emptying out on them a tankful of electric eels.

JIM has already given us his first shock with his telegram. We are undoubtedly more alive than we were an hour ago for example.

And, as I have said, everyone is beaming. The servants all beam, specially the Butler, who beams almost to bursting, so intense is the struggle going on within him between rapturous joy and proper decorum.

The day goes on. Like *Mariana*, we become a-weary of waiting, and anxious. The beams are hidden by clouds. The Butler is shrinking again to his natural size. Suddenly they all beam again. Another telegram!! Another five shillings! Uncle ALLISON beams less this time than at first; but the Butler is again inflated with joy, and beams more than ever. But for a strong command over himself, which enables him to "keep himself down," he would swell up, rise in the air, and only descend after a sharp contact with the ceiling.

Uncle ALLISON I rather think I hear mutter, "Confound the fellow! Why the doose does he go on telegraphing?"

We are all anxious to know the contents. What does he say? Is he coming? Nothing wrong? Let us know the worst or the best.

"Missed train, catch next. Wire to Carlisle, say if carriage meets. If not, will wire on for fly."

That's what he has to say. We breathe again. Butler, who, for one second, has been in danger of collapsing suddenly, beams again. All beaming. We're all beaming, beam, beam, beaming, we're all beaming at our house at home—except ALLISON, who must send another telegram to catch JIM at Carlisle *en route*; for, if not,

JIM will order a fly to meet him, and that will be another useless expense.

There is still a sort of uncertainty as to how or when he may arrive. Were he an ordinary person he couldn't be here for five hours at least. This, however, doesn't prevent the Butler from going to the door about every half-hour, to look out and see if he is coming.

No one who knows JIM would swear to feeling perfectly sure that he isn't on the premises at this present moment, hiding, and ready to bounce out on us.

Our host disposes of this idea, "as," he says, "if JIM were anywhere about, we should have heard him long ago."

When Nephew JIM *does* come, we do hear him with a vengeance.

Having finished our tennis, we are enjoying, after a bath, that deliciously refreshing semi-siesta, when one dawdles over dressing for dinner, and the edge of one's appetite becomes gradually keener and keener,—when, suddenly, a blast from a coach-horn startles me from a reverie over the waning state of my dress-boots. Coach-horn or bugle, or whatever it is, sounds again, and the next moment there is a shouting of directions, and a staggering on the staircase of heavily-laden people with boxes; then a dashing charge of one, up the stairs, three steps at a time; then a loud inquiry from the landing as to the dinner-hour, to which the reply, that it is at eight, is almost lost in a wild whoop, as an introduction to the following mysterious sentence, delivered in the cheeriest possible tone.

"All right! Hokee-pokee! Play up for the cocoa-nuts!"

When there is another bang of a door that shakes the house to its foundations, and, judging from the noise of chucking heavy weights about, the occupant of the room next to me is apparently "playing up for the cocoa-nuts" in preference to dressing for dinner.

As I descend the stairs five minutes afterwards, I hear bursts of vocal melody within, snatches of popular airs whistled, and a dull wooden-sounding accompaniment, which may either be the clog-dance, or a violent struggle with a boot-jack.

I meet my host on the stairs.

"JIM's come!" he cries, gleefully.

I thought so. He has come—like a whirlwind—and the process of "keeping us all alive" has commenced.

## BAD AND BATH.



WELL-KNOWN German watering-place, of special note and resort hitherto on account of its character for peculiar healthiness, has always, until lately, borne a particularly good name, albeit that of Bad-Homburg. But now, according to sundry complainants, the sanitary arrangements prevalent at this situation of reputed salubrity have been found so shamefully defective, that many who repaired thither to regain their health have simply contracted additional disease; so that Bad-Homburg may very justly be described, in plain English, as bad and very bad indeed. Unless prompt measures are taken to rectify existing ill conditions, it is much to be feared that Bad-Homburg will go on from bad to worse.

## Heroism on Hire.

REFERRING to the class of assistants commonly employed at French sea-bathing establishments to rescue bathers in danger, and distinguished by the name of *sauveteurs*, which, however, they seem to have acquired, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, by not saving them, a *Times* leader, apologetically remarks, that—"They are no heroes, it is clear; but heroism is rare, and is not to be purchased at so much a week." This, perhaps, may be the case on the other side of the Channel; but on this, fortunately, heroism is readily purchasable, not only at so much a week, but at so much a day, and that much so little as the pay of a private soldier. Otherwise the Conscription would be inevitable; or what should we do for a British Army?

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Fragment of *Anti-Co-operative Comedy*—adapted from report of a recent meeting.

*Exterior of a Money-taker's Box at a Store conducted by Paid Servants of the Crown. A Duchess, two Earls, a Country Clergyman, and a Spinster waiting, with other fashionable purchasers, to pay their orders.*

*First Earl.* As you say, Duchess, it is not only the fact that I can get my arrowroot at an enormous reduction, and carry it home myself afterwards, that brings me to this charming lounge. No, no. There is something more than that.

*Duchess.* Quite so. It was the same with the Duke. Often on his way to a *levée* has he looked in here to get his pint of bird-seed. And I am not surprised.

*Second Earl.* Nor, your Grace, am I. See here; I have in this parcel two pounds of sausages, a piece of American cheese, a bottle of mixed pickles, and a blacking-brush,—merely a little surprise for the Countess. And I have been collecting them from the various departments since half-past nine this morning. But what of that? There's a zest about the place that, I'll be bound, this worthy clerical gentleman will be the first to acknowledge.

*Country Clergyman.* Certainly, Sir, certainly. Though I have to support a wife and eleven children on two hundred and ten pounds a year, it isn't the saving of a trifle like forty-five per cent. on all the necessities of life that could make me desert the good old-fashioned high-charging local tradesmen—heaven bless them! No, no. It isn't a mere struggle against respectable starvation that brings us here, as this good lady will tell you. Is it, Madam?

*Spinster.* No, indeed. That such as we should pinch a little, to give the good comfortable middleman his villa, or even his brougham, is only natural and right. No; what brings us here is the social look of the thing. One meets such superior society at the Stores.

*Duchess.* You are right, Madam. As you say, the success of the movement is due simply to *prestige*!

OUTCRY OF IRISH FARMERS.—No rents at all at all but the rents in our own breeches-pockets!

## THE EYES OF THE FOREIGNER.

"The eyes of the foreigner are once more fixed on us."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Oh, say not Old England is on the decline,  
A mere *Pouvoir fini* as good as played out!  
Her star of ascendancy brightly doth shine,  
Brave BENJAMIN'S boldness hath brought it about.  
The meteor flag once again is unfurled,  
The long drowsing lion doth ramp and doth roar,  
To the awe and alarm of a wondering world,  
And the Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more!

The studious calm that an ELCHO disdains,  
The steady reserve that a SALISBURY scorns,  
Are gone; we've the loveliest tossing of manes,  
And beating of tocsins, and blowing of horns.  
BRITANNIA'S *en évidence*, armed to the eyes,  
Proud, prompt, and prepared to pay off every score.  
Midst Imperial posings and patriot cries,  
The Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more!

The Foreigner's eyes? Well, and what do they see?  
And what is the sort of expression they wear?  
Do they see us magnanimous, prosperous, free?  
Look with fixed admiration, or jealousy's glare?  
No matter; there's tribute enough in their gaze,  
They may hate or despise, but they cannot ignore;  
For we make such a blaze, such a shindy we raise,  
That the Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more!

True, our taxes run high, and our tradings run low,  
Our workshops are empty, our hands over full;  
True, Freedom's face flushes no more with the glow  
That once lit her cheek at the name of JOHN BULL.  
In the swim of intrigue, with the land-snatching league,  
We find simple justice a clog and a bore;  
But what are dishonour, loss, failure, fatigue,  
When the Foreigner's eyes are fixed on us once more?

## GOBEMOUCHERIES: ALL ABOUT A VISIT TO VIENNA.

*What England says.*—Setting aside conjecture, as certainly vain and probably misleading, we may accept without reserve the statement that the result of the conferences between the two statesmen of the day has been to establish the conclusion that the interests of Austria and Germany, in regard to pending European questions, have been found to be in the main identical.

*What France says.*—The meeting is a menace to the peace of Europe. France has an enemy the more!—one that must be crushed!

*What Russia says.*—It is a farce, but a dangerous one! It teaches a lesson—that Siberia is not yet sufficiently populated! This newly-discovered plot of the Nihilists must supply a new batch of labourers to the quicksilver mines!

*What Turkey says.*—It is to be hoped that the outcome of this very interesting meeting may be a new loan to the Sublime Porte!

*What Italy says.*—Surely so intelligent a statesman as BISMARCK must have explained that Trieste can no longer exist as an Austrian sea-port. Italy has claims which *must* be settled as a supplement to the Treaty of Berlin!

*What Greece says.*—Of course these two statesmen had no subject of discussion so pressing as the rectification of the Greek-Turkish frontier! When honest men agree . . . !

*What Andrassy says.*—*Auf wiedersehen!*

*What Bismarck says.*—The Viennese beer is excellent!

*What a Large Majority say.*—The meeting means everything!

*What a Small Minority say.*—The meeting means nothing!

*What Mr. Punch says.*—Open your eyes—and shut your mouths, my little dears!

## The Cook on the Doctor.

(A Warning to Dr. Ernest Hart.)

"Ho! 'The Doctor in the Kitching!' Well, I never! I declare! Don't I wish as I could see 'im! Let me honly catch 'im there! I'd soon teach 'im to demean 'isself in that owdacious manner; For I'd pin a dishcloth to 'is tail, as sure as my name's HANNER!"



"POLITESSE OBLIGE."

*Hansom Cabby (suppressing a volley of imprecations at the tip of his tongue, as he'd a Lady inside—the four-wheeler having narrowly grazed his horse's nose). "PRAY 'OW D'YER LIKE LONDON, SIR?"*

### THE JESTER'S JUDGMENT.

To *Punch's* open judgment-seat two queer appellants came,  
One grave and of a sombre look, and STULTUS was his name;  
The other, call him FATUUS, was of a gayer guise,  
But something red about the nose and wrinkled round the eyes.  
Cried STULTUS, "Lo! this chuckling clown is ever on the grin,  
And sniggers in a chronic way that verges upon sin.  
He travesties the serious, the sacred, the sublime,  
To furnish matter for a mirth that borders on a crime."  
"He! he!" forth cackled FATUUS, "this prim and pompous prig  
Is as incapable of jest as Behemoth of a jig;  
And since he has no sense of fun, no eye for the absurd,  
He'd put an end to joking—a rare joke, upon my word!"  
"Not so," quoth STULTUS; "but this fool's irreverent burlesque  
Fast robs us of the passionate, the pure, the picturesque;  
He lowers our ideals with his daubings, and debases  
The—well, the moral currency, by making ugly faces."  
"Yah!" FATUUS cried, "he simply lacks the faculty called risible;  
And the most rare and screaming joke to him is just invisible.  
Unknowing that Creation's full of what is queer and chaffable,  
He rages at us funny folk. It's really very laughable."  
"Buffoon!" shrieked STULTUS, scornfully. "Base parody of Mirth!"  
"Sour old Smelfungus!" FATUUS cried, "you'd make a grave of  
Earth!"

"Come, shut up that!" said *Mr. Punch*. "We can't have brawling here!"

You've neither of you any genuine sense of fun, that's clear."  
"No sense of fun?" howled FATUUS. Cried *Punchius*, "Not a bit!  
You're destitute of humour, as he's wholly void of wit.  
Of two egregious kinds of bores, you're samples, you and he.  
For STULTUS cannot see a joke, and you nought else can see.

### BEFORE THE VOTE.

*Ratepayers' Reflections—Various.*

THOUGH I read the whole of Sir CHARLES REED's speech carefully through, can I make head or tail of the true merits of the School-Board question?

Am I really very very deeply interested in the Education of the Country?

Would I, but for the threat of a summons, further its development by quietly paying one-and-twopence in the pound?

Would I ever pay so much as the twopence even without the shilling?

Would I, in fact, if I could help it, pay anything at all?

Am I really and truly horrified when told that, unless I do, 400,391 children will arrive at maturity, without ever making the acquaintance of the "Three R.'s?"

Do not I think that the "Three R.'s" may be supplemented by the "Three D.'s," and that while appealed to for "Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic," I am in effect supplying "Dancing, Divinity, and Dynamics?"

Need the ordinary buildings of a Metropolitan Board School tower above the neighbourhood, and strongly resemble the new Law Courts?

How do I know, if this costliness continue, that high-art needle-work, drawing in crayons, and harp playing, may not become part of the recognised curriculum of the common domestic drudge?

Ought the son of my tinker to be receiving, out of my pocket, a better education in the next street than my son is getting at Eton?

Has all that I have heard about ridiculous fads, misdirected training, high salaries, extravagant structures, and general and lavish waste of the public money put me at last on my mettle about this "School Board" business?

Am I, on the whole, in that calm and quite dispassionate frame of mind that will enable me to give a highly edifying and satisfactory vote on the 27th November next?

MOTTO FOR THE GAME OF LAWN-TENNIS.  
—"The Deuce is in it!"

And he who has no vision save for fun, sees *that* askew.  
Therefore, of the two sorts of bores, I give the palm to *you*.  
The man who'd willingly debase Ideals that should rule,  
May dub himself a Jester, but he is a graceless fool.  
Yet the absurd in places the most unexpected lurks,  
And to drag it into daylight is the usefulness of works.  
Oft in the poet's ardour, the philosopher's vague dreams,  
The zealot's hasty search of ends and lofty scorn of means,  
Hides the Ridiculous, which, like the rift within the lute,  
Shall jangle the philosophy and leave the minstrel mute.  
Swift Humour sees and seizes it, mayhap, to make it plain  
To men of dull perception and sluggish gait of brain,  
Exaggerates to emphasise, not seeking to belie,  
But point by sly extravagance the truth it would imply.  
Sense sees and takes *cum grano*, but sometimes the Seer and Sage,  
Blind to the small absurdities that blot their brightest page,  
Resent detective Humour's quest which in them dares find fun,  
Flaws in the *servant's* theories, spots on the poet's sun.  
Nose-chipping Clown! they hotly cry, confounding him with *you*,  
Oh, ever-giggling FATUUS! You see the harm you do!  
We humorists should keep our calm, however Seers insult us;  
That's shameful in a Jester which is natural to STULTUS.  
Absurdity's my quarry, but I never hit on yet  
A thing that's more preposterous than a Jester in a pet.  
The Sage may rage, the Bard may rage, without incurring shame,  
But Humour prone to tantrums is unworthy of the name.  
Therefore, my precious pair, great *Punch* will not be wrath with *you*,  
Or with greater ones who flout him, though they scold till all is blue.  
You are both besotted boobies, but a moral you may point  
To Seers who say the Jester jokes Ideals out of joint,—  
Namely, there are two sorts of fools, who're deadly foes to fun;  
One cannot smile at a fair joke, one giggles when there's none."

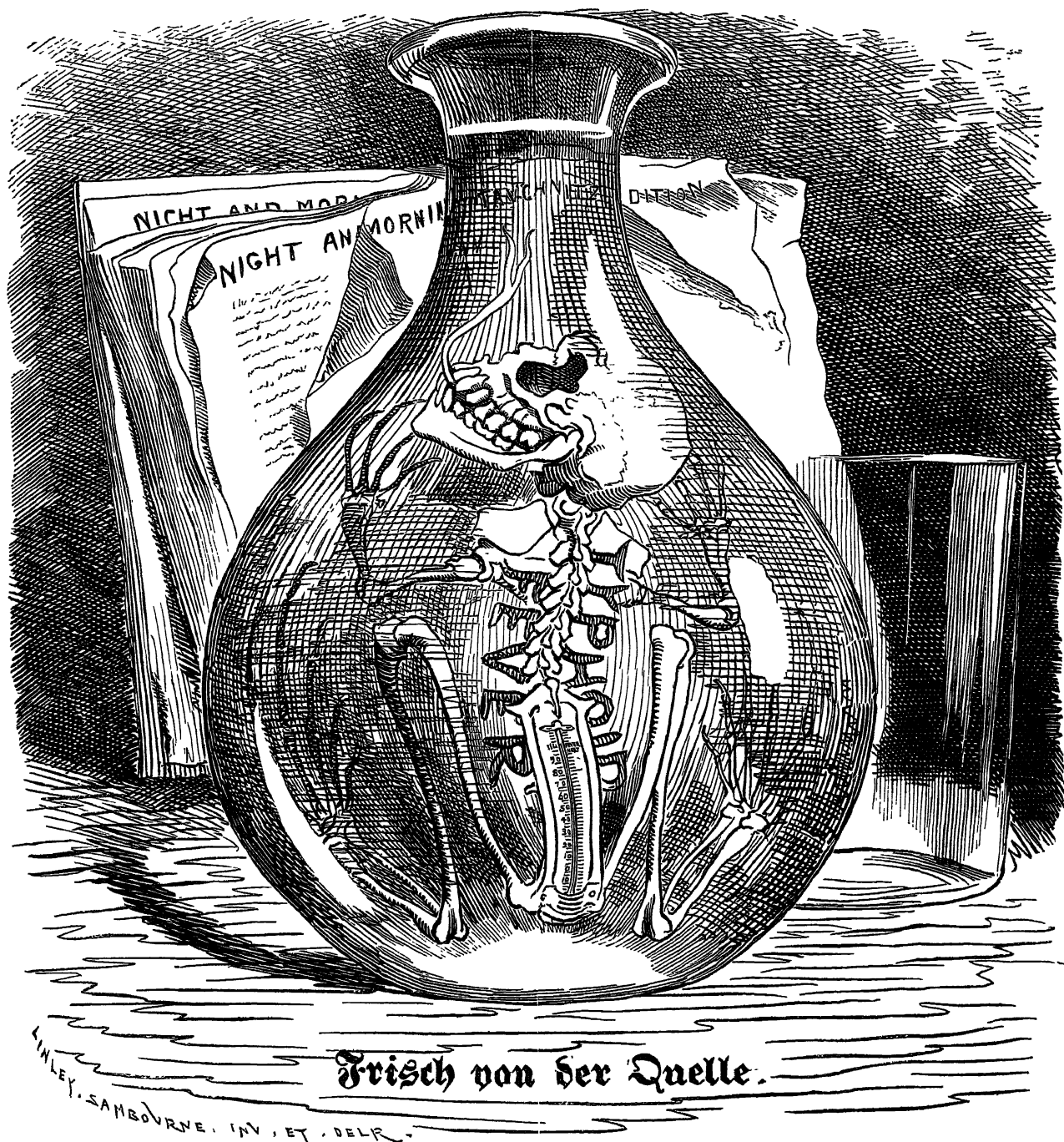




# EXCELSIOR!

The Mayor of Shropshire, (to Ecclesiastical Dignitary), who is congratulating his Worship on the improvements which have raised that once obscure noxious hamlet into a place of legend and fashionable resort. "IMPROVEMENTS, MY LORD! YOU MAY WELL SAY THAT. WHEN, ONLY LAST YEAR, THERE WASN'T SO MUCH AS A CORNET TO BE 'EARD IN THE 'OLD BLESSED TOWN'; AND NOW YOU MAY HEAR OF THIS VERY NOISE AND LISTEN TO THESE BRASS BANDS A-PLAYING AWAY—AND COLUMBIAD, RUBED, TOO, RUBED YER—AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME! BEAUTIFUL!"





### A SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

(BEING A WARNING TO PLEASURE-SEEKERS AT GERMAN WATERING-PLACES.)

#### EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF LIQUOR.

A QUITE unprecedented case occurred a few days 'ago at the Wakefield Borough Court. A local contemporary, the *Free Press*, reports it as follows:—

"**INSOBRIETY.**—PATRICK SLAVEN, labourer, was charged with drunkenness, in King Street, on the 22nd inst.—Police Constable Dobson proved the case, stating that deceased was drunk at the place named, about seven o'clock in the evening, when he made use of bad names to those who had him in custody. Fined 2s. 6d. and costs."

Many a man, and, worse still, many a woman, has been picked up dead drunk, as the phrase is—that is to say, drunk and incapable, and subsequently fined for drunkenness; but never until the in-

stance recorded as above, was a fine ever known to be inflicted on a person actually deceased, and one who had remained drunk after death. This case, if accurately reported, cannot even be accounted for by the supposition that the defendant, having been taken up dead, had really departed this life, but afterwards come back again; because when apprehended he used bad language, which he could not possibly have done, if he had been so very dead as those dead men who proverbially tell no tales.

**FRANCE IN A FAIR WAY.**—The French Republican Government appears to be well enough off. It could afford to allow Legitimist demonstrations to be made on Goose Day.

## FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

(THIRD SERIES.—SUMMER.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Keeping alive—Description—Dinner—Discussion—Gloom—A Flash—Suggestions—Annoyance—Interruption—Jim's Opinions—Bets—Butler—Challenges—Half-crowns—Replies—Scoring—Rabbits—Sawbath—Departure—End of Visit.*



RULY, Nephew JIM does keep us alive. I had no idea how sedate we had become until his appearance on the scene.

He has a vocabulary and idioms of his own, which he has partly invented and partly compiled by a process of careful selection from burlesques, music-hall ditties, the Clown's catch-words in pantomimes, and sporting slang generally. He is, undoubtedly, a fine young English gentleman all of the very modernest time, and we are miles away behind him in the foggy land.

He is full of snatches of various melodies,

no one of which he ever gives in a complete form. He enlivens the house, generally, with the most telling points of popular refrains, seldom going up or down stairs without a chorus, begun, if ascending, with a shout at the foot of the staircase and ending with a bang of his door on the second landing; or, if descending, commencing with a bang and ending with a jump of three steps taken in a flying leap.

He is hearty and jovial, in the highest possible spirits, and decidedly impatient of the serious, political, or philosophical conversation with which our sedate selves have hitherto beguiled the evenings.

At dinner the subject that occupies our attention is the present serious state of the country, agricultural distress, lowering of rents, difficulties between landlords and tenants.

There are three landed proprietors at table, including our host, and I am deeply interested in their views of the prospects of the United Kingdom.

"It is a serious matter," observes Sir ANDREW MCCORRIE, a severe-looking elderly gentleman, with an inclination to lay down the law on every subject, "and there is but one thing to be done for the next year at least, and that is to reduce the rents all round."

Mr. ALEXANDER, a younger man and a lesser landlord, does not see this in the same light. He would suggest another course.

"There is no other course," says Sir ANDREW, frowning at the idea of anyone's attempting to improve on his original suggestion.

Our host shakes his head dubiously.

"It will play the deuce with some of us," he observes, "and there'll be no going up to London for the Season,"—here our hostess becomes interested in the discussion—"and precious little to do in the country too, if the hunters are to be sold, and establishments reduced all round."

"Ah!" sighs our hostess, sympathetically, as if for the first time a light was breaking in upon her as to the effects of the weather and the crops on the parks, ball-rooms, and opera-houses.

We are all silent and sad, moodily regarding our champagne as though it were the last glass at parting previous to our all being led off to the workhouse.

But Nephew JIM has not come down for his holidays—he has been reading with a Coach—to be gloomy, and at this point, being no respecter of persons, he dashes in brilliantly.

"I say, Uncle," he cries, "I'll tell you what you can do if you are all hard up."

We all listen, and Sir ANDREW frowns more portentously than ever. The idea of his being included among the "hard up" ones!

"Well," asks our host, "what?"

"Why, look here," continues JIM, "I've got a Bogardus trap—rifle, glass balls, and all complete. I'm a nailer at it. BOBBY ROBERTS laid me two to one I wouldn't hit ten out of fifteen—"

"And did you?" asks his Aunt, pretending a sudden interest in the Bogardus trap, partly to shield him from the evident wrath of

Sir ANDREW at the irrelevancy of the interruption, and partly because she has some sort of latent faith in her Nephew's originality, though at present none of us clearly see how JIM's hitting ten out of fifteen glass balls, shot out of a Bogardus trap, can possibly benefit the struggling farmers or the unfortunate landlords.

"Yes," replies JIM, with a perfect shout of triumph that nearly sends Sir ANDREW into a fit. "I hit fourteen out of fifteen, and pocketed his two quid. I scored off him there."

"I don't see what that has to do with what we were speaking about," remarks Sir ANDREW, sententiously, and then adds, patronisingly, "which perhaps you are not yet old enough to understand."

But JIM is not going to be patronised, and not going to be put down.

"Yes it has," he says; "Uncle and I will go round the country with the trap, take six to four everywhere. I'll shoot, and Uncle shall carry the balls—"

"Thank you," says our host, amused,—as we all are except Sir ANDREW, who, evidently objecting to such ill-timed levity, would interrupt if he could; but JIM, having once started, won't let him, and goes on enthusiastically, as though he were organising the most brilliant scheme for the relief of the present distress.

"And," he continues, "we'd welsh 'em. I'd make a miss or two, just to put 'em off; then they'd double the odds. I'd do the trick. Uncle should collect the coin, and on we'd go again. You might come with us," he adds, as a kindly afterthought, to Sir ANDREW.

Sir ANDREW's breath is literally taken away, and he replies, severely,

"I don't shoot glass balls from—from—" He hasn't caught the name of the trap. JIM assists him to the word.

"From Bogardus traps, eh?" says JIM. "Oh, you'd soon do it with practice. If you came with me and Uncle, you might drive the caravan, or beat the drum. We'd diddle 'em! Here, Waiter—I mean Butler!"

The Butler is doubtful as to being addressed as Waiter, but gets over it quickly, and attends to JIM's request that he won't put quite so much froth into his champagne next time.

"I'll get the real stuff while I can," he explains affably to Mr. ALEXANDER, "as we're all going to the workhouse."

It is all in vain, after this, that Sir ANDREW attempts to state his views on home or foreign politics, on all of which subjects JIM expresses himself in his own peculiar style very freely, generally to the effect that "The Nigger"—meaning either the AMER or CETERA—"will diddle us if we don't bosh him." As a rule he offers to back his opinions for a small sum. He is always betting half-a-crown that something is or isn't, or that somebody won't or will. It is only a form of expression, and never finds any takers.

The grouse is just the slightest bit full-flavoured. The guests are too polite to notice it. Not so JIM, who at once shouts out to our host,

"I say, Uncle."

"Well?"

"Game's a bit lofty, eh?"

Then to the servant—not the Butler this time—who had neglected JIM's instructions as to filling his glass.

"I say—here—you'll get yourself disliked, you will." And the man, audibly tittering, has to return and make up for the deficiency.

The conversation turns, at last, as it must do in Scotland, at least once during the evening, on BURNS, and his merits as a song-writer are discussed.

"In his songs," says Sir ANDREW, who has seized the opportunity presented to him by JIM's having his mouth full of hot tart, to monopolise the conversation, "BURNS showed himself pre-eminently a genius. His songs are unequalled. I know nothing, that, for pathos, for true poetic fire, and for local colouring, can touch them. Where is the song-writer nowadays?"

JIM is equal to the occasion, and suddenly recovering from the effects of the over-hot fruit, he looks up and answers decidedly,

"MACDERMOTT."

Sir ANDREW elevates his eyebrows, and observes that he has never heard of the poet in question, whereupon JIM, resuming his currant and raspberry, says,

"He's first-rate. Writes 'em and sings 'em. You go next time you're in town. Canterbury or Oxford," he adds, with his mouth full.

"An Oxford man, did you say?" asks Sir ANDREW.

JIM nearly explodes.

"No. Oxford Music-Hall man. Had you there! Right you are, says Moses. Whoa, Emma! But, I say," he goes on, cutting short his list of ballads, and warming with his subject as he finishes his tart, "have you heard TERRY in *Don Caesar* and *Little Dr. Faust*?" "How does he do it?" "The Continong—the Continong!" and if it were not for the table, I am convinced that he would give us an imitation, with dance to follow, on the spot.

BURNS, as a song-writer, is nowhere after this.

"I know a fellow who sings all the songs, and plays the banjo too, fine!" continues JIM, enthusiastically. "You ask him down, if

you're fond of music," he says, leaning across the table to Sir ANDREW, who at that moment looks as if he could murder a song. "You come over and hear him sing, 'I've been photographed like this.' You'll like him awfully." Then he adds, pleasantly winking aside to me, "Scored off him there!"

JIM is irrepressible. Sir ANDREW is longing for an opportunity to take him down, or, as JIM would say, to "score off him." Sir ANDREW assumes a patronising air of intense superiority. He tries to treat JIM as a mere boy. But it won't do. He catches JIM munching a juicy pear in a most schoolboyish fashion, and says condescendingly, hoping to turn the laugh against JIM with his mouth full,

"You seem to be well occupied."

"All right up to now," is the instant rejoinder, and we laugh with JIM, much to Sir ANDREW's discomfiture.

"You'd like another pear?" says Sir ANDREW, addressing him as though he were a child of ten years old.

"Not this journey," replies JIM. "Full inside! All right!"

Henceforth he won't leave Sir ANDREW alone, and we all feel that the latter has brought it on himself. JIM offers to shoot him at Bogardus balls for half-a-crown, to back himself to stand on his head against Sir ANDREW for the same amount, and, on similar terms, he wishes to challenge him to compete in various other feats, such as performing on the coach-horn, strokes at billiards, and playing the side-drum.

"I scored off him!" cries JIM, triumphantly, as Sir ANDREW drives away; for JIM evidently takes as much delight in giving pride a fall, as did *Jeames*, when he slapped "Old Pomposity" on the shoulder and addressed him as "BAREACRES, old Buck!"

Nephew JIM in the daytime appears in brilliant flannels, and a planter's straw hat. As he is seldom without a rifle, or some murderous weapon in his hand, he has the air of an amateur backwoodsman. A faithful bulldog, of most unprepossessing appearance, waddles in a slouching sort of way at his heels, scaring everyone, but being really the most good-tempered gentle animal that ever winked at a cat and passed on.

When Nephew JIM is not singing snatches of his favourite melodies, he is either taking a light blow-out on the coach-horn—he says, "You see I'm reading with a Coach, so I ought to play the horn, else we shouldn't get on"—or practising bugle-calls, or, having military proclivities, he is inspiring himself with a *pas de charge* on the side-drum.

Sunday in Scotland is a dull day for everyone, but a very dull day for JIM, who becomes dreadfully depressed.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and consequently Sunday is a real holiday for the unfortunate rabbits, who have led a miserable sort of hunted-down, in-and-out-of-a-hole existence since JIM's arrival. The rabbits, for six days in the week, are perpetually playing a game of hide-and-seek with JIM and his gun, but on Sunday they appear with quite a festive air in the fields, sitting on the lawn, coming boldly up to the garden, and defying JIM, as it were, under his very nose.

Music being prohibited in Scotland on Sunday, JIM, fortunately imagining that his coach-horn, side-drum, and bugle come under this denomination, finds his occupation gone.

Uncle ALLISON appears in gorgeous apparel for the Kirk. Top hat, frock-coat, and all ready for Hyde Park in the Season. This is calculated to produce a fine moral effect on his Nephew, as from this special costume, combined with a suitable air of sobriety, lemon-coloured gloves, and an ornamental prayer-book, you may gather something as to the importance of the "Sawbbath" in Scotland.

But all that it elicits from Nephew JIM, on seeing his Uncle thus arrayed, is, "What a dawg!" which is not quite what was intended.

We are kept alive every day in the week by Nephew JIM, except Sunday, when his melancholy is something touching to behold.

And the day comes when he has to return to his coach-horn, Bogardus trap, glass balls, bugle, side-drum, and "the whole bag of tricks," and we have to leave the land of BURNS, and, as we drive away from ALLISON's, where we have spent such a pleasant time, we take a last fond look at our old friend, Benjamin Lomond, in the distance, wave our adieux to BURNS's Monument, and say farewell to the genial hospitality of Ayr, hoping to return *ere* long.

P.S.—I am a little puzzled at the station by the following notice—

"The 9.7 train will leave at 8.55, and be earlier.

"The 8.45 train will leave at 8.48, and be later up to Dumdoddie.

"The 11.50 will not leave before 12."

We choose the last, and come up to Town by one of BURNS's Scotch lines, and, as I finish my holiday, I join most heartily in Nephew JIM's parting statement, as he waves his hand to me out of the cab window, "All right up to now! Good-bye!"

NEW RECIPE FOR GOOSEBERRY-FOOL.—First catch your Fool, and then give him plenty of cheap Champagne.

## A SCRAP FOR THE SEA-SIDE.



yet not endowed with sufficient latent energy to recover from the "shock" which must in all cases be inflicted on the nerve-centres by suddenly plunging the whole surface of the skin, with its terminal nervous twigs, into a cold bath. For a time, at least, the central activity must be reduced in force, if not in form. When, therefore, a man plunges, and immediately after strikes out to swim, it is not only possible but probable that he may become exhausted, and fail, from depression of energy, with cramp. It is important that this should be noticed. We do not think sufficient attention has yet been given to this cause of 'accident' in bathing."

Look before you leap head-foremost into the water, and see whether or no it is deep enough to drown you in case you should be seized with cramp. That is, unless you are quite sure that your own frame is one of those vigorous organisms which are capable of sustaining the shock of sudden immersion in a cold bath; an organism such as that of Captain WEBB, or of a Polar Bear. If your organism is an organism of doubtful vigour, you will perhaps do well never to take a header at all unless in the presence of associates able to save you in case you sink, and on no account whatever to attempt sea-bathing in any society less worshipful than that of Companions of the Bath.]

## A BISHOP BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

MR. PUNCH,

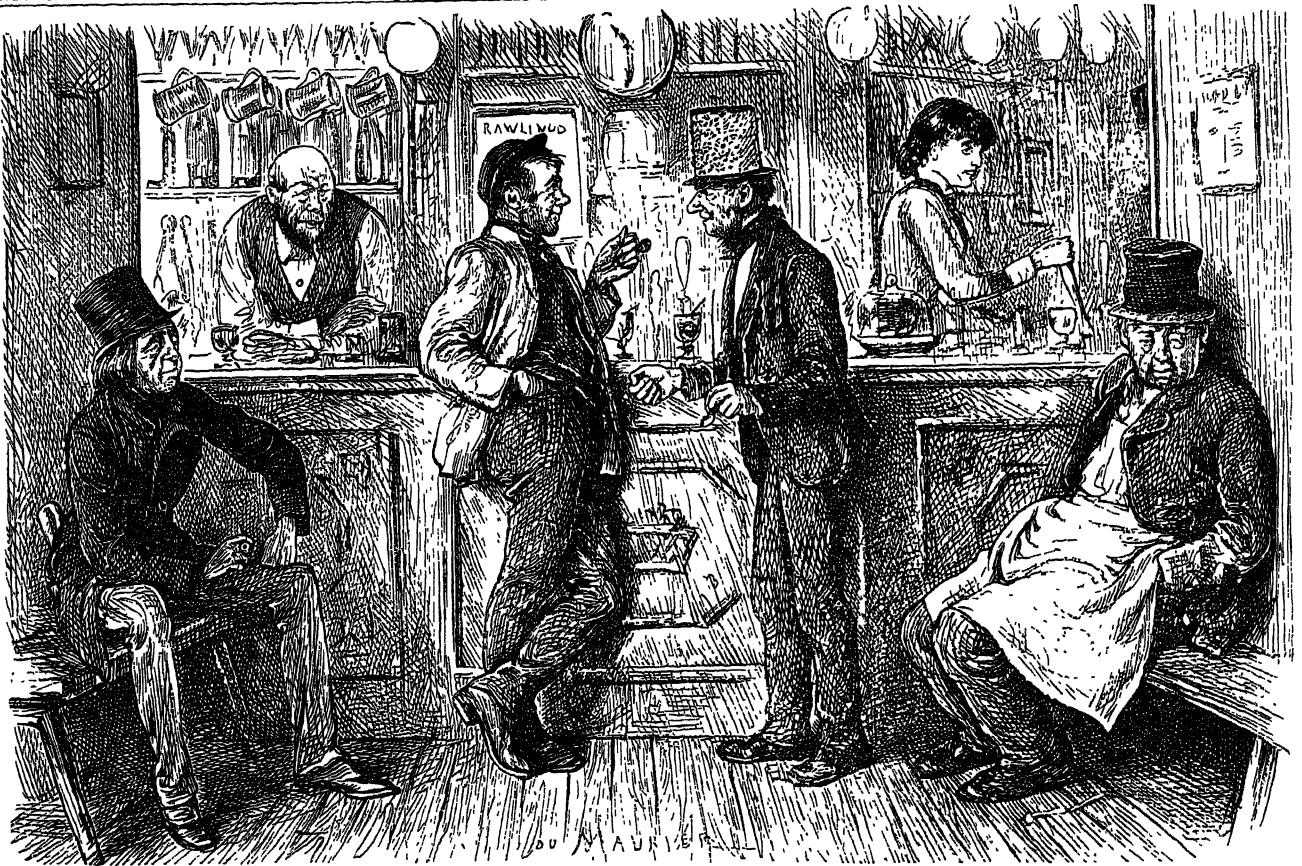
IN the generally very proper address delivered the other day by the Bishop of MANCHESTER to the Social Science Congress, his Lordship, speaking of public amusements, made the following observations, in a measure, actually giving Episcopal countenance to the Stage!—

"In the present state of artistic and literary education, the taste of our people is so coarse and unrefined, that it is almost impossible to prevent their amusements from degenerating into vulgarity and indecency. Mrs. THEODORA MARTIN, with that generosity which is characteristic of her, is this very night performing in the Theatre Royal, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mr. CHARLES CALVERT, who did so much, not in Manchester only, but in other provincial towns, to uphold the character of the Stage. I remember well, on one occasion, when I endeavoured to show in public my approbation of his efforts—for which I am afraid I fell into the black books of many sincerely good, but gloomy people—that in acknowledging what I said, he told me what uphill work he found it, and how constantly his aims were defeated by the vicious public taste not of the lower class alone—which preferred what was indelicate, and prurient, and revolting."

If, Mr. Punch, these remarks had fallen from a Layman, I should have quite approved of them. But as for a Bishop, Society, Sir, has voted that he ought to know nothing whatsoever about theatres, except that, however unobjectionably managed, they are places not fit for him, or any other Clergyman to be seen in. Of course, if a Bishop approves of the Stage, properly conducted, he is capable of going to see a play; and now that the Bishop of MANCHESTER has expressed himself as above, the next thing, I suppose, will be that his Lordship will be seen in a private box at the Lyceum, setting all the rest of the Bishops and the Clergy at large the example of sitting and listening to Mr. IRVING. I need scarcely say how extremely so dreadful a defiance of Opinion would shock its acknowledged Representative Woman,

Ever yours, faithfully,

MARTHA GRUNDY.



### "CATCH 'EM ALIVE, OH!"

*Costermonger.* "I CALL YOURS A *SIGNOCURE*, JIM. YOU CLAPS THAT 'ERE PAPER ROUND YER 'AT, AND THERE YOU ARE—A PENNY EACH!"

*Fly-Catcher.* "AH, BUT LOOK AT THE LABOUR OF CATCHIN' 'EM, AND STICKIN' OF 'EM ON AT THE OUTSET, BILL!"

### "FINANCE À LA MODE!"

*Steward Sir Stafford loquitur.*

"If things would keep quiet, and all would go smoothly!"  
Ha! ha! Sounds sardonic! The Earl may speak soothly;  
But soft words, however their eloquence thrills,  
Will butter no parsnips, nor pay any bills.  
Keep quiet! Go smoothly! Ah! that would bring balm;  
But what has become of my Lord's "holy calm?"  
He may feel—or affect—it; but I—no, by Plutus!—  
Calm times make calm Stewards; but rackets don't suit us.  
Keep quiet? Of that he has not the least notion.  
Three years of perpetual row and commotion  
Have taxed the estate to a frightful extent.  
Has he any idea of the money he's spent?  
It's nonsense to think of perpetual postponement,  
There must come a day of smash-up or atonement.  
He pooh-poohs my fears. Well, he's cool as he's clever,  
But this sort of thing cannot go on for ever.  
Outgoings still growing, diminishing income,  
And as for a settlement, whence will the tin come?  
Decline on decline, all receipts in abatement!  
Nice state of affairs to sum up in a statement!  
With figures of speech you may do as you please,  
But figures like mine are no end of a tease.  
Fine phrases may soothe while the pocket-sense slumbers,  
But 'tis not so easy to juggle with numbers.  
Deft tropes lull the wits to convenient trance;  
But you're always bowled out when you come to finance.  
My post becomes one of extreme infelicity.  
Once that most heavenly word, "elasticity,"  
Comforted, cheered me, but now its sole token  
Is *bounce*, and my spirit for that's getting broken.  
Mistress, too! Do not quite relish *her* attitude:  
So as I've flattered her! Like woman's gratitude!

Ladies like cutting a dash, too, and verily  
She and my Lord have been going it merrily;  
Taking the shine out of rivals tremendously,  
Posing superbly, and spending stupendously:  
All very proper to keep up her pecker;  
But then I have got to keep up—the Exchequer;  
And taking the shine out of enemies pluckily  
Takes shiners out of my cash-box, unluckily.  
Now, I much fear that long yawn seems to indicate  
More than indifference. True, I can vindicate  
All my transactions, but,—well, I'll be blowed  
If I feel quite at home in Finance *à la Mode*!

### A COMPLIMENTARY SERMON.

THE Primitive Methodists of Harwich have erected an iron church there; and, according to the *Harwich and Dovercourt Newsman*—

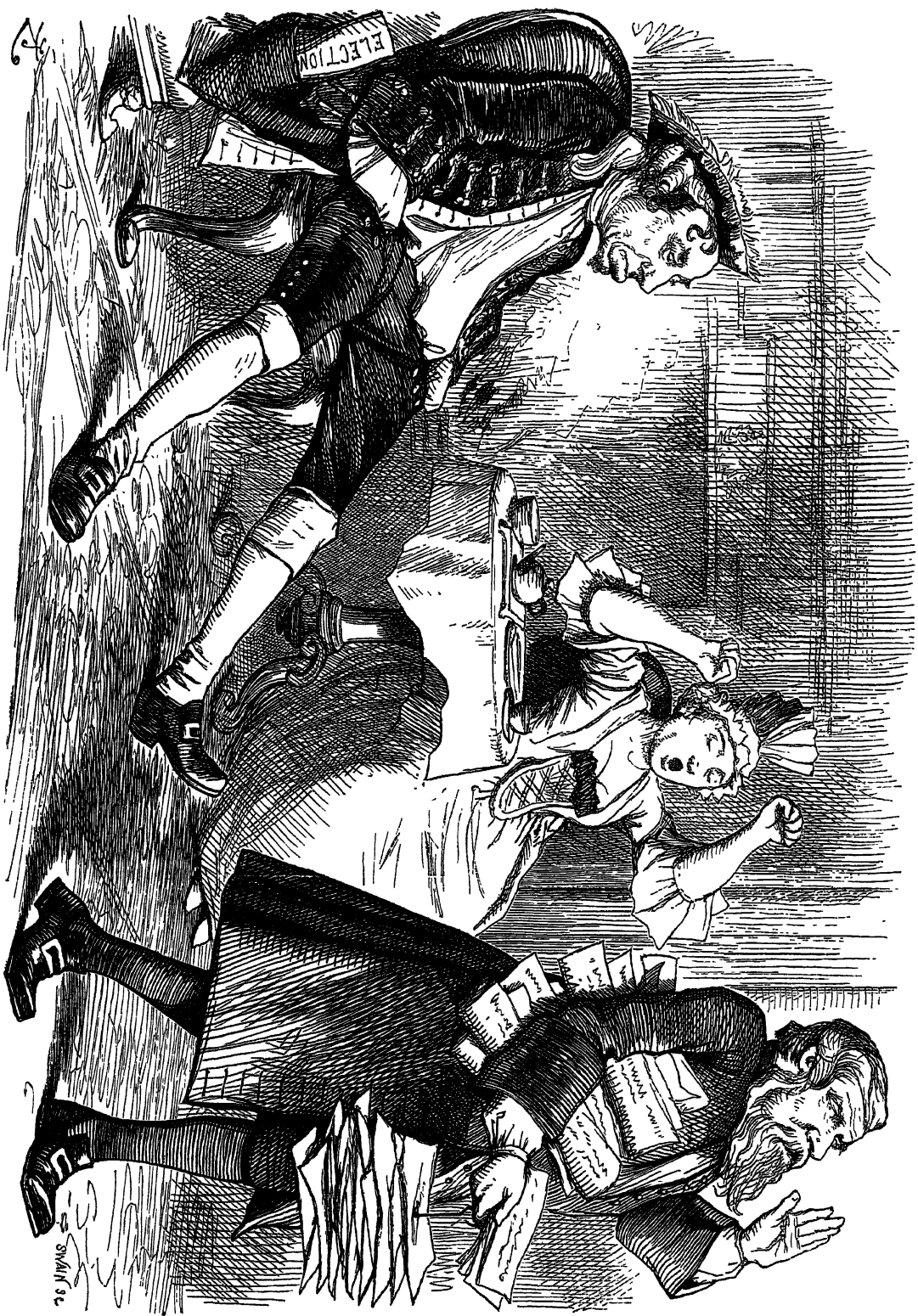
"The opening services were held on Sunday last. In the morning the place was filled by a respectable congregation, when the service was conducted by the Rev. E. S. SHIELDS, who took for the text of his sermon the words of Matthew xxi. 13—"My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves," and also using the parallel passage in Mark xi. 17."

In the evening Mr. SHIELDS preached another sermon, and a third was delivered by the Rev. W. FILBY. With reference to these sermons, inclusive of the morning sermon, we are further told that—

"The whole of the discourses were eminently practical and appropriate."

Not only practical, but likewise appropriate, and that not the evening discourses alone, but the morning discourse, too, observe. And yet the hearers of the latter discourse are expressly eulogised as a respectable congregation. How, dear friends, could a discourse have been appropriate to a congregation of any respectability if it was at all appropriate to denizens of a den of thieves? At any rate, however, its preacher seems to have been a faithful minister and plain-spoken man.





“FINANCE À LA MODE!”

(AFTER HOGARTH—A VERY LONG WAY.)

“IT WILL SCARCELY BE POSSIBLE TO GO ON CARRYING FORWARD LIABILITIES IN THIS INDEFINITE WAY.”—*Times*, Oct. 1st, 1879.





## SPORT IN A LONDON SQUARE.



salmon to be fished for in Cavendish Square, the noble Lord may have caught any other fish lately in season; and in case his Lordship has been shooting there since the 1st, inst., no doubt he has shot as many pheasants as partridges and hares.

## POLITICAL PUBLICANISM.

Is the honourable Baronet, the representative alike of merry Carlisle and the melancholy United Kingdom Alliance, quite sure of the exactness of words which, according to a report, he quoted as below in a speech addressed by him one day last week, in his usual serio-comic style to a meeting of the Scotch Permissive Bill Association at Glasgow? For the approaching struggle at the next Election—

“All parties were getting ready. The licensed victuallers were getting ready, and he read that at one of their feasts they had announced as their motto ‘More liquor and less law.’”

Is good Sir WILFRID quite sure about the two last words of the “Wittlers’” motto? Will he undertake to say that the cry of Messrs. BUNG, as originally enunciated, was not really “More liquor and no LAWSON”?

OMENS FOR OLD IRELAND.—The names of the Secretaries to the “Irish National Convention” are announced as SEXTON and KETTLE. Next to Kettle may be named Pot, to which let Home-Rule go as soon as possible, and Sexton toll its knell.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.**—Devoted exclusively to the junior members of each Service, as the name implies. Drummer Boys and Cabin Boys only eligible. The latter may be elected for life-membership, when he is termed a Lite-boy. The rule as to Drummer Boys is that they must be over *five* years of age. No Majors admitted on any account whatever.

**JUNIOR UNITED.**—For young married people. There are several Junior Clubs in London, all very pleasant ones, but, out of London, the one which deserves the name most of all is the Orleans Club at Twickenham, which, with its gardens and lawn-tennis grounds, is a delightful resort in June, and it is difficult therefore to find a more June-ier Club than this.

**KENNEL CLUB.**—No one can be elected unless he has qualified as “a regular Dawg.” Puppies not admitted.

**KEW GARDENS.**—The place to spend a happy day; for however hipped you may be, when you once get here, you always feel in Kew for enjoyment. Here you will find Kew, and also a rest. The Gardens are entirely supported by P.Q.-niary assistance from the Kew-rates Augmentation Fund. In the summer are here heard the first notes of the bird indigenous to the place, called the Kew-Kew. The flower-beds are lovely, and the walks picturesque; in fact the *Kew d’œil* is enchanting, having been designed by gardeners who have long passed the A B C of their Art, and got to Q, and who deserve great Kew-dos for their work. Many people prefer coming to Kew for a day’s outing, instead of Kye House, which ARRY says is “uncommon Kew-ri-ous.”

**KING’S COLLEGE, STRAND.**—Built for the education of the Royal Family. Princes half price.

**LAMBETH BRIDGE.**—Connects Westminster (where the Cardinal Archbishop lives) with Lambeth (where the Archbishop of CANTERBURY resides). The latter says he likes to “get a fine view of an Eminence,” and the Cardinal, in the most friendly spirit, observes that “he wouldn’t injure a hair of the Archbishop’s head, which he is glad to see is not yet *Archi-bald-tête*.” Such little amenities are often interchanged between the two Prelates. One evening His Eminence was sitting down to dinner, and had just said his Grace to himself, when a head popped itself in at the door,

and exclaimed, “That’s me!” It was His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Just then the clock struck. The Cardinal paused, counted the strokes, and then said, “ARCHIE, you know the dinner-hour? Dinna forget, eh?” His Grace instantly replied, “Eh, mon! but it’s just eight!” His Eminence perceived he meant, “Just Tate,” and, after highly complimenting him, as a Scotchman, on his sense of humour, invited him to dine, and gave him a glass of the finest old crusted toast-and-water in His Eminence’s cellar.

**LAW COURTS.**—Built entirely by Lawyers. Nobody believes this: hence the incredulous expression, “*Law yer don’t say so!*” The basement is entirely devoted to lawyers in full practice, who are ready to attend to customers who may want a little law at any hour of the day from ten to four. The business is conducted on much the same plan as that of the Co-operative Stores. Anybody requiring some law, goes in and asks for a case. It is sold generally in tins, invented for the purpose, by the celebrated Legal Roman JUST-TINNY-UN. The prices are—For a single opinion, 6s. 8d.; or two for 15s. 6d. Half an opinion, is 3s. 4d.; a quarter, is 1s. 8d.: but they don’t make up less. You may sometimes hear an indignant customer exclaim, “That’s not half an opinion!” and he will demand that it shall be weighed in the scales of Justice, which are usually kept on the counter. Always examine your parcel before leaving, to see whether they’ve given you Op-inions or Spanish inions. Songs can be obtained here. Apply to the Lord Chauntseller.

**LEICESTER SQUARE.**—The Babel of London, with a statue of SHAKESPEARE in the centre. Once a howling wilderness, now a comparative garden of Paradise, which ought to have been called the Land of Baron GRANT, since it was to his munificent grant of barren land that the Square owes its present improved appearance. Here all nations are represented, and, if an artist undertook the picture, like *Rumour* described by SHAKESPEARE in *Henry the Fourth*, the Square might be “painted full of tongues.”

**LLOYD’S.**—A celebrated Marine Coffee-house in the City, where all the shipping business is transacted, a full account of the week’s doings being published every Sunday morning (Town Edition) as *Lloyd’s Weekly News*. The motto written over LLOYD’S by an underwriter is, “Tell that to the Marines”—but this only applies when LLOYD’S won’t take the risk, and they pass it on to the Universal Marine Insurance or some other Company. Visitors to LLOYD’S will always call for the Steward and a basin—of soup, in the refreshment room. If you feel like it, you can see a Captain of a vessel in the luncheon room, and go for a sale, at 2.30 P.M. You may not stay in LLOYD’S unless you have business to transact, for as a German



### ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Wife, "TIM, YE'LL NOT LET THIM PORTERS KETCH HOULD O' THE PIG, AND STICK IT IN THE VAN? THE POOR CR'ATUR'LL BE KILT INTIRELY!"

Tim, "'DEED I WILL NOT! THE WHOLE FOWER IV US 'LL GO TREGITHER!"

Shipping Agent will inform you, "You are not permitted to *Lloyder* about the room."

LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE.—(See THE BEADLE.)

LONG ACRE.—Spelt originally "Long Acher," and inhabited only by Dentists, to whom any one troubled with a tooth that had long ached went, and had his long acher extracted.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.—Well worth a visit on Licensing Day, when all the Theatrical Managers go down in procession with the *corps de ballet* in full costume. The ceremony is a very pretty one, enlivened by dances, songs, and a Transformation Scene brought about by a touch of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S wand. As for the LORD CHAMBERLAIN himself, he always speaks in rhyme, wears knee-breeches, doublet, and large rosettes on his shoes, and invariably enters a room to a martial strain, being accompanied *ex officio* by a band, and sings a short song, finishing with a comic dance by way of an effective exit. At Christmas time he wears a large head, and is paid extra. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN has always been a comic character, and it is only necessary to refer to burlesques and extravaganzas for a sketch of the manners and customs of this distinguished official.

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

If prophets have seldom honour in their own country, still seldomer have artists. When they have, it usually comes when they are dead, and unable to reap the material benefit of it. It is too often with them a case of honour *versus* profit. But one class of Artists—Actors—usually receive all their honours, and profits, too, in their lifetimes. It is rarely that they obtain posthumous honours, and profits to boot. It is still more rare when both come from those for whom the Actor-Artist has spent himself in efforts less for the advancement of himself than of his Art.

Last week witnessed a memorable example of such rare posthumous recognition of an Actor's services to the community among whom and for whom his best labours had been bestowed, in the

memorial performances at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in honour of CHARLES CALVERT, prematurely cut off, and for the benefit of his widow and family. He was less famous as an Actor—though as an Actor he had many and rare merits—than as a Manager. In the latter character he did more for the elevation and development of the higher drama, historical and imaginative, than any provincial Manager on record, and than any metropolitan Managers, except MACREADY, CHARLES KEAN, and PHELPS. The Prince's Theatre, under his direction, was an arena for the tasteful and thoughtful combination of all the Arts—scenic, musical, pictorial—which unite with the work of the dramatist to make the Stage the meeting-place of all the Arts, visible, audible, and intellectual. In this way, CHARLES CALVERT in the course of his ten years' management of the Prince's Theatre did more for the imaginative and artistic education of Manchester, and its densely-peopled neighbourhood, than any other agency did or could have done.

*Punch* may rush in where a Bishop has not feared to tread, in paying this honour to his memory. And last week's memorial performance of *As You Like It*, in which Miss HELEN FAUCIT was proud to associate herself with a body of amateur Actors, including metropolitan and provincial notables in Art and Literature, is not less worthy of record, as a tribute of Artists to an Artist, than for the active part borne in organising and conducting it by a Committee including the leading citizens of the manufacturing capital. Civic worthies have rarely been so ready to recognise a worthy conception and fulfilment of the educational and intellectual functions of a well-directed Stage. Still more rarely Bishops. Manchester's civic and ecclesiastical dignitaries are, in *Punch's* opinion, alike to be congratulated.

*Punch* notes this performance for all these reasons, and that he may say, in conclusion, both to Bishops, Managers, and municipal worthies, "Go ye and do likewise."

PONS ASINORUM.—London Bridge, the worse for its proposed disfigurements.



### "A VITAL QUESTION."

*Brown (picking up Volume from Club table). "ULLO! WHAT'S THIS? 'IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?' WHAT DO YOU SAY, JONES?"*

*Jones. "H'M!—IT DEPENDS. IF I'M GOING TO HAVE CURRIED LOBSTER AND WELSH RABBIT FOR SUPPER, YES! IF I'VE HAD CURRIED LOBSTER AND WELSH RABBIT FOR SUPPER, NO! BUT I'VE NOT HAD CURRIED LOBSTER AND WELSH RABBIT FOR SUPPER, YOU SEE; AND, WHAT'S MORE, I'M NOT GOING TO. SO I GIVE IT UP!"*

*Brown. "So do I!" [Exeunt, each to his respective business or pleasure, as the case may be.]*

### THE BRAVE BOULONNAIS.

*(To be translated into French by M. Fictor Nogo.)*

It was a grand sight. It was the meeting of Valour and Domestic Love. It was more than grand—it was glorious.

"You are prepared to brave the storm?" said his wife.

"I am prepared," he answered, and he put on a water-proof over his four great coats. "The brave are always prudent; which is the effect—which the cause?"

"You shall not go."

"My mother!" he exclaimed, and fell upon his knees. He was a good son, and knew to what shrine he owed obedience and devotion.

"You must not go," she repeated. "It will rain. If it rains, you will get wet. If you get wet, you will catch cold. You shall not go."

His wife and children threw themselves on the ground before the old woman, and implored her to alter her decision.

"I beg of you," said his wife, "in the name of humanity. The human race calls out to him to come."

"The human race may call," replied his mother. Then she added,—"ineffectually."

"My mother," he said, embracing her tenderly, "my mission is to save life! It is because I have this mission, that I wear an enormous life-belt of cork, and carry a horn. The sea is perfectly calm, and there is not the slightest danger—let me go."

And then she wavered. To waver, in a woman, is to be half conquered.

### CHAIRS! CHAIRS!

INDIA seems in a bad way; far worse than we imagined. There will have to be another loan from England. The Government, apparently, cannot afford the commonest articles of furniture. We read with dismay and apprehension of the injurious effect the disclosure will produce on the native mind, the following telegram:—

"General ROBERTS received YAKOOB KHAN, DAUD SHAH, and MUSTAUFI HABIBULLA in durbar on Monday. The paucity of chairs prevented more Sirdars from attending."

We hope Professor FAWCETT, or some other Member of Parliament, will get to the bottom of this most untimely "paucity of chairs," whereby proud and influential Chiefs were prevented from personally testifying their fidelity to the Sovereign Power. Why was such a lack of seats not foreseen and remedied? Surely the resources of India are not so impoverished as to make a moderate outlay with some cabinet-maker at Calcutta or Simla an impossibility! If so, why did not the Viceroy telegraph an urgent message to his friend the Prime Minister, begging him to send out, without an hour's delay, a few of those useful chairs, which are made, cheap and good and plentiful, in the immediate neighbourhood of Hughenden?

Empires before now have been perilled and tempers lost through causes quite as trivial as the one we are now deploring. The Council table at the India Office should attend to this, and despatch at once the most comfortable and imposing chairs of state that can be purchased in Oxford or Wardour Street.

### Legal Ownership of Limbs.

THE *Solicitors' Journal* instances a new legal question which has arisen at Washington; that of the right to a pair of legs, which a surgeon having amputated, thereupon took possession of as his perquisites, put up in spirits and deposited in a museum for exhibition, in a jar labelled with the name of the original owner, who claims them as his property. The point requiring determination seems to be whether the surgeon who has removed another man's legs has a right to walk off with them.

"I ask you in the name of France."

"I can deny nothing to France," and she submitted.

He tenderly kissed his children, embraced his wife, and fell upon his knees to receive his mother's blessing. Then he stamped three times, struck an attitude, and after his family had admired him in it, left the room.

"A parting gift, my son," cried his mother, opening the window. Then she threw out to him in the street a large woollen comforter, a respirator, and an umbrella.

He fell upon his knees, and amalgamated the articles with his costume. Then, for the second time, he received his mother's blessing.

When he reached the sands he trembled. He did more than tremble. His cheek blanched, and his heart (for a moment) stood quite still.

"It is getting rough!" And he fell upon his knees, and wept bitterly. It was a grand sight! The Man and the Ocean! They were equals! The Ocean had salt waves, the Man salt tears. The waves and the tears were soon mingled! It was refined sensibility meeting rugged Nature half way!

Then there was a storm. Peace met War. Peace was represented by a bathing-machine. A bathing-machine is an emblem of peace. A bathing-machine cannot be used as a castle—it may sometimes form a portion of a barricade. But a barricade is also an emblem of peace. The storm, the emblem of war, met the bathing-machine, the emblem of peace. War was the victor, and the bathing-machine was overturned.

And what was the life-saver doing when this incident occurred?

He was still lying on the sand, weeping bitterly. Seeing the accident, he roused himself.

"I must do my duty," he murmured, and blew his horn.

Then there was a cry for him to come into the water. He shook his head. An Englishman begged him to enter the sea—up to his knees. He shook his head disdainfully.

Then the Mayor and the Municipality advanced. "You will enter the sea?" they asked.

"No," he replied. "I cannot."

Then the Mayor and the Municipality held a consultation. After an hour they asked him a second question—

"Why will you not enter the sea?"

He answered promptly, "If I enter the sea, my boots will become damp. Damp will damage my boots. I do not wish to damage my boots."

A second time they held a consultation. It was longer than the first. When it was over, they asked him a third question—

"And why do you not wish to damage your boots?"

"Because my boots belong to France! Long live France!"

And they all cried, "Long live France!" and went home.

### OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Prince of Wales's—St. James's—Lyceum—Gaiety—Vaudeville—and "Rescued" at the Adelphi.



SIR,—ALL the theatres are joining in chorus of "Tis our opening day," so I must be on the spot. Where Duty calls there is Yours truly.

BANCROFT expects that every man Some day will do his Duty. And, if Duty is to come before pleasure, then the sooner it's got over the better. Imbued with this sentiment, I went to the Alberty-Sardou play; and, for the present, I will merely say of Duty, that it is "All berry well;" and, for some people, it is *ar-du-ty* to see it. As might be expected, where the authorities put on a Duty, there is a good deal that might be advantageously excised. I will return to the subject next week, only remarking, *en attendant*,

that this new Duty, at the fashionable-custom-house, is not by any means an unwarrantable imposition. That *Les BANCROFT* should not be in it is a mistake, for without their joint names to a bill, in this particular quarter, its chances of being cashed are considerably lessened. Still, undoubtedly there is value received, and care, time, trouble, and expenditure will be more than their own reward.

Messrs. HARE and KENDAL have opened the Theatre that is dedicated to St. James—clearly a union of Church and Stage. As a good beginning, it is done brown outside, and has been thoroughly done up within. Rajah VAL PRINSEP's Comedietta is the novelty, of which more anon.

Mr. IRVING is giving us deep notes out of his *Iron Chest*, and Mrs. BATEMAN opens the Family Theatre, with a Family Circle at reasonable prices, in PHELPS's old home, Sadler's Wells. May the new Lessee find nothing but wells and no ills. Why the Wells of the Sadlers, with an additional "d"—a little one in, not a "great big D"—should never have been appropriately taken as a circus I can't make out, except that it is true you may take your horses to the Wells, but you can't make 'em draw,—or, rather, can't make 'em *Drink*,—but then *Drink* is *al-ready* at the Princess's, which leans on a READE as strong as an oak. Mrs. BATEMAN must have one performance under the patronage of the Saddlers' Guild, and then all *Saddler Swells* will appear in the stalls.

As the Gaiety shows us NELLIE FAREEN, Messrs. ROYCE and ELTON on horseback, it is evident that *The Grand Casimir* is well mounted. On the first night, Miss FAREEN so thoroughly entered into the equestrian spirit of the piece, that, from sheer nervousness, when she came to her songs, she found herself a *little hoarse*.

Mr. EDWARD TERRY is gorgeous as the Lion Tamer, and Mr. SOUTAR as the Corsican *Galetti*, proves once more that nothing is out of his reach—not even a top note; so that the old proverb, "*Ne SOUTAR*

*ultra crepidam*," doesn't apply to him. In the Circus Assistants there is the usual Gaiety Gal-axy of beauty and musical talent. "Galaxy" must not be pronounced Gal-laxy.

*Two Roses* are blooming at the Vaudeville; and *The Domestics* keep the audience in a roar till eleven.

Next door, at the Adelphi, the Messrs. GATTI have got a sort of *London-Journal-Adelphi Drama* in Mr. BOUCICAULT's *Rescued*. So strong a cast for a Melodrama can be seen nowhere else, here, or in Paris. Messrs. HENRY NEVILLE, FERNANDEZ, HERMANN VEZIN, J. G. TAYLOR, with Misses PATEMAN, LYDIA FOOTE, LOUISE MOODIE, MARIA HARRIS, EMILY DUNCAN, and CLARA JECKS, are "all in it."

What the story precisely is I am unable to say; but *Jack Weatherby* has invented a swing-bridge, and is only half a chap after all, being half the heir to some property, to which a small boy is the other half heir, while *Count Rukov*, a sort of *Robert Macaire*, with his *Jacques Strop*, in *Widdicoff*—so like the Russian for WIDDICOMB—are the two villains who do everything that's bad, for the sake of getting something good, and are foiled in the end,—which sounds like being thoroughly case-hardened villains,—by an Irish Obstructive or Detective,—who never detects anything until the villain absolutely discovers himself,—an amiable lawyer, called, very originally, *Mr. Manifold*, and three comic personages, one of whom is *Jerry Turbox*, which, like the aforesaid *Mr. Manifold*, is an example of a good old style of dramatic nomenclature, reminding us of *Policeman*, Mr. BOBBY; *Dentist*, Mr. DRAWER; *Sweep*, Mr. BLACKIE, in the Comic Scene of a Christmas Pantomime.

It is excellently acted, and capitally put on the stage. The Sensation Scene of the swing-bridge, and the passing of the train, is admirably managed, and as an effect alone is sufficient for the success of this class of piece. The audience seemed to take the train enthusiastically. The Scene should be described in the Bill as "written expressly for the Adelphi."

The affectionate interest displayed by the resplendent Jeameses, in white Berlin gloves, and housemaids of Mount Audley in the misfortunes of their master,—the *Earl of Mount Audley*, who in his frock-coat, top-hat, and irreproachable trowsers, might have walked out of one of the illustrations of a tale in *The London Journal*,—is deeply touching—though, perhaps, in ordinary life, if private family affairs were being discussed on the lawn, between the master of the house, on the one part, and a lawyer and his client, on the other, the sudden appearance of the entire household, listening with breathless interest to the legal difficulties into which their master found himself unexpectedly plunged, would lead to their being peremptorily ordered back again to mind their own business in the servants' hall, or even to their being dismissed *en masse* for their unwarrantable impertinence. Such, however, at the Adelphi, is not the view taken of the conduct of his domestics by the kind-hearted but weak elderly nobleman, the *Earl of Mount Audley's Secret*, who seems to have a very *dis-audley* set of servants.

There is a rather pathetic though utterly improbable under-plot, of which Miss LYDIA FOOTE and Miss LOUISE MOODIE are the heroines, and altogether the alternation of light and shade, the chivalric bearing of Mr. NEVILLE, the sympathetic acting of Miss PATEMAN, and Mr. VEZIN's forcible impersonation of the double-tongued villain, ought, with the Sensation Scene, to insure a considerable run for the Adelphi Drama of *Rescued*.

That's enough for this week, except one word to the Messrs. GATTI—Do lower your orchestra, not reduce them, but lower them, or let them disappear entirely under the stage. Mr. W. C. LEVY is a first-rate man for the place, and his melodramatic music illustrative of the situations is excellent—but he is like the "sweet little cherub" in the old nautical ballad, "perched up aloft" where—the illustration of the "little cherub" no longer holding good—he intercepts the view of the stage, just at every critical moment when the unfortunately-placed and deeply-interested spectator, in the stall behind, wants to follow with his eyes every detail of the action.

When nothing particular is going on, that is, when the business of the scene is uninteresting, then the Conductor and most of the band wisely disappear; but, the instant that something exciting is about to happen, back they all come again, and, as the chief actor in the situation is invariably in the centre, he or she, is, at once and completely, lost to the view of at least the above-mentioned provokingly-placed occupant, who has to dodge his head right and left, much to the inconvenience of his neighbours, in order to see what is going on. That's all. It's of no consequence perhaps, but it's worth mentioning, when even at musical houses, where they should be to the fore, musicians are disappearing from view, unlike good boys, to be heard and not seen by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

### THE WORST OF FARMING.

WHATEVER some Farmers may think of Protection as a remedy for Agricultural Distress, others are evidently decided anti-Protectionists—the Baby Farmers, whose farming would be utterly spoiled if due Protection were secured for Babies.



## GIRLS AMONG GALLIPOTS.



**D**R. J. BRADNELL GILL, of Hastings, has suggested, in print, that, for medical men having private surgeries, and for chemists and druggists also, who find a difficulty in obtaining dispensers to be depended upon for honesty, sobriety, and competence, it would be advisable to employ female assistants, and that fairly-educated women could safely, comfortably, profitably, and easily, undertake that employment. Clearly an excellent suggestion. The girl who, through inadvertence, would be likely to put up tincture of opium for black dose, or oxalic acid for Epsom salts, substitute corrosive sublimate for calomel, or weigh out an overdose

of arsenic or tartrate of antimony, would be a very exceptional young person. Hardly any decently taught damsel would be capable of making such a blunder, were she ever so distractedly in love. For the art of dispensing medicines, peculiar qualifications have been conferred by Nature on the nimble-fingered, nice, and careful sex. Exactness with respect to measure, and in matters of weight going the length of scruples, would be insured by female scrupulosity. Dexterity in packeting powders and draughts would come natural to a neat-handed Phyllis. What could a general practitioner, then, in want of a dispenser, do better than advertise for one of the gentler gender; and would not many a young lady, with her living to earn, act a great deal more wisely in jumping at that offer than in accepting other offers that might be named, or, worse still by a long chalk, "going out as a governess" on average terms?

Besides, for a capable and intelligent maiden engaged in the surgery, business might possibly ripen into something better, in case her employer were a bachelor; namely a partnership, indissoluble except by death or a decree nisi, in which the doctor would be enabled to dispense with any other dispenser than his own wife.

## FROM THE PHILISTINE POINT OF VIEW.

(Being the Opinions of a Smart Young Man on Pessimism.)

"Est-il vrai que l'existence soit un malheur, et que le néant vaille mieux que l'être? Ces propositions sonnent étrangement aux oreilles des hommes de notre temps étourdis par le bruit de leur propre activité, justement fiers des progrès de la science, et dont le tempérament médiocrement élégiaque s'accommode à merveille d'un séjour prolongé sur cette terre."

"Le Pessimisme au Dix-neuvième Siècle," par E. CARO.

DEAR DICK,

I've been reading—or trying to read—  
A rum sort of volume, a book of a breed  
That, like prigs and *Phyllocera*, seem to increase  
At a rate that much threatens our fun and our peace.  
I suppose, as the sapient DARWIN would say,  
'Tis the Latest Development! Things will look gay  
In our worried old world, that's so flouted by fogies,  
If the rule of the roast's left to beetles and bogies.  
Are the pests and the Pessimists plotting together,  
With LAWSON, BURNE JONES, and the Clerk of the Weather,  
To make a clean sweep of all comfort and cheer,  
And rob a poor world of its bliss with its beer?  
*Is Life worth the Living?* Now doesn't that look  
A beautiful title to give to a book?  
What rot! Why, you might as well ask, to my thinking,  
If Woman's worth loving or wine is worth drinking;  
To which any donkey could answer off-hand  
That of course it depends on the girl and the brand.  
It's astonishing, Dick, what egregious bosh  
These big-wigs will write! But it really won't wash  
When a wordspinner, ranking himself among Sages,  
Goes maundering on for some hundreds of pages,  
To ask such a bogus old riddle as this is,  
And finds at the finish the answer he misses.  
Life! What sort of life? That's the *crux*, after all.  
The life that a man about town would so call?  
Or some moony and spoony existence apart,  
All very low spirits and very high Art?

If the man means the latter, I'll answer *instantly*.  
The drowse of the dreary æsthetical Canter,  
Absorbed in bad dreams and poetical flummery,  
Is no more like life than sour milk is like Pommery,  
And no more worth living than I'm worth a "plum."  
Life shaped on such lines is a lachrymose hum.  
But give me ten thousand a year, my dear boy,  
And I'll show them that life is a thing to enjoy,  
And not to write poems and essays about,  
Beginning in doldrums and ending in doubt.  
Here's the tip that to mooners like MALLOCK I'd give:—  
Life's only worth living to those who can live!  
Neat and not nubilistic, I think you will say,  
Which is just what we want in our fog-flustered day.  
Clear sense and no clouds! That's my maxim all round,  
And what duffer denies that the principle's sound?  
Metaphysical muddlement's not worth a rush,  
Nor finical flam, nor emotional gush.  
I hold that of all things, from Science to sherry,  
From BURNE JONES's Art to the acting of TERRY,  
A man of the world is the very best judge,  
And what he can't fathom is mostly pure fudge.  
Life's a plant, say the seers; well, don't poke at its roots,  
But let the thing grow, and look out for its fruits.  
I find them most tasty, in spite of dull stuff,  
And my only complaint's that I can't get enough.  
If a fellow will feed on green apples and sloes,  
He becomes a dyspeptic, and gets a red nose;  
And when a man comes to this dull ultimatum,  
That life when summed up's *vanitas vanitatum*,  
And fancies his verdict has settled the question,  
*He* thinks it philosophy, *I* indigestion.  
Ichabod? Bosh! A smart man scorns such trash;  
It's merely a matter of health and hard cash.  
Nine-tenths of the megrims in prose and in verse  
Mean gastric disorder or leanness of purse.  
With money and Moët, and love and good cookery,  
Who dares say this world is a played-out old rookery?  
Only Trappists, and twopenny Timons, and fellows  
Who, in search of the wind, must cut open the bellows.  
It's all this confounded new fad for analysis,  
This poking and prying that ends in paralysis.  
*Gâchez, n'appuyez pas trop!* That's the style.  
There are chaps who'll dissect you a tear or a smile,  
Till they fancy they've proved life is just protoplasm,  
And love a mere vortex, and laughter a spasm.  
Supposing they are, let's give thanks that, at present,  
The whirl is delightful, the spasm is pleasant.  
And as for the future, can pessimist prophet  
Declare if it leads to Nirvana or Tophet?  
No; he ends with a tag vague as fol-de-rol-lido,  
And knows just as much of the issue as I do.  
Real life's "real jam," and what I beg to state is  
*I'm not yet inclined to cry, "Ohe! jam satis."*  
Worth living, or not, I shall play out my part,  
And a fig for the funklers!

Yours truly,  
JACK SMART.

## A Serious Business.

IN a leading article on the occupations and employments of Women the other day, the *Times* observed that:—"A man and woman, when they marry, constitute a firm,"—which, we may add, too often turns out a partnership of unlimited liability.

## AN ENLARGED DEFINITION.

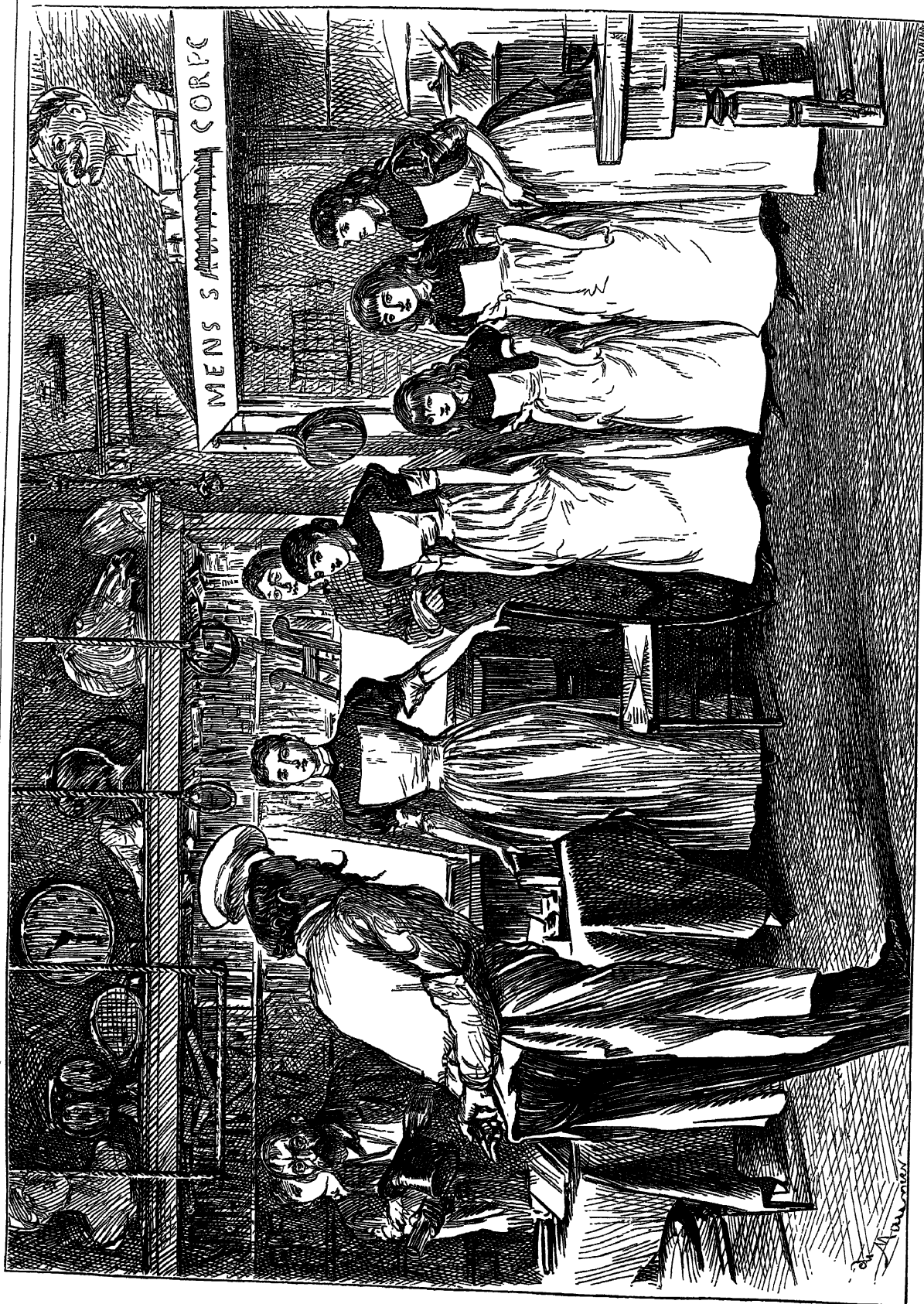
PATRIOTISM (according to JOHNSON)—Love of one's own country:  
(According to Jingo)—Love of other peoples' countries.

A RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL ORNAMENT.—(Neat and appropriate.)  
—"Cross on the Church."

FOR THE BOOKSTALLS.—The First Lord of the Admiralty's late official tour—"On sail or return."

THE REAL OBSTACLE TO AMELIORATION OF BRITISH DRAMATIC ART.—Starry Influences.

A MYSTERIOUS TITLE.—Mr.

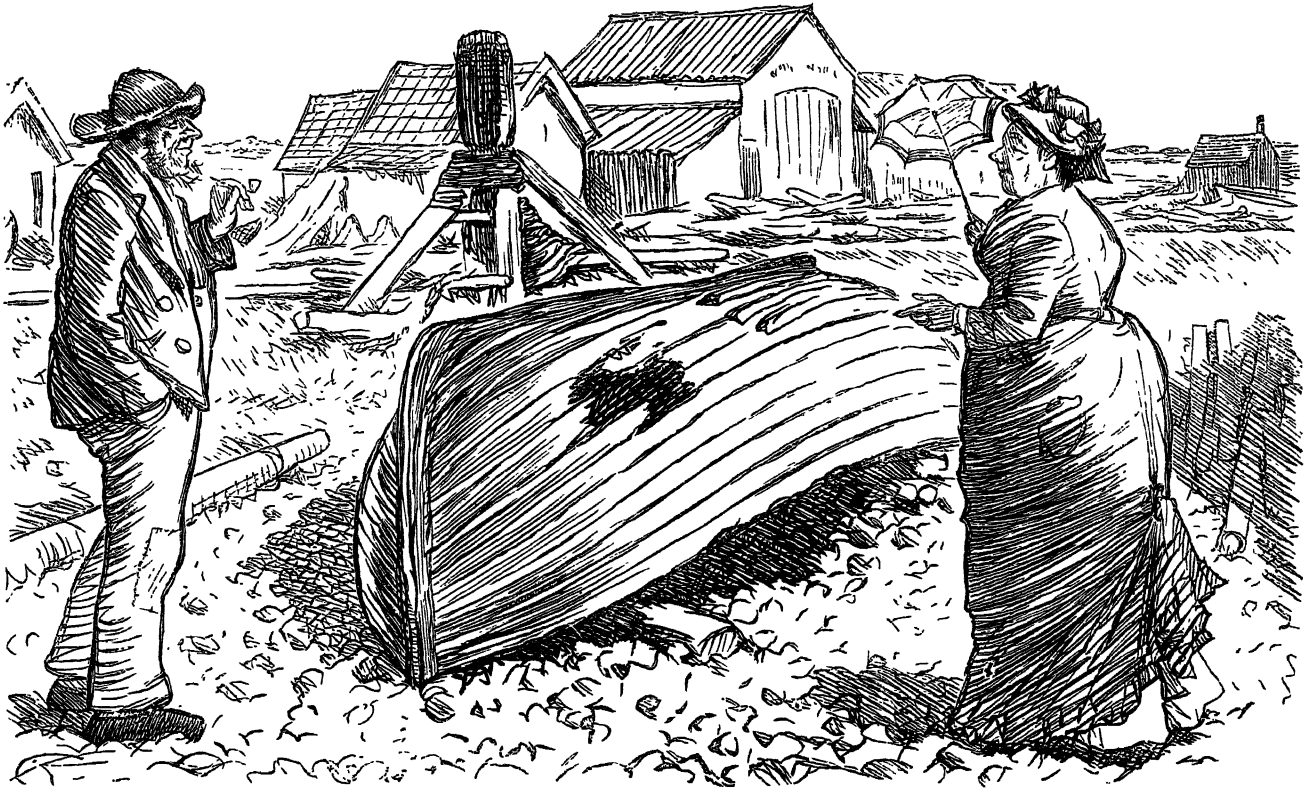


THE SCHOOL-ROOM AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

"BON JOUR, MESDEMOISELLES! TO-DAY 'T CONSTRUCT ZE SOUTE A L'ORGON, VE APPROFONDISE ZE MYSTERES OF ZE OMBELLETTE AUX FINES HERBES, VE ACCOMMODATE ZE SEAT TO ZE BLACK BUTTER, VE MAKE ZE PASTA ONE MEAT, AND ZEE, ZO MITIGATE ZE AUSTERTY OF OUR STUDIES, VE EXECUTE A LITTLE DUSH OF GRUPS, A LA NIUGE. ALLONS, MESDEMOISELLES! TOUT EST PRET, J'ESPERE!"

*Exit Herr Klein, the Music-Master. Enter Monsieur Maxime Hochamel, Chevalier du Cordon Bleu.*

ENTER MONSIEUR MAXIME HOCHAMEL, CHEVALIER DU CORDON BLEU.  
 ENTER MONSIEUR MAXIME HOCHAMEL, CHEVALIER DU CORDON BLEU.  
 ENTER MONSIEUR MAXIME HOCHAMEL, CHEVALIER DU CORDON BLEU.



## AN OPEN QUESTION.

*Lady Visitor.* "SAILOR, PRAY IS THAT A LIFE-BOAT?"

*Native Sall.* "THAT I CAN'T SAHY, M'UM! ALL I KNOW IS, I FOUND HER BOTTOM-UP ON THE 'GUNFLECT'!"

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*The Prince of Wales's as promised—The Alhambra—Lyceum—Re-opening of Sadler's Wells.*

SIR.—Before pleasure, *Duty*. And the first question I would put to the child of SARDON and ALBERY would be, "Who gave you that name?" the probable answer being, "My Godfather, Mr. BANCROFT, and my Godmother, Mrs. BANCROFT." The next interrogation would be, most certainly, "And what on earth induced them to give you that name?" To which, after some very natural hesitation, the reply would be given, "Well—because it looks well in the bills."

Does the play inculcate any lesson of true moral duty? No: but it shows what might be the result of a fine old English Gentleman, one of the olden time, not having done his duty.

The late *Sir Geoffrey Deene, Bart.*, was an old blackguard—there is no mincing the matter—who seduced *Marcelle Aubry* under a promise of marriage, he himself being at the same time a respectable middle-aged husband and father of a family. I can imagine this old slyboots going to *Marcelle*, with a cold in his head, and saying, "I will barry you, *Bar-celle!*" Well, he didn't do his duty, that's clear. And when poor *Marcelle* turns up unexpectedly, and explains that she wants some money to conclude the purchase of her little French millinery business, does his son do his duty, when he pretends that *Marcelle* is his mistress, not his father's, and so breaks the hearts of his mother and his fiancée, thus, as it were, killing two birds with one stone?

*Sir John Hamond, M.P.*, performs a painful duty—which is quite another affair—when he explains the matter to *Lady Deene*; but the audience, which, in compliance with the managerial request in the playbill, "kindly remains seated until the Curtain falls," shakes its head—"kindly," of course—after the Curtain has fallen, and leaves the theatre, puzzled and depressed, trying to recall the notable instances of really admirable acting, good dialogue, the perfection of the *mise-en-scène*, and the comic portions of the play, in order to put something to the credit side of the management. And this is easy enough, for it has been most, carefully rehearsed,

and is excellently played by every one, down to the old family Butler, who affably intrudes himself into the conversation of his employers, speaks about *Miss Mabel* as the "gentle lady," and alludes to some coming time as one when "we shall be at our merriest."

In the Third Act the elevated butler, who, probably has all the back numbers of the *London Journal* bound in his pantry, in answer to somebody's question as to *Lady Deene*, replies, "My Lady left the room but this minute." Apart from this peculiarity, there's not a better Butler on the stage at this moment. *Requiescat in pantry.*

Mr. CONWAY, as *Sir Geoffrey*, plays a most difficult part in a manner that leaves very little to be desired, and that little is in his agony scene, where a certain hardness and conventionality mar the illusion of the situation. Perhaps it is partly the fault of the character itself.

As for *Mable Holne*, who mincingly speaks of *Sir Geoffrey* as the "popular burrough-net," she is so irritating with her obvious "make up," and her obtrusive ingenuousness, as to enlist the audience entirely on the side of *Mrs. Trelawny Smith*, when that Lady expresses her detestation of *Mabel's* "affected simplicity." Mr. ALBERY has intended an *ingénue*, and the result is a gusher. She gushes to the very last; for even in the final Act, when everything has been explained satisfactorily by everybody to everybody else, except, strangely enough, and of course by an oversight, to her, she comes in rushing and gushing to make one in a family *tableau*, exclaiming sweetly, "Now I am so happy"—but why or wherefore Heaven and Mr. ALBERY (and perhaps Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT), only know.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD's *Mrs. Trelawny Smith* is "immense,"—but the stage of the Prince of Wales's isn't. Mr. ALBERY should have made this character explain why she directs her children's movements by raps on the back of a book bound in boards. In France, where in college and convent chapels, and in all large churches, the movements of the acolytes are invariably regulated by these signals, this method, humorously seized upon by M. SARDON in the original, was, of course, a telling point with the audience. In England, without an explanation, the action is unintelligible and pointless. She should

have seen it abroad, been struck by it, and adopted it for private use.

MR. ARTHUR CECIL has never played so well as in this part of *John Hamond, M.P.*, to whom MR. ALBERRY has given far and away the best of the dialogue—the best because always natural, always in keeping with the character, and never once labouring for a point, or striving to produce an imitation-Dickens simile. Into almost every other character MR. ARTHUR CECIL has had, something more or less of the grotesque has entered. Here there is nothing of the sort, and it is an excellent performance.

In one of the most difficult situations ever presented on the Stage, Miss LINDA DIETZ, as *Marcelle Aubry*, the victim of the late lamented *Sir Geoffrey*, by her most artistic impersonation carries her audience with her where it was more than probable an audience would begin by being unsympathetic and end by being decidedly bored. Her story, told by herself, and coming at a most critical time, when every second of delay is fraught with danger to the piece, is admirably written, and as admirably delivered. After hearing it, *Sir Geoffrey* looks up at the portrait of his "Awful Dad," and exclaims that what he has heard is "too horrible to be true!" Why? There's nothing whatever "horrible" about it. It is a disillusion—a painful disillusion, perhaps—but nothing to sicken, and pant, and tear one's hair about. "Fancy the poor old Governor having gone in for this sort of thing!" would have been a far more natural remark, and young *Sir Geoffrey's* uncle *John Hamond*, or his friend *Dick Fanshawe* (well played by MR. FORBES ROBERTSON) would have comforted him by observing that "Boys will be boys, specially when they're old boys"—and there would have been an end of the matter. The situation of the piece, when once arrived at, is very strong, no doubt about it. But after that, the last Act is tediously spun out, for the sake of a series of utterly purposeless scenes between any of the characters whose parts it has apparently struck the author—I mean MR. SANDOU—ought to be "written up a bit."

The last Act is a day after the fair, and a melancholy day, too. *Les BANCROFT* should have been in the bill; but perhaps their policy is *se reculer here, pour mieux sauter* at the Haymarket. New dish, "*Bancroft sautés*."

At the Alhambra, LECOCQ'S *La Petite Mademoiselle* has been successfully produced. What the plot of this comic opera may be, after sitting out three Acts, I have only the very vaguest idea—indeed, I am perfectly certain, that, at this moment, if MR. CHARLES MORTON were at my head with a pistol, I could not tell it to save my life. Perhaps the plot, like other conspiracies, is a secret. If so, nothing on earth, not even a dinner given me by all the Directors of the Alhambra Company, should coerce me to divulge it. But what does the story matter? Nothing. Here are bright scenes, music with plenty of "go" in it, graceful forms, good voices, first-rate band conducted by Three-Fingered JACK OBI (I mean M. JACOBI,—but what's become of that delightful old play, *Obi; or Three-Fingered Jack?*) and MR. PAULTON exactly suited by MR. REECE with a very funny, and punny, part, the speech about the battle, in MR. PAULTON'S humorously dry lecture style, going with roars of laughter. This last will grow, or I am much mistaken. MR. HENRY S. LEIGH wrote the words of the songs, but I hadn't a book, and, except a few lines here and there, intelligible when either Miss ALICE MAY, or Miss LOSEBY was singing, I couldn't catch a word. Perhaps the plot was in the songs: if so, that is why I missed it.

The most successful *morceaux* were MR. KELLEHER'S first song, and his next in the Second Act. What they were about I don't know, so can only praise the music and the vocalisation. Miss LOSEBY'S battle-song in Act II., well sung and deservedly encored, and the finale of this Act, chorus and difficult solo, also sung by Miss LOSEBY, very effective, and of course encored. The most taking song, however, was Miss ALICE MAY'S in the Third Act, when she enters as an Astrologer. This obtained quite the heartiest encore of the evening. The air of the Doctor's Trio dance in the last Act, closely resembles the celebrated Can-can in *Orphée aux Enfers*, and indeed, from first to last, the music bears always such a family resemblance to something else that one has heard before, as to prevent it ever rising above the commonplace; but, on the other hand, there's quite enough of "go" and "show" in it to fill the Alhambra up to Christmas, when the Directors can meet, and the Chairman can go on his knees to a coy and blushing shareholder, and make a declaration of a ten per cent. dividend for the half-year, when the Curtain will descend upon a happy dance round the statue of SHAKESPEARE, in the centre of the square, where "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Good engagement, Miss LOSEBY: they can't lose by LOSEBY.

Those who have not yet seen that curiosity *The Iron Chest*, should hasten to do so before it disappears for ever. It is a poor play with one strong part in it, and MR. IRVING'S *Sir Edward Mortimer* is a fine performance. The theatre-going public is all agog for his *Shylock*, which will be produced if possible before Christmas; but, in the meantime, that the theatre-going public should fill MR. IRVING'S tin

box, by seeing his *Iron Chest* is the advice of that veteran—I mean that inveterate playgoer,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. In the piece at the Lyceum it is odd that MR. IRVING never once opens his own chest, but when his secretary does it for him, then he sings out. *Nota bene*—as the man said when he couldn't get *des haricots* at a restaurant's.

P.S. No. 2.—As, in a postscript I cannot do full justice to the opening of Sadler's Wells under Mrs. BATEMAN'S management, I will keep this for my next. Suffice it to say, that Miss BATEMAN, our *Queen Leah*, received a perfect ovation on appearing before the Curtain to perform that most difficult of all tasks, the delivery of an inaugural address, and that there was real water from the wells in the third Act, so that when asked "What's running at Sadler's Wells?" we can safely answer, "The water—until further notice." I sincerely trust that the Manageress will make "Rob Roy Macgregor O," Rob Roy Macgregor pay; and, judging from the start, it seems likely enough that Mrs. BATEMAN has been wise in not following the old adage which recommends us to "Leave Wells alone." More anon.

Y. R.

## "PEACE WITH HONOUR,"

IN ITS LATEST DIPLOMATIC ILLUSTRATION.

(A tale founded on fact.)



ONE sultry day towards the close of the summer, two shabbily—not to say squalidly—dressed foreigners, of European complexion and garb, might have been seen wearily driving a small and ramshackle one-horse cart, seemingly laden with garden stuff, through the streets of Mandalay to the quay which serves as the place of embarkation for the steamers, through which the capital of the Golden Realm is linked with the outer world. In spite of their miserable dresses and wretchedly-horsed vehicle, these barbarians had the unmistakable look and bearing of educated men. Nay, there was even something of dignity in the carriage of their heads, their movements, and the tone in which they addressed each other, low as it was, and evidently suppressed by an ever-present consciousness of the danger of being overheard.

"A brilliant idea of the Resident," whispered the elder, after a wary glance around, "thus to send to a place of safety the Archives of the Residency, with his own plate, linen, and ready money, without exciting suspicion! Who would believe that under cover of these humble vegetables are hidden the secrets of Imperial Policy, as well as the most precious portion of the personal belongings of the haughty Representative of that mighty Empire upon which the sun never sets!"

So saying, they passed on unquestioned, unsuspected: soon the steamer was reached, and the contents of the carts safely stowed on board.

While this scene was passing in the long-shore quarter of Mandalay, the Representative of the British Empire, in his pavilion in the



Court-suburb, was receiving the Woong-Wang, or Chief Minister, of the mad Monarch who now keeps his miserable subjects, from highest to lowest, trembling under his inebriated nod.

It was a strange encounter that of the English diplomatist—genial, self-possessed, urbane, not to say oily of manner, and the Burmese official—surly, overbearing, not to say offensive in bearing, look, and language.

"I suppose we shall have to tolerate the unwelcome and unsought presence of you beastly barbarians among us for the next seventeen years?" growled the Woong-Wang.

"Not improbably," was the evasive answer, as the Resident smilingly put the question by, while a twinkle of hardly concealed triumph might have been read, had the Woong-Wang been more keen of vision, in his half-closed right eye. "But now, my dear friend, as you will persist in putting out your tongue at me before declining to answer any of my official inquiries, I think it would be as well if we parted. Of course, but for a while. I shall be delighted to see you, unofficially, any day at five o'clock tea."

There was a slight quiver in the Resident's left eyelid as, with these courteous words, he bowed out the Woong-Wang.

An hour later, a little group of Europeans, seemingly of plebeian rank and humble avocations, might have been seen approaching the gangway of the steamer, whither the one-horse vegetable cart and its drivers had not long before preceded them. Upon the quay a Burmese soldier looked lazily on, as, with a supercilious air, he puffed his gigantic green cigar, while the party passed on board the vessel. Taking his stand on the paddle-box, he who seemed the leader of the group, in spite of his slouched sou'-wester and shabby waterproof, mounting the paddle-box, thus addressed the stolid soldier:—

"You can tell your master a secret I have kept from him this month past, in spite of his spies——"

"A secret!" murmured the easy-going Burmese, taking his cigar from his lips, and laying down his rusty jingal, as he craned forward to listen.

"Yes," replied the British Resident—for he it was—in a voice of thunder, as, throwing off his outer garment, he appeared in the full blaze of his diplomatic uniform—"the secret that we are OFF AT LAST. I only regret that circumstances, over which I have had no control, prevented me from leaving may p. p. c. He must take my 'Ta-ta!' instead." So saying, with an exultant and ironical laugh, he turned to the man on the bridge, and in a stentorian tone gave the order, "Go ahead!"

The band on the poop struck up "*Rule Britannia!*" to which the Resident and his party bore a gallant burden; and ere the sound had died on the ears of mystified and mortified Mandalay, the smoke from the steamer lay like a dim and distant cloud along the horizon, as the British Resident, now far beyond pursuit, beat his triumphant retreat down-river towards Rangoon!

### SOMETHING LIKE LEATHER.

MOST REVEREND MR. PUNCH,

A GENTLEMAN by name CLAUDE WEBSTER, writing from the Temple to the *Times*, presents the British Public with some interesting particulars relative to a certain "Neglected Relic," preserved in "the old and well-nigh forgotten little church of the Holy Trinity in the Minorities." What, people may cry, have the Ritualists taken to relics? Who is the saint of whom a relic is preserved in an Anglican church, and what part or appurtenance of the Saint is it, a bone, a lock of hair, a finger-nail paring, or a toe-nail?

People should not jump to surmises. I am not aware that the Church of the Holy Trinity in the Minorities is, in fact, a Ritualists' meeting-house. The "Neglected Relic" is no relic of any Saint, so-called, but "the mummified head of HENRY GREY, Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded for high treason in 1554." It is to be seen at the church above-named, where, "in company with the parish registers," it is kept in a box. MR. WEBSTER has no doubt of its authenticity. He says it is "the only example extant of a head severed from its body by the headsman's axe." Of course he means that, of heads which have been brought to the block, it is the only head above ground. One, at least, you may say if you like. Never mind. MR. WEBSTER represents this Grey Head as an object of interest not only as being unique, but because it belonged in life to "the father possibly of Lady JANE GREY," whereas it now belongs to the Minorities' parson and parochial authorities.

Our Templar states that it is "in a really good state of preservation, showing the eyes, teeth, and on the back of the neck even the double blow of the axe." Its thus perfect condition he ascribes to "the accident of its having been, for a couple of centuries, or more, wrapped up in oak-sawdust, whereby it has become converted into leather, to which, in touch and appearance, it will exactly compare." SHAKESPEARE, who seems to have known everything, was acquainted with this property of oak, which he represents it as

capable of exerting to some extent during life, as in the case of your tanner, who, after death, in consequence of having been tanned before it, "will last you nine year." Perhaps somebody will undertake to enlarge further on this as a hint for funeral reform, and propose a method of improved sepulture to be described as "Elm to Oak." The head of the unfortunate nobleman found to have been converted into leather, however, can certainly not be said to be the only head of that material extant. The family of the Leatherheads, as of the Woodenheads, is a large one.

The gentleman to whom the Public is indebted for the above information pleads that "if still left in the dingy forlorn old church, in which it has reposed, forgotten and neglected, for so many years," this historical head "might at least be securely placed in a glass case, and so fixed to the walls of the building as that its surreptitious removal would be difficult." Certainly. But first, Sir, let it be photographed. And then, *Mr. Punch*, I say let a cast of it be taken. I think there is some truth in Phrenology. I don't care what Dr. CARPENTER says. But if Phrenology has indeed no truth in it, and I am an ass, this head may possibly help to demonstrate that such is the case, and so to glorify Dr. CARPENTER, and disabuse and dishumbag

Yours truly,

JEREMIAH BUMPS.

P.S.—MR. WEBSTER's letter concludes by recommending the subject of it to the consideration of "the Legge family, represented by the existing Earldom of Dartmouth," who, he says, "long used this church as their place of sepulture, the vaults being filled with its members." With Legges, that is; but of course with arms, too. What have legs to do with heads? Excuse this attempt; my organ of Wit is not large—very little above the Scotch average.

### SIGNS OF THE END OF THE SEASON.

(Per Alphabet.)



**A** *T. Antwerp.*—Curtain drawn on RUBENS till next June.

*Boulogne.*—The *Sauveurs* left with nothing to save but their own credits.

*Cologne.*—Cathedral touts returned to the bosom of their families.

*Dieppe.*—Bathing-dresses for ladies at fifty per cent. discount.

*Ems.*—Royal apartments to let until further notice.

*Fribourg.*—Organ recitals suspended.

*Geneva.*—Mont Blanc under a cloud for the winter.

*Heidelberg.*—Free at last from the assaults of Captain COOK's noble army of personally-conducted travellers.

*Interlaken.*—Sunset on the Jung Frau discontinued for an indefinite period.

*Jura.*—Places to let at all the diligence offices on the line.

*Konigsbad.*—More than ample accommodation for bathers.

*Lyons.*—Velvets at a ruinous reduction.

*Madrid.*—Bulls and bull-fighters en congé.

*Naples.*—Bay closed for repairs.

*Ouchy.*—Enormous importation of umbrellas.

*Paris.*—In the hands of the "passing-through"-ers.

*Quebec.*—In mourning for the departure of the Princess LOUISE.

*Riga.*—Landlord and Customer fights suspended for the year.

*Schaffhausen.*—Rhine lowest in memory of oldest inhabitant.

*Turin.*—A mere Buffet for Ritualists going to Rome.

*Ug.*—Quite out of the way—Sky-ed in fact.

*Venice.*—Fashionable departures of visitors and mosquitoes.

*Wiesbaden.*—Water, water everywhere, but no one there to drink.

*Yarmouth.*—Only arrivals—the Herrings (Fresh and Salt).

*Zurich.*—"On the margin of those famous waters"—Solitude! And not even a ZIMMERMAN to analyse it!

The Last, not Laste, Irish Grievance.

(Since the Mulranny Affair.)

PADDY cannot even shoot an Agent without running the danger of being shot himself!





## HYGIENIC EXCESS.

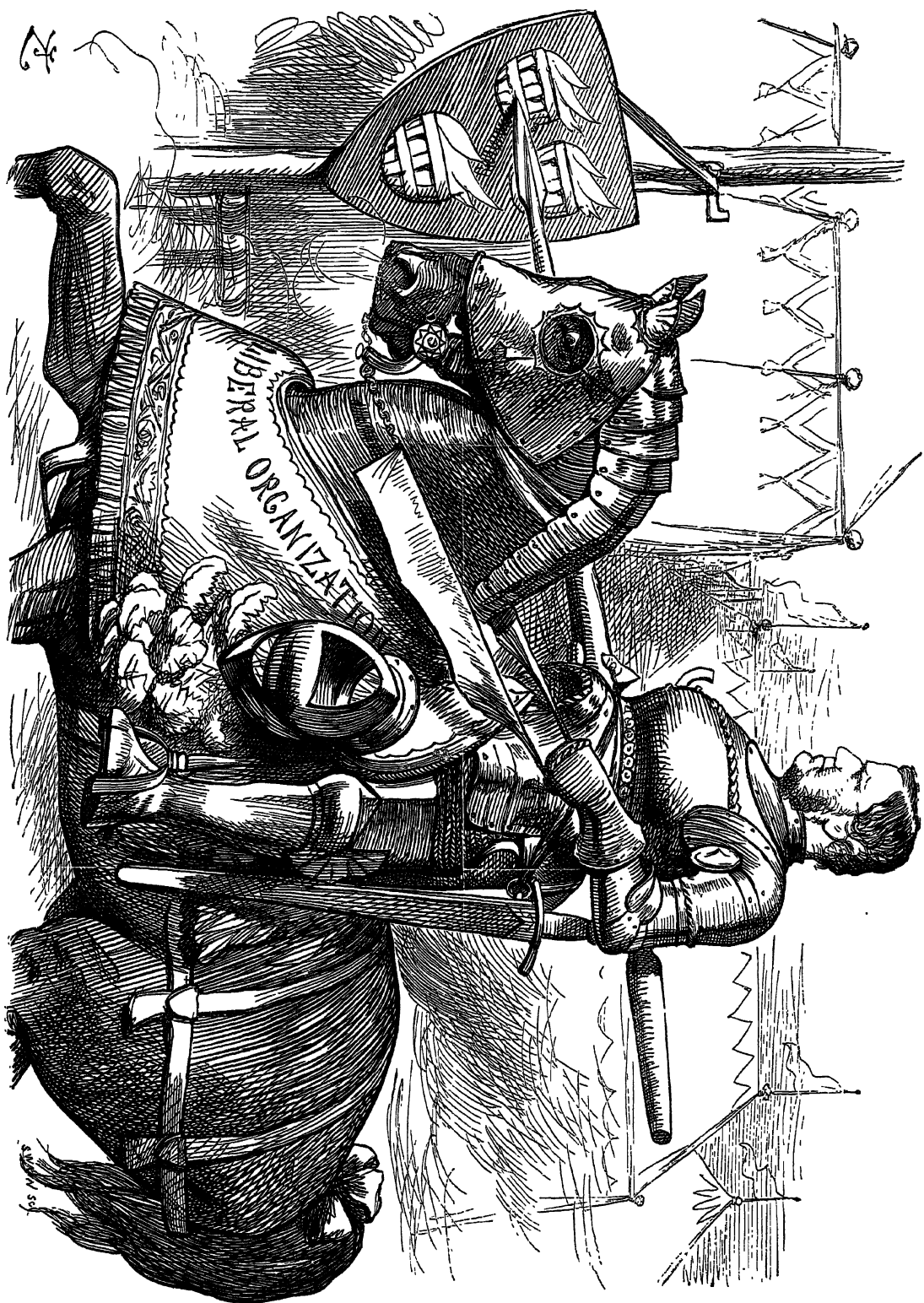
THE O'FARRELL-MACKENZIE GIRLS HAVE GONE IN SO EXTENSIVELY FOR EARLY RISING, FRESH AIR, COLD WATER, FARINACEOUS FOOD, ROWING, RIDING, RINKING, LAWN-TENNIS, GYMNASTICS, AND WHAT NOT, THAT THEY HAVE DISTORTED THEIR FIGURES INTO THE LIKENESS OF SO MANY GREEK STATUES, AND HAVE NO MORE WAIST TO SPEAK OF THAN THAT QUITE TOO HORRID VENUS AT THE LOUVRE; INDEED THEY HAVE GIVEN UP STAYS ALTOGETHER AS A BAD JOB. AS THEY ARE ALL ENGAGED TO MARRY DUKES, MR. PUNCH FEARS THEY WILL SET THE FASHION; AND AS HE HOLDS THAT A LONG AND WASP-LIKE WAIST IS AS ESSENTIAL TO A LADY AS A—WELL, AS A HUMP BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS, A PROMINENT NOSE AND CHIN, AND A PROTUBERANT ABDOMEN ARE TO A GENTLEMAN, HE HOPES THAT THE ABOVE CARICATURE MAY SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING.

## "À OUTRANCE!"

*Sir Vernon the Challenger, loquitor.*

ENOUGH of feints with blunted points!  
My steel shall try his armour's joints  
In desperate earnest now.  
A champion unchallenged? Stuff!  
His fence is fine, his thews are tough,  
Yet will I give him *quantum suff.*,  
And make his *destrier* pant and puff,  
Ere I have done, I trow.  
Have I not brawn to stand a bout?  
Sure seat in sella, a lance-arm stout?  
Is not my sword-play swift and free?  
Well served by eye and wrist?  
Who is this Knight, that he should be  
Unchecked of Liberal chivalry,  
Lord of the knightly list?  
Aha! he beareth on his shield  
Three beacons *flambant* on a field  
*Vert*, with a *gerbe* of rockets  
For crest. I' faith, a fit device!  
He's fond of fireworks, which *are* nice  
For pastime, when the powder's price  
Comes not from one's own pockets.  
Our champions, if stout, are old;  
If young, not deft nor over-bold:  
Thence comes it that this Knight doth hold  
Unshaken seat so long.  
But if he thinks to keep his post  
By dint of mere thrasonic boast,  
To frighten all our Liberal host,  
And all unquestioned rule, the roast,

By Jingo he is wrong!  
Have at thee, Knight o' Squibs! Thy troop  
Of myrmidons, who howl and whoop,  
Methinks are scarce so cockahoop  
As they erewhile appeared;  
Not quite so high they toss the cap,  
Not quite so madly cheer and clap,  
As late they clapped and cheered.  
*Tant mieux!* the better looks my chance.  
I'll strike thy shield with pointed lance,  
Game for a *combat à outrance*  
E'en with so dread a knight.  
Sound for the charge! Look out, my Lord!  
No novice he at lance and sword  
That dares thee to the fight.  
Thy motto, "Peace with Honour," palls  
On varlets vexed with bungling brawls.  
Thy spells have lost their might.  
Mysterious as thou art, Sir Sphinx,  
I rede thy riddle, and methinks  
My steel can search thine armour's chinks  
And make its weakness known,  
Though, thanks far more to skill than force,  
So many a sturdy Knight from horse  
Thou hast by sleight o'erthrown.  
I've learnt thy points in thine own school,  
Dashing yet wary, keen but cool,  
No easy dupe with feint to fool  
Or flashing pass to blind;  
I know the trick as well as thou.  
The lists are here, the hour is now,  
Nor lags the man behind.  
Ring, showy shield, to point of lance—  
Have at thee, trickster, *à outrance!*



“A OUTRANCE!”

SIR VERNON Y<sup>e</sup> CHALLENGER STRIKEH Y<sup>e</sup> SHIELD OF Y<sup>e</sup> CHIEF OPPONENT (WHO BLAZONS, ON A FIELD VERT, THREE BEACONS FLAMMANT  
TINSEL, FOR BEACONSFIELD. CREST—A FLIGHT OF ROCKETS, ASCENDANT. MOTTO—“PEACE WITH HONOUR”).



## WHITE KIDS IN ABERDEEN.



account for, unless it be that "white kids" may be supposed such fit symbols of the innocence shown by a Maiden Assize, that there could not be too many of them.

But of these white kids, one pair, at least, seems to have been presented to Mrs. LANTRY. Now if that famous beauty may be supposed to have a right on any Circuit—it is the Married Women's, not the Maiden, Circuit. No doubt her white hands will set off the white kids, and the white kids her white hands—so let us hope the Town Council will not press its inquiries further. But *Punch* would suggest an alteration of the old saw, and the substitution of "White Kids in Aberdeen" for the "Cauld Kail" of ancient tradition.

## THE INSTRUCTIVE DRAMA.

THOUGH *Mr. Punch* has formed his own opinion—and a very decided one—on the true functions of the Stage as a moulder of morals, he is quite willing to look on approvingly at the honest endeavours of those from whom he differs, when they take up this question of the hour in an earnest spirit. If he cannot quite go with the latest proposition of a "National Theatre," managed by ornaments of Literature, Art, and Science, under the presidency of a philosophic Church dignitary, he sees no reason why such an institution should not be allowed to have a fair chance. Indeed, he is willing to do something for it himself, by supplying the Committee with what they will be sure to want immediately, but will not, *Mr. Punch* imagines, easily find ready to hand—namely, their first piece; only stipulating for two-thirds of the gross receipts *whenever it is produced*.

## ACT I.

*A Picture Gallery in the hereditary mansion of an Educational Earl. On the wall, set diagonally, so as to be visible to the audience, full-length Portraits of all the English Sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria. Left—a large black-board, full-sized pair of Globes, with geographical, geological, and zoological Charts. As Curtain rises, Educational Earl discovered opposite a reading-desk on which a volume of Hallam is lying open. At his feet, on a low satin ottoman, playing idly with a patent double-action air-pump, his daughter HONORIA.*

*Honoria.* It is very interesting. Nay, more: it is very beautiful!—very very beautiful! Proceed, dear Papa!

*Educational Earl.* I will, my child. As I was saying, WILLIAM THE SECOND was called "RUFUS," because he had a ruddy complexion. Yet, one day as he was hunting in the New Forest, Sir WALTER TYRREL, shooting at a deer, missed his mark, and his arrow, glancing from a tree, pierced the King to the heart. I should add that during this reign the woollen trade first grew into importance. But there—I see: I weary my poor child!

*Honoria.* Dear, dear Papa! Can PINNOCK ever tire?

*Educational Earl.* Noble girl! But there is a richer rarer treat in store for us here,—Hallam's *Constitutional History*! In this edition of ten volumes there are but 1754 pages. Listen! (*Reads the whole of it*). Ha! She sleeps. It was ever thus with her sainted mother!

*Enter a Colonial Bishop and a Distinguished F.R.S.*

*Colonial Bishop.* I am poor, my Lord, but proud. What are

material riches to wealth of intellect? I have here published the sermons that raised me to the exalted position I fill. But before I ask the priceless jewel of your daughter's hand, you shall judge of me as I am. *You shall hear them all!*

*Educational Earl (hastily).* Nay, take her, she is yours!

*Colonial Bishop.* Without satisfying you of my chances of even yet getting hold of something better at home? Never! I must read them all. (*Does so*). What? he slumbers! It was ever thus with my congregations. But no matter! I will go for another volume!

[*Exit.*

*Honoria (walking, and regarding the air-pump fondly).* O science! Divine goddess! Do I not know that if I put a guinea-pig under this receiver, and give but a few gentle turns to the handle, it instantly feels uncomfortable! Can anything be more absorbing, more soul-subduing, than this?

*Distinguished F.R.S. (seizing her hand).* One thing—only one—a meeting after sunset on the summit of Snowdon, and the secret shall be yours!

*Honoria.* Unhand me, Sir! (*Aside.*) See, my father wakes, and will, perhaps, be fresh for the Plantagenets! (*Addressing Distinguished F.R.S.*) I will be there! And you will tell me —?

*Distinguished F.R.S.* All!

## ACT II.

*The Summit of Snowdon. Distinguished F.R.S. discovered anxiously watching an experiment he is conducting at a portable lecture-table.*

*Distinguished F.R.S.* At last! The gas mounts freely! But, see, she comes. [*Enter Honoria.*

*Honoria (aside).* He is here! And this secret? Be still, my beating heart.

*Distinguished F.R.S.* HONORIA! for I feel that our intellectual kinship sanctions me this familiarity, I am here to talk to you —

*Honoria (with dignity).* Not, Sir, of love?

*Distinguished F.R.S.* No; of oxygen. I have chosen this elevated spot that I might better illustrate what I could say,—and I have much to say! (*Points to table.*) See, I am prepared!

*Honoria.* Oh! Sir, take pity on a defenceless girl.

*Distinguished F.R.S.* Pity? Why should you, fair and queenly though you are, not know that this gas unites with hydrogen to form the common water that we drink, and that if the lungs, instead of receiving a proper supply of it, are choked with an accumulation of carbonic acid—a poison fatal to man (though beneficial to plants)—death is the result?

*Honoria.* Oh! this is too horrible! Let me fly to my poor father! *Magnall's Questions* are not worse than this!

*Distinguished F.R.S.* Worse! Listen, foolish girl! Are you aware that to prepare this gas on a small scale, I have already put some binoxide of manganese ( $MnO_2$ ), and some chlorate of potassa ( $KO, ClO_2$ ), into a Florence flask, mixing them well together, while I have taken good care that the flask is quite dry both inside and out? Are you aware that even as I am speaking, oxygen is being freely given off into this stout deflagrating-jar, which will be safer for our experiments than the ordinary pickle-bottle?

*Honoria.* No, I did not know this!

*Distinguished F.R.S.* Nor did you know that when I place this piece of ignited phosphorus (taking great care not to touch it with my fingers) into the jar, you are witnessing one of the most beautiful experiments in the range of chemical science, and one that may be safely tried, if only ordinary care be exercised?

*Honoria.* No, indeed! I seem to move in a new world!

*Distinguished F.R.S.* HONORIA! You do! Listen to me! When baryta is in company with strontia, their carbonates may be dissolved in HCl, the solution evaporated to dryness, and the residue digested with strong alcohol! This, my fair one, shall never happen to us!

*Honoria.* Never!

*Enter Educational Earl and Colonial Bishop.*

*Colonial Bishop.* Ha! She shall hear my last sermon. [*Preaches it.* *Educational Earl.* My child! See, I have brought *Hume and Smollett*. (*Reads a volume.*) Come back to your old father!

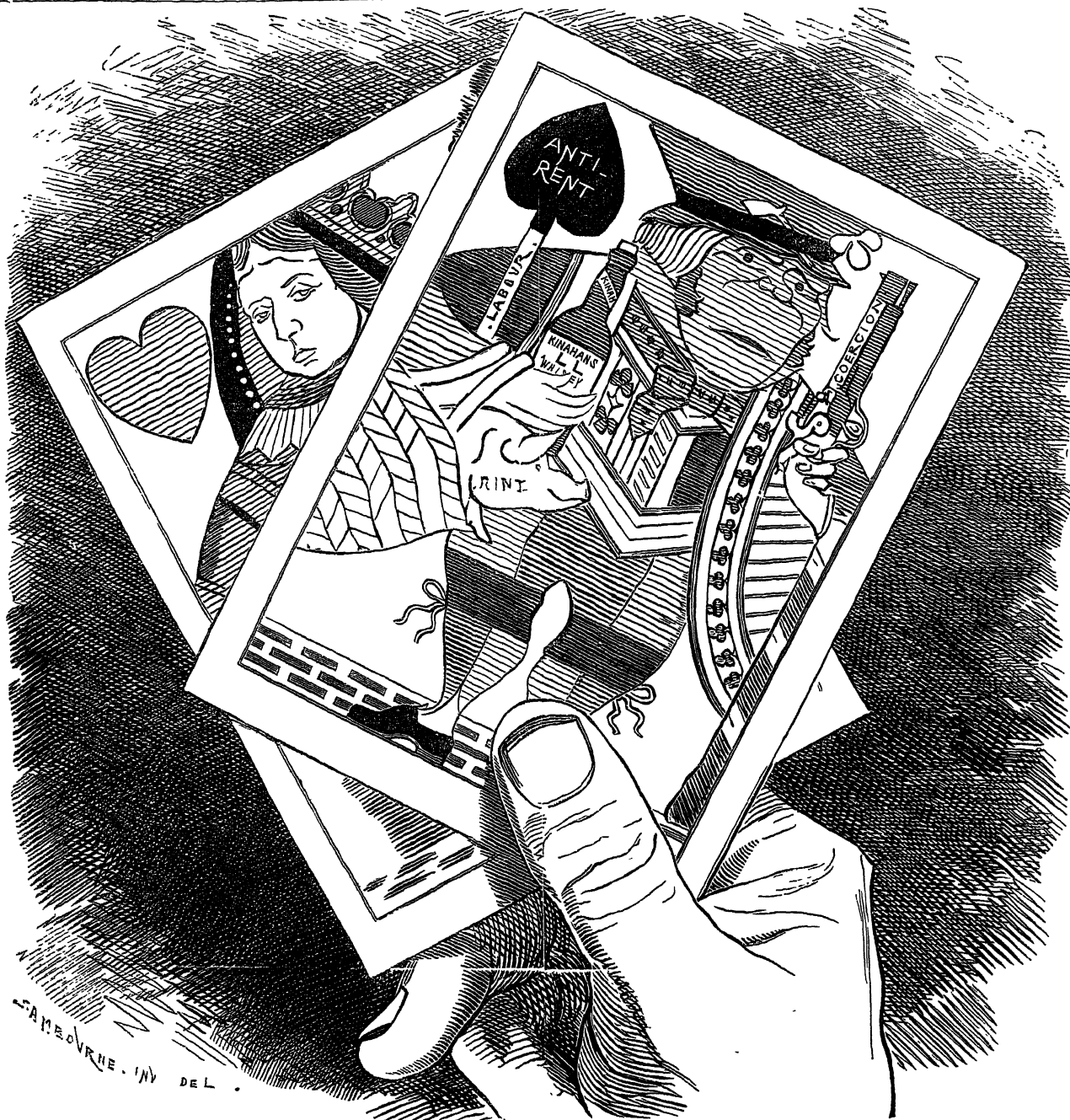
*Honoria.* Too late! My future home is—

*Distinguished F.R.S.* With me, proud Earl,—at the Polytechnic! *Tableau.*

## ACT III.

—But *Mr. Punch* need not, he thinks, continue his labours further than to point out that the close of his instructive drama may be made a good vehicle for surgery, household information, gardening statistics, and general moral precept. These, worked in with a good tag compiled from a standard Encyclopædia, cannot fail in time literally to bring down any house.

CHESS PROBLEM SOLVED AT CAPE TOWN.—Zulu-King Castled.



### THE WRONG CARD.

PARNELL'S BAD LEAD AT "BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR."

### HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickshunary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**LOWTHER ARCADE.**—Pronounced differently by different people. Some, giving the first syllable as rhyming to "How," call it the Low-ther Arcade, and suppose it to be an abbreviation of *Al-low-ther*, so called either because the authorities *allow their* Arcade to exist, or from the discount the shopkeepers *al-low* there. The more probable derivation is arrived at by those who, making "Low" to sound like "Lo!" tell us that here the rebel JACK CADE was discovered by a citizen, who exclaimed, "Lo there! Ah! CADE!" If so, the site itself is sufficient historical ground for the supposition. It was formerly, of course, a great place for assignations, when the beaux frequenting it and toying with the lasses, were called "Gay

Lowtherios." About Christmas time it is still a great place for "toying," but the trade is quite legitimate between shopkeeper and customer.

**LUDGATE HILL.**—Famous in Civic history. On the occasion of the King or Queen's visit it had invariably to receive the Royal Ascent. It is quite unable to make its own ascent, being a sort of cripple with only one foot, which may be seen by any visitor who chooses to go to the foot of the hill. The Hill at the Criterion has two feet, being exceptionally gifted.

**LUNACY COMMISSIONERS.**—Composed entirely of Hatters. They walk in procession on the first of March to the strains of their own beautiful hat band playing a March Air. They can be hired to execute commissions by those who prefer to employ Lunacy Commissioners, but there is some little risk in doing so. They cannot be always trusted to take a message, or a joke. For further particulars go to Hyde Park, and inquire for the Keepers.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—(See IRVING.)

MANSION HOUSE.—Worthy of being *mansion'd* here, as the home of the Lord Mayor, who dines every night with Gog and Magog, when they are not otherwise engaged at Guildhall. On entering under the portico, the ear of the visitor will be struck—and forcibly struck, too—by the sweet sounds issuing, as he will at once perceive, from the fluted columns. The air generally played is, "*I'm a flute! I'm a flute!*" Entering the dining-room, the visitor will be again struck (his eye this time) by the buffet. If he takes it, he is bound to return it at once. Many of the banquets are held in the Egyptian Hall—twin brother of the other in Piccadilly. The Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House is celebrated rather for the works of Cook than of MASKELYNE; though, when the LORD MAYOR gives a fancy ball in the place, he patronises the *Masky line* as well.

MAPS. (See MAPPIN.)

MARBLE ARCH.—Wonderful! *Marble-ous!* This inspired the composer BALFE with the idea of "*I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls*"—to which the Arch would of course be the entrance.

MAYFAIR.—One of the old thorough fairs of London. It is still kept up with much spirit. As you walk along the pavement notice the flags.

MERCERS' COMPANY.—Very ancient. Preserved to the present time by a mercerful dispensation. Motto in old English, "*Lawks a Mercer!*" The ceremony of initiation is by a sort of christening, when the official who performs the rite is called the *Im-mercer*.

MERCHANT TAYLORS.—A confraternity of ninety-nine tailors (spelt originally Taylors), with power to add to their number by nine, or any multiple of nine. They only work for merchants who are *not* self-made men, and require the assistance of nine tailors. The only work they are permitted by their ancient constitution to do for themselves, is to line their own pockets. Their device is a coat of arms without any other clothes. This was in allusion to their charitable practice of giving the poor coats without any alms, or alms without any coats. They used to meet at BUTTON'S Coffee House, but now they have a house of their own which they hold on condition of investing in a new coat of paint once in three years.

MILK. (See COW—and seek 'ow you can get it. Also see CANCAN, PUMP and PAUL ALE.)

MINES.—Consult a Solicitor *in re* so-and-so "a minor." Also ask a musician. If from these you can't get any satisfactory information as to the mine-utiae of *Mines*, then come to us and try *Ours*.

#### A Question of Colour.

AN obelisk erected to the memory of THOMAS CLARKSON, the great Abolitionist, near Ware, "on the spot where," according to an inscription upon it, that strenuous philanthropist "resolved to devote his life to bringing about the abolition of the Slave Trade," was unveiled the other day. It is of Portland stone on a base of Yorkshire ditto. The base may be allowed to be appropriate, as indicative of strength, solidity, and endurance. But should not the obelisk itself have been of black marble?

WE see the Baptists are going to have a Harvest Thanksgiving. This is strictly in accordance with their belief in Total Immer-ion.



#### TAKING IT EASY.

*Lieutenant Smart* (who has taken over temporary charge of *Lieutenant Easy's* detachment, who is "on leave"). "BUT THESE ARE 'RATION RETURN FORMS,' TO BE FILLED IN EVERY MORNING, SHOWING AMOUNT OF RATIONS ISSUED, &c., AND THEN SIGNED BY OFFICER WHO CERTIFIES TO THEIR CORRECTNESS. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BRINGING TWELVE BLANK FORMS FOR ME TO SIGN?"

*Corporal*. "BIG YOUR PARDON, SORR, BUT WE GIT THIM BLANK FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM—THEY'RE A PINNY A DOZZEN, SORR, AN' MISTHER AIST, SORR, HE GINERALLY SIGNS A PINNORTH!!!"

#### En Rapport.

A REPORTER of the *Cape Times*, in an account of CETEWAYO on board ship, says of him that:—

"He has rather a wild way of taking to European food, and as a preliminary to a substantial feed of beef the other day, he devoured a pot and a half of jam."

Jam before beef—or with it! Another point of sympathy in tastes between the ex-King of Zululand and the Chancellor of the German Empire.

AQUARIUM BILL OF FARE.—Mostly Farin(i)aceous Food.



### A PROMISING YOUNG ÆSTHETIC.

Old Boy. "ULLO! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

New Boy. "DANTE MICHAEL ANGELO SALVATOR ROSA NUPKINS!"

Old Boy. "IS THAT ALL? WHAT'S YOUR FATHER?"

New Boy. "PORT, PAINTER, SCULPTOR, ARCHITECT, AND MUSICIAN."

Old Boy. "CRIMINI! IS HE GREAT?"

New Boy. "THE GREATEST THAT EVER LIVED."

Old Boy. "I NEVER! AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?"

New Boy. "THE SAME AS MY FATHER, ONLY GREATER."

Old Boy. "OH MY!"

[Kicks Young Nupkins, and exits.]

### CETEWAYO'S PROPOSAL.

SUPPOSE I cross de water from de Cape to Inglis lan,  
Pra'ps de reason you upset me I sall rightly understan,  
When I see de men an women, an de sort ob life dey lead—  
Till for all my past transgressions my sabage heart sall bleed—

See how you lub each odder—see how crimes are all unknown;  
How your chiefs dey neber cubbit lan an cattle not dere own;  
See your charity and brudderhood, your plenty an your peace;  
See how well (unlike de Zulus) you can do widout perlice.

Read your papers where de stories of Society is told,  
Till I feel like a hyena in de gentle baa-lamb fold.  
See how here's all law and order, all sweetness and all light,  
How you nebber steal an murder, neber lie, and cheat, and fight.

Den I'll write across de water to de Zulus dere and den,  
An I'll tell dem how like angels is de noble Inglismen;  
An I'll lib an larn among you, and own dere ain't no doubt  
You's just de sort ob people has a right to kick me out.

### BEFORE THE FIRST.

Adamite was favourite for the Cesarewitch. But at the winning-post our good old friend Chippendale was pre-Adamite. May he be immortal, as well as Antediluvian!

THE LANDED INTEREST.—Landed in difficulties.

### HARD-UP HYMENOPTERA.

A PLEA, a plea for the Busy Bee,  
That improved the shining hour,  
When a break in the wet would allow her to get  
Aught out of an opening flower.  
But so little she got that she now hath not  
Enough for her winter store,  
And requires to be fed upon made "bee-bread,"  
Or the Bee will be soon no more.

Pure saccharine stuff is not enough  
To keep your Bees alive;  
Pollen too they need whereon to feed,  
Whilst wintering in their hive.  
Mere syrup and sweet for their keep is unmeet,  
Barley-sugar alone won't do,  
An you tender their weal, add barley-meal,  
Give them treacle, but oatmeal too.

In times like these 'tis the Working Bees  
That relief deserve alone;  
We put in a plea for the Busy Bee,  
But none for the Lazy Drone.  
E'en the best will share but workhouse fare;  
'Tis for skilligolee—no more—  
To Beekeepers who feel we make appeal,  
And Heaven will bless their store.

### REDUCED TO PRACTICE!

OUR professional contemporary, the *Medical Press and Circular*, does not often present its readers with observations of a facetious nature; but is not the following paragraph fairly open to the suspicion of being intended for a joke?

"THE DEPRESSION IN TRADE AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—The entry at the different Medical schools has been very large this session. It is thought this is largely due to the depression existing in commerce and agriculture. A number of young men who, in ordinary circumstances, would have entered a trade, or gone to farming, seeing little prospect in these directions, have turned their attention to Medicine."

If this is a fact, how inexpensive those young men, or their parents and guardians, must consider a medical education, how easy the acquisition of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, and the rest of the medical sciences, how slight the difficulty of passing an examination in them, how little arduous, lightly laborious, and highly lucrative, the practice of the Medical Profession! These youths might be told that, if in circumstances insufficient to enable them to embark in commerce or agriculture, they resort to Medicine with a view to money-making, they may or may not go farther, but they will certainly fare worse.

### A CAUCUS QUESTION.

THE sitting Liberal Member for Dewsbury, Mr. Serjeant SIMON, has served his constituents eleven years. A letter addressed to him the other day by a Mr. S. N. LUMB, Secretary to "the Executive of the Dewsbury Parliamentary Borough Joint Liberal Association on the Birmingham plan," informs him that he had been nominated by the body abovenamed as a candidate for the representation of the borough aforesaid at the approaching election, and questions him as follows:—

"On behalf of the association, may I ask you whether you will allow your name to be proposed at a general committee meeting to be held on Tuesday, the 30th inst., and, if so, whether you will abide by the decision of the association?"

"Submit," that is, says Serjeant SIMON, in reply, "to a competitive process with eight other candidates proposed at the meeting to which you refer." Surely, the learned Serjeant might have added, you must take me for a very simple SIMON.

### UP TO THE MARK.

THERMOMETERS tested at the Kew Observatory are advertised as being marked "K. O." We venture to suggest that in future they should be marked "O. K." for Orl Korrekt.

CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD.—Apparently founded on the idea that Church can Gild Stage Guilt.



## A DILEMMA.

"WHAT ARE YOU PUZZLING OVER, PONSONBY?"

"I'M TRYING TO ANSWER A NOTE FROM THE 'DEAR DUCHESS,' AS YOU CALL HER. SHE'S DONE ME THE HONOUR TO WRITE AND ASK IF THAT ST. BERNARD PUP I GAVE HER SHOULD BE FED ON MEAT OR BISCUITS?"

"WELL, BISCUITS, SHOULDN'T IT?"

"OF COURSE. BUT SHE SPELLS BISCUITS WITH A K, YOU SEE, AND I DON'T LIKE TO SPELL IT PROPERLY FOR FEAR OF HURTING HER GRACE'S FEELINGS; AND YET I DON'T WANT IT TO GET ABOUT THAT I SPELL BISCUITS WITH A K."

"SAY MEAT, THEN!"

"BUT SHE SPELLS MEAT WITH TWO E'S!!"

## PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

(An Irish Historical Drama, adapted from the Irish-English of Mr. Parnell.)

SCENE—A new vault underneath the new Irish Houses of Parliament. Piled up in the centre, a portmanteau, a couple of barrels, and a carpet-bag. Leader of the Opposition discovered in a cloak and hat, with a dark lantern and bundle of matches.

Leader of the Opposition. Not here! Bad cess to him! I must rise them spalpeens upstairs widout him.

[Prepares to light a match.

Enter Distinguished Constitutionalist.

Distinguished Constitutionalist. I fear I am a little late. I had to get a military escort before I could leave the Treasury bench. But here I am. What does all this mean? [Pointing to the pile.

Leader of the Opposition. Is it "mane," Mither PARNELL? Sure, it's a bit of a lesson out av your own book I'm going to tache them divils upstairs.

Distinguished Constitutionalist. My own book? Are we not in a vault underneath both Chambers of the Native Irish Legislature assembled in full conclave? Yet, these barrels,—this portmanteau,—that carpet-bag—?

## CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

(Picked up at Clitheroe.)

Q. WHY ought the Country to be grateful to the Government?

A. Because they have given it Cyprus, the Sepoys, and the Secret Memorandum for Six Millions.

Q. Why is this an excellent bargain?

A. Because it has shown the world and the British taxpayer that Europe must be governed by treaties.

Q. What was the "master stipulation" of the Treaty of Berlin?

A. The right to garrison the Balkans.

Q. Has this "master stipulation" been carried into effect?

A. Not precisely.

Q. Does this matter?

A. Not in the least.

Q. Why not?

A. Because the HOME SECRETARY says that the "points" of a treaty are of no consequence.

Q. What is the distinction between a treaty and its points?

A. The HOME SECRETARY does not say.

Q. Does the HOME SECRETARY, then, say anything to the point?

A. Yes. He says he meant originally to have held his tongue.

Q. Is that intention intelligible?

A. Quite.

Q. And wise?

A. Eminently.

Q. Why has it not been adhered to?

A. CROSS propose, DIZ dispose.

## "PANIERIS ARE FASHIONABLE."

Le Follet.

"A PANIER you'll want," said Miss TAPER,

"I assure you they're now all the go.

I've the pattern cut out here in paper,  
They are puffed at the side, Ma'am, just so."

"That panniers have been all the go

At the seaside from June to November,

I'm sure all the donkeys must know;

Weighty cause they have had to remember.

"But if *we* must wear panniers like asses—

All alike—East and West, North and South,

'Twould be well if the poor working classes  
Could, at least, have a *bit* in their mouth."

## ONLY FAIR PLAY.

MR. PARNELL boasts that he has gone far to make Parliament impossible. Suppose Parliament were next Session to go farther, and make Mr. PARNELL impossible?

Leader of the Opposition (chuckling). Sorra one of 'em but's chock full of dynamite! [Prepares to strike a match.

Distinguished Constitutionalist. Hold! There is a legal remedy for everything. This appeal to explosives is not constitutional—nay, it is not Irish! At least, wait till I have got to a safe distance!

Leader of the Opposition. An' is it yerself that would be after ating yer own words? Shure, haven't I got all your spaches at the tip of me tongue?

Distinguished Constitutionalist. Then you must know that I always recommended—

Leader of the Opposition. A "firm attitude," when the Saxon wouldn't give way. And why not the Celt all the same as the Saxon? As that white-livered Ministry up-stairs won't let us in, bedad it's myself, as Leader o' th' Opposition, that will show thim the way out. And now, Masther dear, hould your ears, and Hooroooh for ould Ireland!

[Blows both Houses, himself, and Distinguished Constitutionalist, into the air as Scene closes.

## THE ROOT OF IRISH TROUBLES.

HOWEVER it may be with the crop of 'taters, the crop of agi-tators never seems to fail.



## COLD TONGUE-RÉCHAUFFÉE !

## COMPARATIVE CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

PENETRATIVE MR. PUNCH,

THERE appeared the other day in the *Times* a letter of the most insidious character, signed "BETA." Its writer professed that his intention was simply "to call the attention of the humane public and lovers of cod-fish to the cruelty which is practised to supply the London and other markets with 'Crimped Cod.'" But see, *Mr. Punch*, the revelation of the cloven hoof in the following words of affected pity for the poor Cod-fish:—

"Even the mode of taking the finest fish is painful, though perhaps unavoidable. A great barbed iron or steel hook is baited and attached to a long line, and when the fish is caught this is rudely torn from its mouth. If it be large and in good condition, it is transferred to a well in the smack, through which passes a stream of sea-water. On arriving at the port, the live cod are sold at an advanced price, and those to be crimped are set apart. To perform this operation successfully, three or four huge transverse gashes are cut on each side while the fish is alive, or the muscles will not contract."

Sir, as a consistent member of the Society for the Total Abolition of Vivisection, I protest against this covert and crafty endeavour to discredit the exertions we are making for the prohibition of experiments on living animals for alleged scientific purposes. The section of a live fish, in order to render it the more palatable as a viand, is very different from making an incision, merely for the sake of settling some point in physiology, in a rabbit's ear. I suppose

that a fish is what the doctors call a vertebrate animal; but a vertebrate animal crimped in preparation for the dinner-table is one thing, and an animal of the same order wounded, on any pretext, on the dissecting-table, is another. I have no doubt that "BETA" is in reality some Professor of Anatomy and Physiology connected with one of the Hospitals; and under that firm impression remain

Yours truly,

ANTI-SCALPEL.

P.S.—"BETA," you observe, in part addresses his affected denunciation of the practice of crimping cod to "lovers of cod-fish." Why, it is expressly for their gratification that cod are crimped. How can any thinking impostor vent humbug so thoroughly transparent? By the bye, I hope the existing statute regulating vivisection is not so worded as to interdict the crimping of cod.

## QUESTION FOR CHAIRMEN.

A GENTLEMAN presiding at a Public Dinner proposes from the Chair the toast of "Ministers of all Denominations." Could it be allowably responded to by a Mormon Elder?

## APPROPRIATE DITTY FOR FARNELL.

"Come live in my heart and pay no Rent," by SAMUEL LOVER. (See his *Poetical Works*, p. 310.)



## GIVING HIM A LEAD.

*Lively Heiress.* "I'D GIVE MY HEAD TO LIVE IN LONDON!"

[*Young Rogers thinks if she'd give her heart, it might be managed.*]

## "WANTED—A HEAD FOR A CROWN."

As all the world knows, there are several claimants for the political inheritance of the much-lamented Prince Imperial. The Party of the Appeal to the People are anxiously waiting for the publication of their respective manifestoes. *Mr. Punch*, ever ready to oblige anybody and everybody, has, therefore, much pleasure in printing a couple of proclamations which have been sent to 85, Fleet Street, probably as the widest and surest channel of publicity. The first appears, from internal evidence, to be from the pen of Prince PLON-PLON (who seems to have been taking lessons from M. VICTOR HUGO); while the second is evidently the work of Mr. JEROME B. PATTERSON—a scion of the Bonaparte family, who (to quote the *Dix-neuvième Siècle*) "has hitherto always resided in America."

*First Manifesto—Post-mark "France."*

FRENCHMEN,

You know me. We need no introduction. You are a fact. I am a name. We are equals in one sense. We both love our country. But I love more. I love my country and myself. It is the legend of my race. All the world and one man. You and I. It is solemn and grand. More—it is interesting.

As to you. You are the world. The world is France, when it is not Paris. Who loves Paris must love the world. I love Paris. Paris should love me. Love begets love. Love is attraction. Attraction is the magnet that draws. It is the needle that is drawn. You are as sharp as needles, and as bright. The needle must follow the magnet. In this Nature points out the law—you must follow me!

And yet there are some who would put the son before the father. This is false to nature. What is false to nature is false to everything. Nature is everything. You have no right to address to me the observation of England's greatest comic singer—"Not before the boy."

As for me. You know me. You love principles. I lack them. Be generous, and give me some. I will never fail you. You are Republicans. So am I. I am more. I am also a Napoleon. The

founder of our race was once a Republican. A curious coincidence. Out of such coincidences you make History.

He had his 18th Brumaire. With a whiff of grape-shot he closed the era of Revolutions. Let it be for you to re-open it. Let us combine to bring back the principles of '89, now so strangely parodied. To revivify these principles we need three things—a man, a cause, and a moment. I am the man, and the cause is the people's, symbolised in a Caesar. The moment is now. The sooner the better.

The people and I are one. We cannot be divided. When I serve the people I serve myself. This is not egotism. Egotism is worship of the "I." I am you. My "I" is all. Do not say, therefore, all is my "I." In another sense I am nothing, but put a nothing in its right place it means a million—many millions. This is a grand thought. It is more than grand—it is encouraging.

I am prepared to fulfil my destiny. My opinions are large, wide, elastic. The people are everything, and so am I. I am everything. The people are changeable, and so am I. I am changeable. Change is freedom. I would make free with the people. I would make the people free.

I will be worthy of my name, of my career. I am a Republican, but then there are many meanings to that word. By Republic I mean something grand, generous, sublime, and, besides all this, full of large hopes in the future. Make a present to me of that future. The Bee is the symbol of industry. The Violet is the emblem of modest sweetness. Combine them, and you have the ruler that France requires. The Knight of Industry only asks to be called from his seclusion. The Violet seeks to be brought from under the leaves. Raise them, you will find me. We are a party of combat. You love combat. March to what you love. I will give you a banner and a blessing. . . . I will be your leader. The leader's place is in the rear. Time was when rank went first, now it is rank and file. Go on. I will follow.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

*Second Manifesto. Post-mark, "America."*

FELLOW CITIZENS,

WHEN I call you by that name I don't mean to imply that you and I have been raised on the same ground, or are of the same grit.





**WANTED A HOUSEMAID NOT AFRAID OF DIRTY WORK.**

APPLY AT THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

### NO PHYSIOLOGY!

THE *Morning Post* informs Society that a resolution to petition Parliament for the entire prohibition of Vivisection, proposed at a meeting of the Anti-Vivisection Society on Wednesday last week, was seconded by a gentleman named BRAY, whose voice may be claimed as that of a representative speaker. Carried unanimously of course. Whereupon:—

“Mr. WALBROOK (Secretary) read a resolution which had just been passed at Blackburn of congratulation on the progress of the movement, and alluded to the G. H. LEWES’ Studentship for Original Research in Physiology (or Vivisection), for which that day was the latest for applicants, and was to be open to women as candidates. This announcement was received with strong expressions of surprise and disapproval by the meeting.”

By the above showing, Physiology, and Vivisection, in the sight of the Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society, and in the eyes also of that more amiable than intelligent association itself, mean the same thing. Of course they are alike hostile to both. But why are they surprised to hear that a physiological studentship is open to the gentler sex, and wherefore do they disapprove of that very reasonable arrangement? It ought to be evident, even to the Anti-Vivisection Society, that an animal subjected to any operation involving pain would probably suffer all the less under the hands of one of the more tender-hearted portion of mankind. Against a truism so manifest as this, one would hardly expect to hear a BRAY, even at a meeting of Anti-Vivisectionists.

### Caught Flying.

(At the late Prize Distribution by the Turners’ Company.)

First Distinguished Turner (just honoured with the Freedom of the Company, humorously) to Second Distinguished Ditto. Now, Brother Turner, we must each buy a lathe.

Second Distinguished Turner (in the dark). A lathe! a lathe! What’s a lathe?

WHAT Letter expresses the Rawlinson policy in Afghanistan?

An X. It naturally suggests a Y.

You have been planted on one side of the herring pond, and I have been planted on the other. That’s so. But it’s the way we usually begin our orations in these diggings. And you may deduce the conclusion that it ain’t a bad way of beginning. You and me like to talk business. When we talk business over here we come to the point pretty slick. We have no leisure class in this infant country of gigantic destinies. We are a prospering and a go-a-head country. Being short of hands we go in for heads. We have raised a race of inventors. Guess we can turn out almost anything in the mechanical and labour-saving line, from a sewing machine to a ruling sovereign—or as we oughter call him, perhaps, an Almighty Dollar!

Economy and simplicity are the leading principles of our inventors. Guess they have got to be, if they mean to hitch on, and keep a hold on the market.

If you want the last new thing in Sovereigns, warranted to cost little, and run without hitches, guess you’d better try me, as the last Yankee notion in the patent folding and mechanical brass-joint ruler line—and as such bound to be just about the best on the stand, and a sight better than you are likely to find in any European store where they keep that class of manufactures.

Your Old Country is getting about used up, and would be a darned sight better for new soling and heeling. Guess shoe-making and mending is one of the things we do best out here. I admit that Paris is just about the spryest, slickest, liveliest, cussedest city in all creation! That’s why we like it so well. But it wants developing on our line of rails.

You get an American first Magistrate for life. No four-year terms,

no President’s election, no nonsense of that kind. Guess that aren’t the thing to borrow from this side. No, Sir. Try him, and see if he don’t make a darned sight more out of your privileges, water and others, your cars, your restaurants, your institutions generally, and your suffrage in particular. Why I could show your Paris Proletariat how to as good as double their earnings out of their political privileges only. And if I couldn’t put your municipal counsels up to a thing or two, what’s the good of having known Boss TWEED for the best two years of his reign in Tammany? I dare say some of you know I’m a PATTERSON by the mother’s side, as well as a BUONAPARTE by the father’s. Waal, I calculate Corsican stock is all the better for crossing. They’re a people of clear grit, who can stick to a cause or a quarrel, and find a Derringer the shortest way out of a difficulty. But they want to be taught that business is business, if shooting is pleasure; and that you should never draw a man’s blood as long as you can get anything else out of him. If Western Americans want that lesson, Frenchmen generally would not be the worse of it.

Waal I have already told you we have no leisure class out here, so I bring my letter to a conclusion with a fair offer.

If you want a cheap, double-action, high-pressure Emperor, working the maximum of power to the pound, and guaranteed against busting up, you know where to look for him. You write to me, “J. B. B., Box No. 1, New York,” and I’ll be to hand by the next White Star boat. That’s so.

Your Friend and Emperor that is to be, if you like,  
JEROME B. PATTERSON (*Né Buonaparte*).

## THE BILLS.

(An apology for which Punch is proud to owe to Edgar Poe.)

## I.

SEE the ever-swelling bills—  
Heavy bills!  
What a world of botherment Sir STAFFORD'S bosom fills!  
How they tumble, tumble, tumble  
In, to his extreme affright!  
While the Nation 'gins to grumble  
At the wild financial jumble,  
To the Liberals' delight.  
E'en the *Times*, *Times*, *Times*,  
Hints at economic crimes  
In the quick accumulation that the world with wonder fills,  
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,—  
The growing and o'erflowing of the bills.

## II.

See the Military bills—  
Bouncing bills!  
How their growth the CHANCELLOR'S optimism chills!  
For each little local fight,  
Afghan, Zulu, what a sight  
Of cash, in gold or notes,  
Must come soon!  
What triumphant mockery floats,  
From the Radical, who capers while he gloats  
O'er the tune,  
The pretty tune to which  
The Nation, racked though rich,  
Will have to pay the piper from its coffers and its tills,  
For the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,—  
The ne'er ceasing increasing of the bills!

## III.

See the long Imperial bills—  
Bloated bills!  
How their swollen proportions hint of choking bolus pills  
For JOHN BULL, who, at the sight,  
Stares and stammers with affright!  
Too much horrified to reckon  
All the burdens piled his neck on  
By the lute,  
The mad hallucination which his fancy did inspire,  
The wild and weak ambition, which his foolish brain did fire,  
To soar higher, higher, higher,  
With a lunatic desire,  
And an imbecile endeavour  
Now, now to swell, or never,  
To Imperial plenilune!  
Oh, the bills, bills, bills!  
What a tale their tottle fills!  
Hard to bear!  
How they mount to more and more!  
What a cold, cold *douche* they pour  
On the folly of the frantic Jingo scare!  
Yet our pockets fully know,  
By the waxing  
Of the taxing,  
How they flow, and flow, and flow;  
Yet the ear that daily fills  
With the wrangling,  
And the jangling  
Of the rival Party quills,  
Knows how the Country chills,  
At the swelling beyond telling in the number of the bills—  
Of the bills—  
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,—  
The mounting past all counting of the bills!

## Hospital Backsheesh.

IN contradiction to the verdict of a coroner's jury implying that the nurses of Guy's Hospital are accustomed to require and receive fees, Dr. J. C. STEELE, Superintendent of that Charity, declares thereof, in a published news-letter, that "every male and female servant" is, on appointment, expressly forbidden to receive fees from patients or their friends. What, every servant—male as well as female? Are not the medical officers servants of the Hospital—its chief servants—and can they possibly be prohibited from taking fees of the patients' friends; as for instance, the Governors who gave the admission? The nurses, very likely, are prohibited from pocketing fees; but that prohibition cannot surely apply to servants who, whilst necessarily males, are also of necessity fee-males.

## GUILDHALL LIBRARY ON SUNDAYS.



Y worthy Mr. BEDFORD, you deserve *Punch's* pat on the back for your vigorous attempt to open the doors of the Guildhall Library on Sundays! And to Mr. RUDKIN, who supported you, we present our Salutation. There is no more chance of our having what is called "a Continental Sunday" in London, than there is of the members of the Sabbatarian League *not* reading on Monday the newspapers on which the labour of a Sunday has been expended, of their *not* giving their cooks very unnecessary work on a Sunday, or of their ever comprehending that the Seventh Day is *not* Sunday at all, but Saturday, which the consistent and conservative Jews do strictly observe from sundown to sundown as a day of genuine rest, by all means, but not a day of sloth, of sluggishness, of sottishness. There is an uncanny person who, according to Dr. WATTS, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." On the Continent, where they live in their shops, it generally happens that the *employés* who have to be on Sunday duty have had their outing during the week. Our Continental neighbours have a way of mixing pleasure with business, which is quite foreign to our notions. Mr. BEDFORD and his supporters must first induce Sir W. ROSE and Mr. Deputy LOWMAN TAYLOR, and those whom they represent, to open their minds considerably before they are likely to agree to open the Library doors. By the way, what can it matter to Mr. Deputy LOWMAN TAYLOR—a poetical title fitting so exactly the metre of "*The King of the Cannibal Islands*" that we can't refrain from giving a sample:—

"The Sunday op'ning I oppose,"  
"That's when our Libræes I'd close,"  
Say Alderman Sir WILLIAM ROSE  
And Deputy LOWMAN TAYLOR!

But to resume,—What can it matter to the Deputy whether the doors are open or shut, seeing that, according to the report of the proceedings in the *Standard*, Oct. 16, he boasts of "*never having been in the Library*," because he had always voted against the expenditure?"

Stay out, by all means, Mr. Deputy, but let fools rush in, to improve themselves, even where Deputies fear to tread. Sir WILLIAM ROSE has a national prejudice in favour of a Puritanical observance of the first day in the week, and we hope he never "whistles on the Sawbath;" but as this chill Northern element seems just now to prevail in the City Councils—Deputy McGEORGE excepted—Mr. BEDFORD must take heart of grace, and comfort himself with the reflection that his proposal, like the snake which possesses such extraordinary vitality, is only for the present "*scotched, not killed*."

## Punch Protesteth.

(Mr. BRUCE, Stipendiary Magistrate of Leeds, has decided that eggs do not come within the statute making it penal to expose for sale meat that is unfit for human food.)

A SAGE has uttered from the judgment seat—  
Stipendiary 'tis true—"Eggs are not meat,"  
In teeth of the old saw, dear to JOHN BULL,  
Of "As full as an egg of meat is full!"  
*Punch*, who to differ from this judgment begs,  
Rules eggs is meat—as sure as eggs is eggs!

SORS VIRGILIANA FOR PARNELL.

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona No-Rint,  
Agricolae!" . . . . .



### A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

*Prigsby.* "I—A—CONFESS I DO NOT CARE FOR MOZART. HE'S—A—TOO TUNNY FOR ME!"

*Miss Smart (innocently).* "DEAR ME! AND IS THAT—A—THE RESULT OF A DEFECTIVE EAR, IN YOUR CASE? OR IS IT MERELY FOR WANT OF PROPER TRAINING?"

[Utter collapse of *Prigsby*.]

### "DON'T OVERDO IT."

(A Warning Word in Season.)

"IN nothing too much" was a wise heathen maxim,  
That holds true of blame and still truer of praise,  
Be 't ovation of Statesman, ill-will that attacks him,  
Or warriors' welcome from warfare's rough ways.  
And most in these days, when no word that tongues utter  
But by trumpets unnumbered abroad must be blown;  
When 'tis easier far to drown heroes in butter,  
Than for heroes to stand the fat douche o'er them thrown.

Far be it from *Punch* with the cynic's cold water  
To quench warm hearts glowing in love and in pride;  
Right reverence for Glory is Glory's true daughter,  
No race e'er deserved it its meed that denied.  
But if honour in deed and in word may be kindred,  
As often as not they no-cousinship own,  
And brave men's brave work is oft less helped than hindered  
The louder the trumpet about it is blown.

Honour still from the hearths and the homes they defended  
Let neighbours and friends on our bravest bestow;  
Let them know that day's wage with day's work is not ended,  
That their laurels' good seed for the future have sowed.  
Let them feel that their names in your heart's core are branded,  
Their devotion to duty set loyally down,  
That not one deed, chief, captain, private rough-handed,  
But JOHN BULL is ready with fair meed to crown.

Let the well-deserved drops from the fountain of honour,  
Fall fair in their cups, with a crowning "Well done!"  
Such the QUEEN's grateful duty, incumbent upon her,  
As to give light and warmth to our earth on the sun;  
Let Commander-in-Chief and War-Minister note them,  
See they're brought to the front when there's tough work in hand;  
Not content with lip-tributes that sound when you quote 'em,  
But fade when it comes to choose men for command.

As for puffing of platforms, and muster of meetings,  
Blaring bands, bowing magnates, and colours displayed,  
There is less that is solid than shallow in greetings  
So readily vamped, and so easily paid.  
It has still been strength's note in old England's strong nature,  
That she held in stern bridle her joy and her grief,  
It was then when her greatness was grandest of stature  
That her talking about it was most bare and brief.

The Lion roars rarely, and then not to utter  
Or echo friends' praise but strike terror to foes;  
Our emblem, the bull-dog, with never a mutter,  
Teeth clenched, savage, silent, "goes straight at the nose."  
Then be chary of praises, or yet you may rue them,  
When you find guerdon's gilt Glory's gold can alloy;  
Mouth-honours are cheap—prithce do not o'erdo them;  
Proof you value your soldiers, promote and employ.

### PARALLEL PASSAGES.

(Of Arms and Letters.)

*A PROPOS* of *Punch's* last week's Cartoon, with the Beaconsfield Shield therein blazoned, "on a field Vert, three beacons flammant Tinsel," in which the beacons are figured as iron cressets, filled with blazing coals, he has been struck with the following passage in an article on "The Civil Engineers of Britain," in the Number of the *Edinburgh Review* just issued. "In earlier times," says the reviewer,

"A coal fire in a *chaufferette*, or brazier, was the signal employed for a beacon—a signal which could be so easily mistaken, or even counterfeited, that it was a source of almost as much danger as safety."

What of *our* Beacon in the Field of politics, at home and abroad?

HINT FOR THE WINTER (*in advance*).—How to keep your rooms warm—keep your grates coal'd.



“DON'T OVERDO IT!”

BRITISH HERO (*loq.*). “THANKS, VERY MUCH; BUT AFTER ALL WE’VE ONLY DONE OUR DUTY!!”





## THE THREE R'S AND THE RATEPAYERS.

(A Parochial Poem.)



O SCHOOL-BOARD, whose administration  
Provides compulsory education  
For children of the needy Masses,  
Called, saucily, the Lower Classes,  
Which schooling, my but too dear Board,  
We Ratepayers must perforce afford  
To youth whom better-nurtured lads  
And lasses would describe as "Cads;"  
Let them be taught their hands to use  
To polish plate, clean boots and shoes;  
To mend and darn, to cook and sew—  
All things they chiefly need to know:  
Such industries as those must learn  
Who 'll early have their bread to earn.  
Then next imbue their minds with letters,  
So much in common with their betters,  
As, crammed at costlier schools in vain,  
Most of those betters e'er retain.  
Teach all their R's—that primal Three!  
But 'ware the letters L. S. D.,  
Nor give, at our cost, education  
That may unfit folks for their station.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensianary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**NATIONAL CLUB.**—In Whitehall. The only qualification for membership is to belong to some nation. Firework-makers and gasmen are eligible as connected with Illumi-nations.

**NATIONAL GALLERY.**—Originally constructed to hold the entire nation when it wasn't so big as it is now. Although the nation has considerably increased, yet the Government has never completed the design, by adding a National Pit, National Boxes National Stalls to the present building. The view from one of the small pepper-castor domes is very fine.

**NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB.**—One of the most charming in London. The necessary qualification is to belong to both Services at once, as the name implies. Here, consequently, that popular branch of the Service, the Horse Marines, are seen at their best. Over the chimney-piece in the dining-room is a magnificent picture by DYKWKYN, representing a "Horse Marine riding at anchor." The Hall Porter is also half-and-half. The Waiters were once drummer buoys, and all the Colonels are men of war. It is a pleasure to look in and see some of the old Salts deep in the latest editions of the Evening Peppers. The walls are covered with marine and military pictures, chiefly consisting of naval games on crossing the Line, and portraits of all the heroes of the foot regiments, Guards excepted, it having been the military artist's fad that "he must draw 'the Line' somewhere," and so he drew it here. There is a tree in the garden. The naval-military warriors sit in its boughs, or a party of them take the h'elm all to themselves. With the veterans the favourite actor was KEELEY, and their liveliest author, STERNE. The clearest notion of their mixed service may be obtained by watching these heroes' movements at CHRISTIE'S, the Auctioneers', when they march round during a sale.

**NEW RIVER.**—In accordance with the proverb which recommends provision for a rainy day, so the City of London has done well—done several wells, including Sadler's—in providing the New River, which is always kept in reservoirs, to supply the place of the Old River, whenever the latter may be too old for use, or may run dry

—which would be a curious sight—or when it may run out, and not run back again. President the Earl of TANKERVILLE.

**NOTTING HILL.**—Originally spelt Knotting Hill, as being the place celebrated for marriages. At the churches the chorus to the Hymeneal Hymn used to be—

"We're all Knotting,  
Knit, knit, Knotting."

**NURSES.**—(See FOOT SOLDIERS, LIFE-GUARDSMEN, and other PERAMBULATORS.)

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—In Wyck Street, but in what line of theatrical business, has been lately a trifle uncertain. At present it is wearing out its old Pinafore. The management is a trifle bothered by legal difficulties just now—perhaps *be-wych'd*.

**OPERA COMIQUE.**—Where the first Pinafore was produced. Both Pinafores have to be washed in public, which is a pity.

**ORIENTAL CLUB.**—A hot 'un. Every room is up to 150° in the shade. Turkish-Baths-Smoking-Room. The Committee sit on carpets cross-legged, taking coffee and hubble-bubbles. At the ballot, out of compliment to the Orientals, an unsuccessful candidate is white-balled. The waiters salaam—they say "lamb and mint sauce" in summer—and are deeply respectful. The only qualification for a Native Oriental, beyond being a Rajah, is to have been a regular little Oriental Pickle in his boyhood. In the Hot House of the Club there is a fine show of Picca-lillies in full blossom. The rules of the card-room are elastic, being made principally of India Rubber. If a person wishes to interrupt one of a whist party, he is bound to preface his observations with "I beg your pardon, I don't want to *under yer rubber*," when he will receive instant attention.

**ORLEANS CLUB.**—Has a town house and a country house, and subscription to each entitles a Member to be in both places at once. The advantages of the country house at Twickenham are numerous. Any Member wishing to sleep there, can do so by giving notice to the Committee forty-eight hours before he wants to go to bed, when he will be put up—for ballot, and, if approved of by the House Committee, he will have a bed-room given to him, the Committee will precede him down the passage with lighted candles, will bring him a bath, boot-jack, and towels, will sing him to sleep with a lullaby outside his door, and wake him with a madrigal—a very mad-rigal—at an early hour in the morning. In the town house sleeping accommodation is only provided in the chairs, and it is not necessary for a Member to give the Committee forty-eight hours' notice of his intention of going to sleep in the first vacant chair.

**OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB.**—All the female servants obliged to wear caps and gowns. Valuable map on the dining-room wall illustrating "The Course of the Don." It seems to be a little irregular, but this is probably after leaving the old port. The word "wangle," or "rangle," is here applied to sounding bells. Any servant, for instance, in answering a summons will inquire, "I beg your pardon, Sir, did you rangle?" There is a sort of military-Household-Troops' air about the place, which comes from the fact that the united Oxford and Cambridge men must represent "The Blues." In spite of this, the Club is never dull. The Members constantly speak of one another in various terms,—the summer terms being the pleasantest.

**OYSTERS.**—Open to the public from September to the end of April.

**PALL MALL.**—Variously pronounced either as "Paul Maul" (perhaps some ancestor of PAUL MERRITT, author of *New Babylon*—but who wants a "New Baby loan" except at a Baby Farm?), or else as "Pal Mal," signifying the place to meet a "Bad Pal." It is also pronounced as if spelt "Pell Mell" which implies a regular head-long rowdy sort of place. Affected people call it "Pill Mill," but there are not sufficient chemists' and druggists' shops there to justify the title.

**PAYMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WHITEHALL.**—Open to the public every Saturday. The head official is called "Nunky." Over the door is the motto, "Nunky pays for all." Anybody entering between eleven and two will be attended to, and all his bills paid. No more *Tick-douloureux*!

**PICCADILLY.**—Formerly the great farmyard of London. Here in the morning the pigs used to be fed, and Mrs. BOND, of Bond Street, would be heard inviting the ducks with her memorable refrain of

Dilly, Dilly, Dilly,  
Come and be killed!

The combination of pigs and poultry gave it its name of "Piggy-dilly." On the removal of the horses, which were the last to go from the yard, the "gee gee" in the name was taken out, and "see! see!" indicative of a novelty, was introduced. It is now Piccadilly.

**POLICE.**—(See one—when wanted.)

**POLICE COURT.**—*Thieves Caught* is more important. (For POLICE COURT, see COOKS, HOUSEMAIDS, AREA-RAILS, &c.)



### "TURNING HIS FLANK."

*Mr. Brisket (the Butcher).* "GOOD MORNING, MR. CHATTLES! YOU'RE A LAWYER, AND I WANT YOUR ADVICE. WHAT CAN I DO WITH A MAN WHOSE DOG STEALS SOME MEAT FROM MY SHOP?"

*Mr. Chattles (the Lawyer).* "DEMAND THE VALUE, OR SUMMON THE OWNER."

*Mr. Brisket (triumphantly).* "THEN I WANT SIX-AND-SIXPENCE FROM YOU, SIR, OR ELSE I'LL SUMMONS YER! YOUR DOG THERE RAN AWAY WITH A PIECE OF MUTTON O' THAT VALLEY FROM THESE PREMISES LAST NIGHT!"

*Mr. Chattles.* "HUM—AH—H'M! THEN IF YOU'LL HAND ME OVER TWOPENCE, WE SHALL JUST BE SQUARE, MR. BRISKET—AS MY FEE FOR CONSULTATION IS SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE!!"

### CONSTITUENCIES AND CADS.

It is, alas! but a nominal mistake which the *République Française* makes in stating, as a case parallel to the Humbert election, that—

"The late Mr. WHALLEY owed the suffrages of Peterborough to his extravagant pleadings in favour of the impostor ORTON, who tried to pass himself for Sir ROGER TICHBORNE."

This verbally erroneous assertion is only a little too hard upon the electors of Peterborough. They did not indeed, in the first instance, elect Mr. WHALLEY as their Member simply because he constituted himself the champion of the convict abovenamed. But they continued to elect him after he had made that fool of himself—for Mr. WHALLEY was not a humbug. The constituency which really has deserved to be disfranchised by having returned a person to Parliament as their representative for the express reason that he had advocated ORTON's pretensions, was, the *République Française* may as well be told, not that of Peterborough, but Stoke-upon-Trent. They are the stokers and pokers of the fire which blazes in the hustings speeches of Dr. KENEALY and the columns of that most Irish of weekly dreadfuls—the *Englishman*.

### The Secretaries Sing.

"The latest development of the new South-African policy has been instantly condemned by all the Missionary Societies without exception."—*Morning Paper*.

CASH wanted to convert these Blacks' accurst—

And Five-pound Tributes coming down to One!

And now, when things seemed really at their worst,

Poor as we are—we're threatened with a Dunn!

### DEMAND FOR ARMY DOCTORS.

(Don't they wish they may get them?)

WANTED, for employment as Medical Officers in the British Army, an adequate number of thoroughly well-educated physicians and surgeons, willing, on occasion, to expose their lives to the utmost danger in active service, without any expectation of receiving the Victoria Cross, or being otherwise distinguished or rewarded. They must have no objection to put up with indignity and neglect, be contented with an amount of pay not exceeding a sufficiency for their daily maintenance, and be prepared on their discharge to depend for their subsistence upon such private practice as they may hope to pick up by beginning the world again late in life. As the want of competent Army physicians and surgeons is just now very urgent, the supply being far from equal to the demand, immediate applications are confidently expected at the War Office.

### Turn and Turn About.

PUNCH rejoices to hear that Lord HARTINGTON, on his visit to the North, has gone to stay with Lord DERBY. Let us hope Lord DERBY will in return stay with Lord HARTINGTON. Now two such good heads of the Upper Ten have come together, it would be a thousand pities they should part.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Two valuable estates which only want to be better managed to realise a handsome profit—The Daira in Egypt, and the Dairy in England.



### RATHER AWKWARD.

*Young Rattleton Bragge (affably, to middle-aged Stranger, whom he finds alone in Browne's studio).*  
 "GOOD PICTURE, AIN'T IT! OLD STILTON'S BOUGHT IT—THE DUKE, YOU KNOW. BROWNE'S GOING DOWN TO STILTON TO SHOOT. WISH I COULD GO WITH HIM; BUT I'M BOOKED IN LONDON TILL CHRISTMAS—JUST MY LUCK! CAPITAL OLD BOY, STILTON! LOOKS LIKE AN OLD-CLOTHESMAN; GETS TIGHT AFTER DINNER; TELLS RUMMY STORIES; MAKES YOU ROAR! FINE OLD PLACE—CAPITAL SHOOTING! AWF'LY JOLLY GIRLS, THE LADIES CAMEMBERT—NEARLY A DOZEN OF 'EM, ALL FRECKLED. DUCHESS TREMENDOUS MATCHMAKER—BAG YOU BEFORE YOU CAN SAY 'JACK ROBINSON,' IF YOU DON'T LOOK OUT! AWFUL FUN, THE OLD DUCHESS! D'YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HER BY SIGHT?—SHINY RED NOSE, AND AS UNDER-HUNG AS A BULL-DOG—AH, HERE'S BROWNE AT LAST!"

*Enter Browne, suddenly.* "AH, BRAGGE, HOW ARE YOU? LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE DUKE OF STILTON!"

### OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*(Sadler's Wells, and things in general.)*

SIR,—I can't understand *Helen MacGregor* ever having been a great part, or *Rob Roy* ever a good play. It is not until the end of the Second Act that anyone can become interested in the characters, and it wants all the strength of name, and force of musical talent, to make such a couple of namby-pamby milkops as *Francis Osbaldistone* and *Diana Vernon* go down with an audience. At Sadler's Wells on the first night it was to have been wished, for their own sakes, that they could have "gone down" with, or without, the audience, and never re-appeared again. However, I dare say these blots, and that other old blot, *Sir Frederick* "wid a cold id 'is 'ed," are all wiped out now, and nothing remains but the manly bearing of Mr. WALTER BENTLEY as *Rob Roy*, the excellent acting of Mr. EDMUND LYONS as the *Bailie*, the artistically-played *Dougal* of Mr. R. LYONS—two Lyons in the same Show—"give ye good den, Gentlemen"—the sprightliness of Miss K. MILDENHALL as *Mattie*, and, finally, the statuesque poses and the clear declamation of Miss BATEMAN as *Helen MacGregor*.

The struggle between *Rob Roy* and his captors, and the fight between *Captain Thornton* and *The*

*Dougal*, were literally the hits of the piece, the latter combat being the best seen on the stage for many years. It looks absolutely dangerous. In these days, when Editor meets Editor, and the tug of war is expected, they could not do better than drop in at Sadler's Wells, and see how it is done. Mr. F. W. WYNDHAM gives us a finished picture of *Captain Thornton*, and Messrs. GORDON and HARFORD and JOHN O'CONNOR have given us equally well-finished pictures of *Clachan of Aberfoyle*—Heavens! what a name!—the Crackin of Tin-foil would have been more theatrical—*Pass of Loch Ard* (where the water is so 'ard, eh, 'ARRY?), and *Loch Lomond by Moonlight*.

In consequence of Mrs. BATEMAN having omitted to name the front scenes in the published programmes, I was a little startled on observing that the scene which followed "The Highland Landscape," and which, according to my playbill, ought to have been *Loch Lomond*, was the interior of some room with a "door in flat." At first it struck me that here was a new idea, and that we were to see the *loch* through the keyhole. However, on being informed that the omission was strictly in accordance with precedent, I was naturally satisfied. Sadler's Wells is well worth a visit during the run of *Rob Roy Redivivus*, which, like the *Iron Chest*, will, I fancy, not see the light again for many, many years—if ever. It would make a splendid opera, better than *Lucy of Lammermoor*, and how neither MACFARREN nor WALLACE seized on the subject is surprising.

7.45 is just a quarter of an hour too early for friends from a distance, though, apart from Hansoms and Growlers, the "Angel visits" made by the trams and omnibuses are neither few nor far between. May the Angel, only two hundred and fifty yards distant from the theatre, keep watch like the sweet little cherub perched up aloft over Mrs. BATEMAN and the family circle in the BATEMAN Family Theatre! So mote it be. By the way, when Mrs. BATEMAN wants a new pair of "wings," she will, of course, send to the Angel. It's a good thing, too, for the Angel, in the way of business, as more than one thirsty soul on leaving the theatre inquired, "Where the deuce is the Angel?" And to be told to "Go to the Angel" instead of—well—exactly the opposite, is pleasant for the inquirer's feelings, and, as said before, good for the Angel.

The *Beaux' Stratagem* at the Imperial has given place to the *Poor Gentleman*. They might be alternated, but no run can be expected for either of them.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT, at the Court, has appropriately launched *Courtship*, "underwritten" by H. J. BYRON, and, as I hope, "success insured."

There's much to see and hear: Italian Opera at Her Majesty's, and the shining RIVIERE flowing on at Covent Garden, where Mlle. HAMMAKERS (by her name Englishly pronounced) is making hay while the gas shines. Which is all at present from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



### BRETHREN IN BLACK.

*Stingy Parson.* "YOUR CHARGE SEEMS A HIGH ONE, SWEEP. YOU EARN YOUR MONEY VERY EASILY!"

*Sweep (with a grin).* "YES, SIR, WE GEN'LEMEN O' THE 'CLOTH' DO, SIR! DON'T WE?"

### DUNN ON BOTH SIDES.

(A Page from the Diary of an English Resident.)

*Monday.*—Up early. Put on my light summer native costume of ostrich feathers and cowtails. Joined hunting party of native neighbours. Killed an elephant. Assisted in eating him up raw. Accepted the entrails as *plat d'honneur*. Returned to residence for five o'clock tea. Assumed European costume, as I expected some Government officials to dinner. Had a pleasant chat with them about prospects of civilisation under the new Zulu Constitution.

*Tuesday.*—Got back into my cowtails for interview with Native Chief, who wants me to take part with him in a Missionary hunt. Told him it could not be permitted; and that, besides, it was superfluous, as I had driven them all out of the country. *Mem.*—To send any Reverend Gent I hear of within twenty miles of my boundary a hint he had better make himself scarce, as I can't answer for the Zulu Chiefs under me.

*Wednesday.*—Assumed official uniform, and attended European wedding just over the Natal border. Returned thanks for the bridesmaids.

*Thursday.*—Back again in my kraal. Inspected the new wives I bought last week. Afraid I have been cheated by my agent. At least three of them must be forty, if not upwards.

*Friday.*—Lunched *en grand tenue diplomatique* with a distinguished European traveller.

*Saturday.*—In cowtails. Joined in a war-dance with a few friends from the country.

*Sunday.*—Read prayers at home.

*Monday.*—Went out on the trail after an enemy of a friend of mine. Caught him in the bush, and disposed of him by summary process, strictly in accordance with the old Zulu law and custom, as prescribed in Sir GARNET's conditions. Two assegais through my best cowskin shield.

### LEAVE AND NO LICENCE.

"THE Society for Improving Public Morals,"—whatever that may be,—had a grand field-day with the Magistrates last Friday, when the Oxford Music Hall was limited strictly to music without dancing, so that even a break-down now would break up their establishment,—when the Aquarium Manager was informed that appearances, in spite of there being so few fish in the tanks, were decidedly fishy, whereupon he took to his heels, with a sorrowing cry very like a wail; and then the blameless proprietor of the Argyll Rooms, was again told that his valuable property wouldn't be licensed, whether as *a guile* or *a guileless* Rooms, and he too left, expressing his intention of giving up his stall in Westminster Abbey, and probably feeling inclined to dean-ounce the Dean, and load the Canons with abuse, for having taken so successful a shot at him.

And then, O shade of dear old Paddy GREEN, always so up to snuff, and such a friend at a pinch, the licence was refused to EVANS'S!! Mr. AMOR applied, but the Amor-ous proceedings were against him, and henceforth the "*Chough and the Crow*" will seek another nest, and "*The Hardy Norseman*," who for so many years had his "house of yore" in Covent Garden, will be a homeless wanderer on shore, as, long ago, the Cider Cellars the "*C C*"—*the two seas*, were shut to this Ancient Mariner. Alas! poor hardy Norseman! The *Ars Amoris* has been fatal to you. So EVANS's farewell! A long farewell!

### A Worthy Peer.

ACCORDING to a French newspaper no worse informed than the *Liberté*:—

"Lord GLADSTONE arrived in Paris at 5 P.M. yesterday, and alighted at the Hôtel Bedford, where apartments had been engaged."

The foregoing announcement was probably made under the impression that the ex-Premier has been elevated to the House of Lords with the title of Baron GLADSTONE. Our Lutetian contemporary is evidently not aware that the style by which the present PRIME MINISTER has magnanimously advised HER MAJESTY to exalt his distinguished predecessor and rival to the Peerage,—an honour as gracefully accepted by the latter eminent Statesman as likely to be offered by the former,—is that of the Earl of HAWARDEN.

THE HEALTH OF PHREBUS.—Our Absent Friend!

*Tuesday.*—Rode over into Natal in *mufti*. Took tea with the nearest Magistrate. Had a pleasant game of lawn-tennis with his girls.

*Wednesday.*—Settled accounts with a tribe that owed me money for arms supplied previous to the last war. Wore my full suit of cowtail fringes, head-ring, and snuff-boxes in my ears, as a native chieftain.

*Thursday.*—Busy at office. Just in time to stop an importation of rifles at the frontier.

*Friday.*—Five out of six of last batch of wives no good. Got rid of them according to native law and custom.

*Saturday.*—Rode in to the Bachelors' Ball at Utrecht. Diplomatic uniform.

*Sunday.*—After family prayers, had a roast ox for supper, drank six buckets of Kaffir beer, and to bed in my war paint!

### Long-Winded.

SEE the effect of the late matches against time in long spells of running, walking, and bicycle riding, at the Agricultural Hall! We now learn from the *Guardian* that—

THE Vicar of Basingstoke REQUIRES the AID of a PRIEST who can INTONE from Oct. 19 to Dec. 21, for the Remuneration of Three Guineas a Week.

Talk of wind! We doubt if this Intoner's lungs would not be more than a match for the bellows of the most enduring *athlete* ever backed by Sir JOHN ASTLEY.

### Weighed in the Balance.

WHEN one of Society's Editors takes to another assaulting, Wretches who into Society's pale have no notion of vaulting, Say, with a snigger unfeeling they scarce make an effort to smother, Seems "case of six of the one, and half-dozen or so of the other."





THE FRENCH HORN.

AN OLD TUNE THROUGH A NEW INSTRUMENT.

VIEWS THROUGH THE INTERVIEWER.

ENCOURAGED by the reception given to the publication of an interview between "Lord" GLADSTONE and a French reporter, a foreign journalist has called upon Mr. Punch, with the following result:—

*Reporter.* You have read the speeches of GLADSTONE in the *Gaulois* and the *Télégraphe*?

*Mr. Punch.* I have.

*Reporter.* You have learned nothing new from their perusal?

*Mr. Punch.* Certainly not. Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinions upon all subjects have been for a long time public property.

*Reporter.* Having reached the great age of two thousand numbers, doubtless you are well up in the events of the day?

*Mr. Punch.* Very well.

*Reporter.* What is the chief characteristic of Sir WILFRID LAWSON?

*Mr. Punch.* That he warmly supports the Permissive Bill.

*Reporter.* Lord BEACONSFIELD, too, is fond of what has been called an "Imperial Policy"?

*Mr. Punch.* You have reason for your assertion.

*Reporter.* I am right in believing that the greatest Sage of this or any age resides at 85, Fleet Street?

*Mr. Punch.* Unquestionably.

*Reporter.* And that JOHN BULL is a worthy person who is frank to a fault, and hates humbug in all its shades?

*Mr. Punch.* Yes.

*Reporter.* Lastly, I would ask whether there is any truth in the report that Her Majesty Queen ANNE is dead?

*Mr. Punch.* You are quite right. Queen ANNE is dead!

The Reporter then retired, deeply sensible of the value of the information he had elicited.

Padding.

It must be very difficult to supply paragraphs of news daily fresh and fresh. The other day there was one headed "Mysterious Affair at Hampstead." This was sensational. So was the story of a man wounded in the leg, and conveyed on a stretcher to the police-station. What a chance for the reporter! But it finished with—"No weapon was found. The injured man, who was sent to the hospital, was *very uncommunicative*." The reporter might have added, "and ungrateful," as he was evidently deeply annoyed at the wounded man's inconsiderate and selfish conduct. *Il faut vivre*.

THE PARNELL CODE.

ALL rents in future to be paid through Mr. PARNELL, who shall have power to make whatever abatement he may think proper in favour of the tenant, before handing over the balance (if any) to the landlord. The landlord to be at liberty to ask Mr. PARNELL'S reasons.

All agreements between landlords and new tenants to be submitted to Mr. PARNELL for approval, and revision if he deem it necessary.

All landlords to subscribe to the funds of the new "Land League."

No tenant to be discharged from a farm without Mr. PARNELL'S permission, and all arrears of rent to be considered as cancelled by such discharge; but the tenant to be compensated for improvements, their value to be assessed by Mr. PARNELL or his deputy.

Mr. PARNELL, or his deputy, to attend rent audits *ex officio*, and to have a casting vote in case of any division of opinion as to the reduction to be allowed to a tenant.

When the whole of the rent is paid, Mr. PARNELL to dictate a suitable letter of acknowledgment from the landlord to the tenant.

Mr. PARNELL will always be ready to accept invitations to shoot with landlords, and can arrange to stay for dinner and bed.

So long as the present anomalous system exists of tenants paying rent to landlords, Mr. PARNELL will at all times be willing to advise landlords on their duties and responsibilities to their tenants, and on the most effectual method of conciliating them, either by total remission, or by the grant of long leases—say, for a term of ninety-nine years—at a nominal annual acknowledgment.

Mr. PARNELL (or his deputy) will be glad to see any landlord who may wish to consult him how best to secure the goodwill and

attachment of his tenantry, on any of those days when he is no engaged at an agitation meeting.

Mr. PARNELL will be ready to accompany any landlord or his agent on a visit to his tenants, but with the stipulation that the landlord (or agent) shall consent to the terms which Mr. PARNELL and the tenant have previously agreed upon as fair and reasonable.

Mr. PARNELL will offer no obstruction to a landlord wishing to call upon a tenant alone, with a view to see how he is managing his farm, in what state the farm-buildings are, and what crops and stock are on the land, provided the tenant has had at least a fortnight's notice of the intended visit, and has signified to Mr. PARNELL that he has no objection to seeing his landlord.

Mr. PARNELL would be glad to accompany landlords or their agents when they drive through their properties, and only regrets that his projected visit to America will prevent him from joining in such excursions.

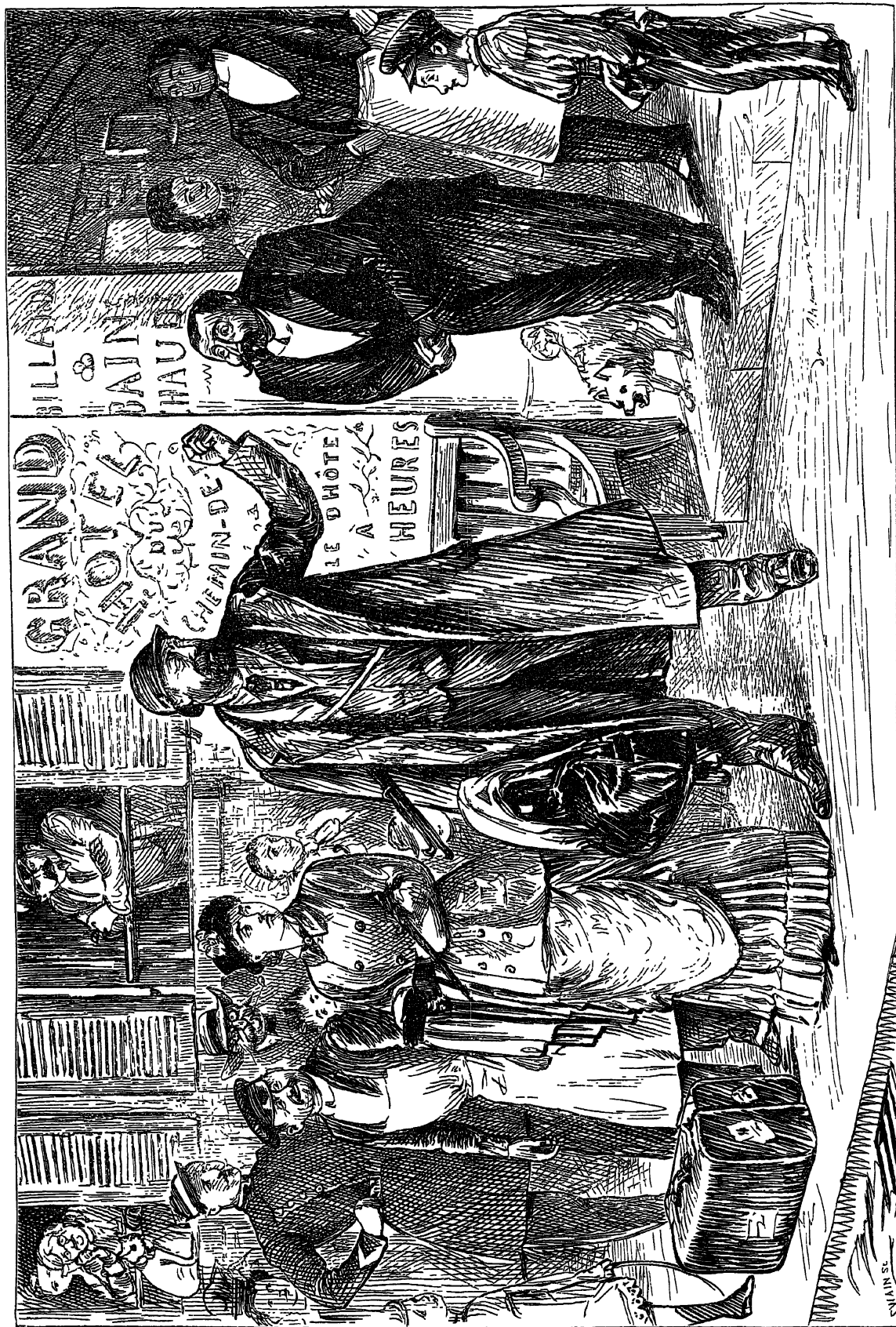
Any landlord who may desire to accompany Mr. PARNELL to America is requested to communicate with him without delay, and to state the sum he is prepared to contribute towards the expenses of the Mission.

Any differences arising between landlords and tenants can stand over till Mr. PARNELL'S return; but landlords wishing for Mr. PARNELL'S advice while he is away in the United States, are at liberty to despatch cable messages to him, provided the answer is prepaid. If preferred, Mr. BIGGAR, who will act as Mr. PARNELL'S deputy in his absence, will be happy to advise landlords.

N.B.—Mr. PARNELL will not be answerable for any consequences of any movement he may be connected with.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 1, 1879.



# THE TIME-HONOURED BRITISH THREAT.

Indignant Anglo-Saxon (to Provincial French Innkeeper, who is bowing his thanks for the final settlement of his exorbitant and much-disputed account). "OH, OUT, MOSSOO! FOUR LE MATIÈRE DE  
 GA, JE PAYS! MAIS JUSTE VOUS REGARDEZ JET, MON AMI! ET JUSTE—VOUS—MARQUEZ—MES—MOTS! JE PAYS—MAIS JE METTE LE DANS LA 'TIMES'!"

SWAIN SC.



### THE SCIENTIFIC CORPS.

Colonel (sternly, pointing to large Cobweb in a corner of the Stables). "WHAT D'YE CALL THAT, SIR?"

Young Subaltern (fresh from the Academy). "THAT, SIR, IS THE WEB OF THE *ARACHNIDA SEDENTARIA DOMESTICA*, OR COMMON HOUSE-SPIDER. WE CONQUER HIM DURING THE DAY, SIR, BUT HE GETS THE BETTER OF US AT NIGHT. HE IS CONSIDERED A MODEL OF PERSEVERANCE! OF COURSE, SIR, YOU REMEMBER THE STORY OF BRUCE AND——"

[Exit Colonel, hastily, muttering something about the "Service going"—somewhere.]

### LOVE AND WEDLOCK IN SALUTERRA.

(From a Romance of A.D. 2054.)

THE sun was setting with well-tempered warmth—for even the orb of day had learnt moderation in this Region of the Blest—over the scientifically-constructed and thoroughly sanitised houses,—five houses to the acre, and five inmates to the house,—of Richard-sonopolis, the capital of Saluterra. The children were singing scientific part-songs in the snow-white and spacious streets as they trooped merrily home from the school that was delight, or exercised their muscles in friendly rivalry on comfortably padded bicycles. Few grown persons were visible. The *élite* of both sexes—and nine out of ten of the inhabitants were included under the title—having finished their æsthetic or scientific occupations of the earlier day, were now engaged in their lighter occupations, some of composing operas and ballets, others of writing plays, perfect in conception, faultless in construction, flawless in taste, and consummate in expression. Lions and tigers, their native ferocity transformed to gentleness by the refining influences about them, were giving their willing aid to the rougher work inseparable from even Saluterranean agriculture, leaving its lighter tasks to the lower order of the inhabitants,—lower, but yet how lofty!

The one unfortunate Saluterranean at that moment *hors de combat*—if indeed such existence can be called a combat—from the accident of a sprained ankle at foot-ball, was being pleasantly fanned back to health in the luxurious retreat appropriated to the few pensioners of the commonwealth who had occasion to accept the freely proffered benefits of its superior accommodation, consummate nursing, and scientifically studied dietary. What need of medicine under the beneficent operations of the sanitary conditions of Saluterra?

Reclining on a scientifically inclined couch, in the shady and fragrant garden crowning the roof of her father's spacious mansion, tired out with toying with her pet of the period, a domesticated young

elephant, lay the fair IDALIA—a ripening maiden of some forty summers. At her side stood a table with the evening meal of luscious fruits and cunningly-prepared cereals, pulse, and fresh garden produce. On her lap lay an open volume of *The Sanitary Retrospect*, from which she turned from time to time to toy with a morsel of dainty cream-cheese, nibble at a fairy slice of bread and honey, or partake lazily from a plate of strawberries immersed in the richest cream,—for the cows, too, in this happy land, paid tribute to the blessedness of the place, turning out on the average ten pounds of butter by the week, or, when their produce was consumed in the liquid form, the milk of three pints of cream daily. To such more perfected perfection had the natural lactiferousness of the Alderney been carried by the system of Saluterra, and the confidence engendered by the knowledge that the butcher was banished from this Happy Land!

"Strange!" she murmured, as she lifted her eye from her book, "that little more than two hundred years ago the world should have been so benighted! Fancy a land—one, too, claiming the first place in the civilisation of that day—in which Government offices, politicians, sailors, soldiers, doctors, and butchers could find a living! And the ladies' dresses, too!—so utterly unsanitary, if not quite unbecoming, to judge from that curious old record, *Le Follet*." And she turned from the quaint reproductions of tie-backs and gipsy-bonnets to glance over her own well-considered costume, which included an easy blouse, ample trousers, and suspenders, brightly embroidered with sanitary *gnomes*, crossing on back and breast.

At this moment a light but masculine step sounded on the scagliola stairs which led up to the aerial garden. IDALIA coloured, as, raising her eyes, she exclaimed, rather sharply than sweetly, "So! Here you are again!"

"Yes, here I am again!" sighed the new-comer as he dropped into a seat at her side. He was a gallant youth, of some forty-five, in the prime of early manhood. "And could I help it? In vain all the curious Crustaceans, the many-hued Molluscs, the ravishing Radiata, strove to woo me to their arms during my lonely submarine rambles, in my self-aërating subaqueous suit, along the floors of the

great seas! In spite of them, in spite of myself, behold me once more at your feet, to tell you that I love you—love you as near distraction as in this happy land a man can go."

"How often have I told you," replied the maiden, in a tone of calm yet cutting reproof, "that you are yet too young for such words! Back to school, boy, and there cultivate your mind and develope your muscular system, till both are nearer that maturity which alone fits a man's heart to bear the beating of the strong tide of passion."

"Cruel girl!" sadly exclaimed the scientific but sorely-smitten young man, "you presume upon your two-score years. But I am answered. Your heart is given to another—that Mac-Moses!" And he ground his teeth in the convulsive agony of jealous rage. And ere the tell-tale blush had faded from her cheek, the poor lad had flung down the stairs, with the irregular step of one who could already feel, if he could not analyse, the exquisite pain of the tender passion.

"Poor boy!" murmured IDALIA, half regretfully. "But how can he hope to rival in my heart my own hero!—the MACMOSES, that model of mixed race—the man of fourscore!"

As she uttered these glowing words, ATHELSTAN MACMOSES—the Hero of her dream—as though called up in the flesh by her passionate apostrophe—stood before her, stately and shapely, symmetrical and serene. Dashing from his lofty brow the triple hat which bespoke his pride in his Hebrew origin, he flung himself upon his knees before her.

"My gallant Highlander!" softly murmured the enamoured girl, as her eye wandered admiringly over the full suit of tartan and cairn-gorms, the garb of old Gaul, which set off his shapely limbs, "you at my feet, and stooping to my hand!"

"My own IDALIA!" he answered, proudly but passionately, "I worship you with all the blended fervour of a blood in which—thanks to the admirable breeding arrangements of this favoured land—the perfervid genius of the Celt and the sublime enthusiasm of the Hebrew blend with the stalwart endurance and healthy animalism of the Saxon."

"My own mixed one!" she whispered, in a voice hardly audible from soft emotion; and then starting up suddenly, as another step resounded on the garden-stair, and a well-preserved elderly gentleman of a hundred-and-twenty appeared on the terrace roof, she exclaimed, "My father—the MACMOSES. You come in the nick of time. You know my heart. He has just revealed his. Bless us, oh my father!" And with these simple words she had presented the mature Man of eighty to the enduring Elder of six score.

The proud parent, to whom the name and fame of MACMOSES were well known, exclaimed, as he stretched over their bowed heads hands in which no palsy of age was yet to be detected, "Bless you, my children!"

And the happy two were a still happier one!

So short, so sweet, were Love and Wedlock in Saluterra!

### A Conditional Science.

THE new College, Ridley Hall, of which the cornerstone was laid the other day, is said to be designed to teach scientific theology. Some theology of course is orthodox; but if there are theologies professed by Doctors who differ, and Professors who excommunicate one another, which theology, please your Reverences, is the scientific one? For those even who believe its axioms, and grant its postulates, can any theology be more of a science than Heraldry?

### Conjectural Emendation.

(For the new Shakespeare Society.)

"The time is out of joint!"

HAMLET had just been telling his comrades how poor a man he was, and then he invites them into the house. He fears that he shall not be able to provide for them a suitable feast. Indeed, so great had been the scarcity in the royal larder, that the funeral baked meats had been served up cold to furnish forth the marriage-tables. Struck by this thought, the Prince exclaims—

"The time is out of joints!"

### A VOICE FROM THE WEST.



OOD-MAESTER PUNCH.

OUR young Measter Hon'rab'le DICK, 'at I twold 'e we'd meade an M.P.,

Is me Lord's woldest son, an' zum day a gurt noble hisself 'e wull be;

Not a word 'gin his kin will I zay, vor th' zeake o' th' days that be gone,

When his ancestors own'd dtheus estate, an' mine till'd th' varm I be on;

But I wonder ef they were zo whindlen, th' warriors hung up in Hall,

Lookin' ruddy among th' vine Ladies' white bosoms and waists zo small?

Ef they were, then th' picturs be valsehoods, an' young Measter Hon'rab'le DICK

To be gaffer an' gran'fer may live, ef a maiden vor wife 'e can pick:

An' buxom young Ladies 'e mid have, I be'twold, just by jerkin' his thumb, Tho', go's-truth! no stouter his loins be than th' hoops of a ha'penny drum! There's noo harm in un,—no, not a bit! but between you an' I an' the post, Ef ye talk to un e'r a bit ser'ous, 'bout bus'n'ss, 'e zeems kinder lost,—

When I show'd un dthick prize piece o' turnets, 'e zes, lookin' wise as ye please, "Ah! how many boil'd wegs o' mutton will it take to get rid of all these?"

Me Lord 'e were right in a-zendin' th' young gent to sit i' th' House, Ef 'twere only to teach un fine manners, an' gi'e un a zest vor th' grouse;

There's nothin' do gi'e zuch a relish vor spoort as a brisk spell o' work: An' th' Hon'rab'le DICK 'e worked hard stan'in' up vor th' unspeakable Turk.

Yes! night a'ter night, he do tell us, th' party i' Parli'ment zat, Ev'ry man o' 'em pers'nally present, or a-zavin' a zeat wi' his hat,

An' a-strugglin' till daylight i' marnin', dividin', dividin', like sleaves, A-kippin' BRITANNIA triumphant, an' a-rulin' vor ever the weaves!

It do vire up coon's heart in a glow, min, t' zee th' gurt lords o' th' soil Devotin' th'ir sons i' th' Senate, vor th' good o' dtheus nation, to toil!

When our M.P.'d a-served th' last Session, 'e com' hwome, as t' mid be, vrom school,

An' his face had a-lost dthick expression had caus'd voke to call un a fool; 'E look'd sterner, an' deeper, an' darker, an' fix'd his eye-glass wi' a frown,

Like a bwold knight returnin' vrom battle, or a po-lis vrom puttin' 'em down. Well! as up to Gurt Hall I were gone, as it mid be to learn o' his fame,

I'd a-scarce cross'd the coourt when his voice, out o' winder, were callin' me name;

"Come in, SMA'BONE! How do! Sit you down! Take a drink! Have a weed! How's y'r wife?"

Never treated mwore friendly was I; never felt mwore at hwome i' me life! In his own noble smoke-room 'e zat,—ne'r bit proud, an' zo gracious, an' free,

Ev'ry inch o'n a gentleman born,—an' such kind condescension to me! He'd a-gotten th' lads vrom th' steables, an' un or two vellars i' plush,

A-gi'in' o'em a slight recreation, combin'd wi' tobaccoer an' lush, An' the laughter 'e rais'd were tremenjus, as his au'jence th' tactics beheld

By which th' Young Englander party th' Radical cats had a-bell'd! 'Twern't by speakin'; "Such arguing's useless," as 'e zaid, "with an obstinate crew;

To give them a chance to chop logic, 's not the game that our side had in view." But th' row 'e did raise were a caution, as he show'd us th' right zort o' trick,

Th' cheerin', th' groanin', th' whistlin' wo'd th' lungs o' a steam-engine lick! He c'd bray like an ass to th' life; an' his meowlin', like Tom on th' tiles,

W'd 'a' fetched all th' Tabbies t' hear un, ef 'e'd tried it, I do think, vor miles;

Then t' zee how 'e draw'd hisself up, zo t' speak, wi' his back to th' rock, An' his face to th' foe, an' his eyes shut, a-crownin' like a gallant game-cock!

'Twas a frolic I sha'n't soon forget;—but WILL COX, when I met un next day, Made remarks, after hearin' me story, most cruel I really must say:

He cried shame on th' system o' puttin' young swells up t' howl an' t' screech At orators parloous to touch, or reply to by fair honest speech.

"An' t' think," zed 'e, lookin' severe, "while these dandies are having their day, OF TH' GOLD AND TH' YOUNG PRECIOUS LIVES SO STUPIDLY SQUANDER'D AWAY!"

JERE SMALLBONE.

AN IRISH CONTRADICTION.—In Ireland it is very difficult to get twelve men to agree to a verdict in Agrarian cases. And yet the class from which the Juries are taken evidently make a careful study of JURY's prudence!

## THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW BY ANTICIPATION.

PUNCH having heard that the Lord Mayor's Procession this year was to have many original features, has interviewed that mysterious functionary the Clerk of the Hanaper, and is now able to furnish the following programme, which may safely be accepted as that "DARLING's correct card," and no mistake.

Four Policemen, three abreast.  
The Band of the City Fire Brigade (each man playing on his own hose).  
Alderman NOTTAGE proving a negative.  
The Commissioners of Sewers taking a drain—the Chairman as Cloacinus Maximus.  
Sir W. ARMSTRONG, with the Woolwich Infant, singing,  
    *"Hush thee, my Baby!"*  
The Company of Salters, led by the Shades of TATE and BRADY.  
The Lord Nose—who looking for the Lord Nose-what.  
The Company of Cricketers, led by the Three GRACES, singing catches.  
The Band of the Company playing selections from *"Un Ballo."*  
    One Policeman, arm-in-arm.  
Alderman WHITE and Deputy GREY in Court Costume.  
The London Rueful Brigade led by the Band of the Blues.  
The most Designing Person in the Corporation, the City Architect.  
Mrs. JONES with the latest edition of HORACE.  
The Company of Accountants and Liquidators, as *figurantes*,  
    Dancing to their favourite instrument, the loot,  
    Led by Deputy WADDELL, from Alderman's Walk.  
Alderman STONE doing a gin-sling.  
All the little STONES, looking very glad STONES.  
The Company of Barber-Surgeons, with a mixed Band  
    of Medical, Surgical, and Optical instruments.  
The Civic Merry-Andrew and his pocket-companion, *Joseph Miller*,  
    Cracking old jokes and debasing the moral currency.  
The Company of Spectacle-Makers distributing isinglass.  
The H.A.C. Mounted Volunteers—  
    With their Band playing *"Let me like a Soldier fall."*  
Alderman ROSE—born to blush unseen, but never saw it.  
The Company of Dyers, led by Ex-Sheriff BROOKE as Duke of Magenta.  
His banner bearing the device, *"Ain't I fat upon Aniline?"*  
Two Middlesex Artillerymen forming hollow square.  
Professors TYNDALL, DARWIN, and HUXLEY, singing  
    *"Oh dear, what can the matter be?"*  
The Company of Fishmongers, marching to their cast-o'-nets.  
    Three Policemen in double column.  
The Company of Wheelwrights, their offspring turning coachwheels.  
    The Corn Meters, the Coal Meters, the Gas Meters,  
    The Toxophi-lights, Electric-lights, and other luminaries.  
The Company of Brewers, singing a Bass Chorus, accompanied by  
    ONE HUNDRED BARREL ORGANS.  
A detachment of one Militia Officer, with great command over himself.  
Messrs. PARNELL, BIGGAR, and O'CONNOR POWER, chanting  
    *"The Three Chafers."*  
    The Great City Marshal.  
The Small City Marshal, as Spurious Horatius, singing  
    *"I'm the cocky Common Councilman of Farringdon Without!"*  
    The Common Crier cachinnating.  
    Pages from the Chapter of St. Paul's.  
A Company of City Horse Marines (limited).  
Ex-Lord Mayor WHETHAM gliding into oblivion,  
    Preceded by his Wet-Blanket.  
That imposing Body of men the Deputy Lieutenants of the City,  
    In full military fig, performing involuntary sword-dances.  
    TRACY TURNERELLI,  
On a White Elephant, in pink fleshings, wearing *The Wreath*,  
And singing, *"Oh! dear, what shall I do with it?"*  
The Lord of Burleigh quoting *Dogberry*.  
Farmers' Wives and Daughters writing him down accordingly.  
The Poetical Remains of Alderman COTTON.  
The Company of Merchant Tailors, led by Mr. TRUEFIT.  
Sir JOHN BENNETT,  
Intoning *"My Grandfather's Clock,"* and putting a good face upon it.  
The City Coroner, singing *"Gin a body meet a body."*  
The great Sir MARTIN TUPPER CARDEN as King SOLOMON.  
Escorted by his admirers, the Constituency of Bridge Ward Without.  
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR,  
SIR FRANCIS TRUSCOTT,  
Combining the light of an OWDEN with the sweetness of a WHETHAM.  
Elected by some two hundred persons in Dowgate,  
To shine for one year in the borrowed light of three and a half millions.  
Banners of the City Arms. Banners of the City Legs.  
Banners of the City Corporation.  
All the German and Brass Bands from within the Twenty-mile  
    Radius.

## A SONG OF "SALUTLAND."

AIR—"Kenn'st du das Land?"



Know'st thou that land where food is Nature's boon  
To them that use nor knife nor fork nor spoon—  
*"Terra salutis"*—Land we'd fain salute,  
Where butcher-meat is dropped for herbs and fruit?  
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!  
And live a hundred years on that mild fare.

Know'st thou that land, content with water clear,  
Whose people drink no spirits, wine, nor beer;  
Tobacco neither smoke, nor snuff, nor chew,  
So ne'er with nicotine their blood imbue?  
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!  
And live a hundred years as those folk fare.

Know'st thou that land whose population browse  
Aloft, among the glad green of the boughs;  
Land of banana, palm, and bread-fruit tree,  
Where Soko swings and climbs the Chimpanzee?  
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!  
And live on Chimpanzee's and Soko's fare.

Know'st thou that land where minor monkeys hang  
Hard by their long-armed lord, Orang-outang,  
From twigs depending by prehensile tails,  
Whilst them the cocoa-nut with milk regales?  
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!  
And live a hundred years on apish fare.

Know'st thou that land? Do there as there they do,  
Teetotaler and Vegetarian too,  
Thou and thy children, brood succeeding brood,  
Subsist on those our poor relations' food.  
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!  
And try high thinking on low living there.

Know'st thou that land? Think there what change might be  
Wrought by ape-diet on thy posterity—  
Developed, in their intellects and shapes,  
Back to anthropoid and ancestral apes.  
Know'st thou that land? Go there! Go there!  
And centenarian prog with Simians share.

## CUSTODIRE CUSTODES.

WHAT Sir GARNET will want to keep the Transvaal quiet:—a Pre-torian Guard. But that will be according to Imperial Precedent.





### THE HEIGHT OF ÆSTHETIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

Mamma. "WHO ARE THOSE EXTRAORDINARY-LOOKING CHILDREN?"

Effie. "THE CIMABUE BROWNS, MAMMA. THEY'RE ÆSTHETIC, YOU KNOW!"

Mamma. "SO I SHOULD IMAGINE. DO YOU KNOW THEM TO SPEAK TO?"

Effie. "OH DEAR NO, MAMMA—THEY'RE MOST EXCLUSIVE. WHY, THEY PUT OUT THEIR TONGUES AT US IF WE ONLY LOOK AT THEM!"

### "COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"—"SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE."

It is yet gloom around us,  
The day-spring seems slow;  
The clouds that have bound us  
Lie still dark and low;  
But we hear the cocks crowing,  
And know 'tis a sign  
That the night-time is going,  
The sun will soon shine.  
Could the cocks' shrill view-holloa  
The sun rouse from bed,  
Long ere this had Apollo  
Un-night-capped his head;  
But if day through night's curtain  
Be struggling to get,  
'Tis only too certain  
It's not daylight yet.  
Yet the verge shows a glimmer  
To weatherwise sight,  
Though the dark may seem dimmer  
By contrast with light.  
East and West, from day's borders,  
And night's, far and nigh,  
The cocks, their pens' warders,  
Lift challenging cry.  
There's Hatfield's black rooster—  
The bird for a show!—  
Might his foe's feathered crew stir,  
Were combat all crow!  
His spurs bravely shown are,  
And big is his bruit—  
In thy Garden, Pomona,—  
With more flowers than FRUIT!

But fruit can't be looked for  
This year of offence;  
And what *this* cock is booked for,  
Is sound and not sense.  
Brag and blooms in high-flung hill  
So Manchester showers,  
We scarce see or smell dunghill  
For fragrance and flowers!  
There's the Stanley cock—famous  
His breed round Chat Moss;  
And the Eccles Cross—game as  
He'd ne'er fought a Cross.  
There's the Northcote red-hackle,  
Who shews sparring sleight,  
But lacks "devil" to tackle  
A foe in hard fight.  
Still, whate'er they're at fighting,  
They're all game to crow—  
To *that* now they're inviting,  
All round, friend and foe.  
Plucky cocks, and cocks cheeky,  
And cock'rels more fit  
To make cocky-leeky  
Than peg in a pit.  
With bodies a-tiptoe,  
And throats on the strain,  
All for fight spurred and clipt, oh  
They *look* fighting fain.  
As, from Bantam to Cochin,  
From Dunghill to Game,  
They herald approaching  
Election-day's flame.

But 'tis not one side only  
Breeds birds for the pit;  
What were crowing, if lonely  
The challengers sit?  
Cock-a-doodles breed echoes,  
And strut prompts to strut,  
And each pecker finds peckers,  
Each comb combs to cut.  
There's the Bright burly game-cock,  
Of tough Rochdale strain,  
Prompt to prove he's the same cock  
That won many a main.  
He's old, you may tell us,  
But his heart is as good  
As when, big of bellows,  
His crow bespoke blood.  
And there in the distance,  
Preparing to crow—  
The soul of resistance  
To BEAKY & Co.—  
The old cock of Ha'den,  
The Cock of the Walk,  
Midlothian's yard in  
Will soon "toe the chalk"!   
There's the Devonshire Ginger,  
Of challenge less loud,  
But his spur is a swinger  
By judges allowed.  
Oxford's cock well I ween has  
No foe he deigns fear,  
And his steel is as keen as  
His clarion is clear.





“COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!”—“SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE.”



There's the Pomfret game-chicken,  
Australian-bred,  
Not for show but keen prickin'  
His spurs bear a head;  
While the Elgin-Burgh Bantam,  
That red-hackle bright,  
As in crow he'll out-rant 'em,  
Will out-face in fight.

But whate'er these cocks' colour,  
Or backers or breed,  
Crow they sharper or duller,  
With more brass or reed,

Don't let JOHN BULL on wrong quest  
Plain common sense shirk,  
Mistake Crowing for Conquest,  
Big Word for big Work.

At their own value never  
Take cock more than man;  
Dullest chief may show clever  
Amidst his own clan.  
On his own dunghill hoisted,  
What bird cannot crow?  
With others' wind foisted,  
Weak lungs far will go.

Less for fighting than feeding,  
JOHN BULL keeps his pens,  
So should count worth and breeding  
Of cocks as of hens:  
Reckon up the egg-batch that  
Goes down to their score,  
And of chickens the hatch that  
They bring his barn-door!

NOT MUCH OF A CHANGE. — (After some late Irish Meetings). — The Member for Louth—MR. ZULUVAN.

## LEMON-AID TO LONG LIFE.



DR. RICHARDSON, founder of Hygeiapolis, and discoverer of Salut-land, is a great makrobiotik sage, but Dr. WILHELM SCHMOELE, Professor of Pathology and Graduate of Bonn University, it must be confessed, is a greater. For if Dr. RICHARDSON has discovered how to prolong life to six-score, Dr. SCHMOELE has found out the way to lengthen it indefinitely, and by a much shorter cut. For to reach Dr. RICHARDSON's six-score, men must submit themselves to the discipline of Hygeiapolis, and become un-naturalised citizens of Salut-land, where butcher's meat is prohibited, and politics forbidden. Think of JOHN BULL without his beef, and his belligerent Press and Parties!

But to reach the indefinite stretch of life promised us by Dr. SCHMOELE, we have only to eat lemons enough. According to the report in the *Daily Telegraph*, here is the quantum of citric acid that will pickle the constitution against the decay of age, and make our bodies so sour that Time's teeth will take no hold of them:—

"To ladies over forty and under fifty, commencing the citronian system, Dr. SCHMOELE prescribes two lemons per diem, whilst gentlemen between those ages must 'assimilate' at least three lemons daily. Between fifty and sixty, the dose for ladies is set down at three, for gentlemen at four lemons a day. One lemon more per diem is ordained to each sex for every additional decade, so that centenarians must consume, if women, their eight lemons daily—if men, no fewer than nine."

Some men may say, "Come death, rather than nine lemons per diem!" They may prefer the grave, with all its possibilities, doubts, and darkness, to squeezing such an infusion of sour, if not bitters, in their cup of too long life. They would, in fact, rather welcome the undertaker's ghastly mockery of woe and the toll of the funeral bell than a life thus acidified to the tune of "Oranges and Lemons!"

## HIGH SHRIEVALTY REFORM.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MR. PUNCH,

GENTLEMEN who let fly at grievances in public prints should fire with arms of precision—shouldn't they? Is it certain that this rule has been quite respected by a Correspondent of the *Times*, who complains of the exactions which he says await those who are condemned to serve the office of High Sheriff?

"The gentleman who immediately preceded me in my office," (writes "R. S. P.") "was fined £500 by the Chief Baron, for lodging his Lordship at the first hotel in the town—his own residence being more than thirty miles distant, and no suitable private residence could be had on any terms in the assize town."

Atrocious, if true. But when, if ever, was this enormity committed? What English Judge capable of anything so outrageous has existed since Judge JEFFREYS—and was JEFFREYS ever Chief Baron?

No doubt a High Sheriff is laden with heavy charges. Very likely High Sheriffs are of no use. Still, *Mr. Punch*, I hope we may trust a Conservative Government not to be prevailed upon by the clamour of a poverty-stricken aristocracy to abolish the ancient and venerable office of High Sheriff. Why should the office be limited to owners of the soil? Let it at once be thrown open to large manufacturers, big brewers, and other wholesale business men, and even to ordinary shopkeepers sufficiently wealthy—grocers and tea-dealers, linen-draper, and tailors. Sir, I myself am the proprietor of extensive artificial manure works, and I pay, I suppose, about ten times as much income-tax as my neighbour, Sir GEOFFREY GASCOIGNE, with his encumbered estate, most of it bare acres. He can derive no additional consequence from being High Sheriff, and he can't afford it, whereas I can, and the appointment would give me *prestige*, besides answering the purpose of a capital advertisement for the concern conducted by

Yours truly,  
TRIPLE PHOSPHATE.

## COLD COMFORT.

AUSTRIA held by BISMARCK's heavy hand  
In an "offensive and defensive 'band,'"  
Not free to wink, or think, to stir or stay,  
But as he points his "blood and iron" way;  
The German *Zoll-verein* strict, stern, emphatic,  
Stretching from Baltic sea to Adriatic;  
And JOHN BULL left to twirl an idle thumb,  
When his wares are shut out where German come.  
One will, one word, one influence alarming;  
Small neighbours quaking, and big neighbours arming;  
On Europe's prostrate neck a heavier heel,  
From armed might to right one less appeal—  
For England less hope, less peace, less employ—  
Such SALISBURY's "glad tidings of great joy"!

"Wonderful, Wonderful, and again Wonderful!"

"*FARMING for Pleasure and Profit.*" Yes, there is a man who has published such a book, and, stranger still, declares that it records actual experiences. He says he has farmed with pleasure and with profit! His name is ROLAND. *Rolando Furioso*—ROLAND stark staring mad—surely. Yet the man writes like a rational man, and records what read like genuine experiences! CHAPMAN and HALL are the publishers, and we recommend the book to the curious.

## INVERTING THEIR PARTS.

To judge by their uninterrupted record of easy victories over American teams, it is DAFT's Eleven that are doing the Yankee, and the Yankee Eleven that are Daft.\*

\* Daft—Silly, weak of brain.—*North Country Glossary.*



HOORAY! THE INVALIDS GETTING ON THEIR LEGS AGAIN!

### HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensionary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—Divers amusements all day. The Ghost of Professor PEPPER haunts the Institution regularly.

**POST-OFFICE.**—Well worth a visit. See how it's done. The Postmaster-General looks after all the military letters, and a Captain all the naval correspondence. On Black Monday a *Post Mortem* is held on all the dead letters, and a verdict given accordingly. Refer to the Postmaster-General, and he will tell off a Private Letter-Box for your own particular duty. The Establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand is always open to the public, and anyone may walk round and ask the clerks if there are any letters for him, and see how things in general are going on.

**POULTRY.**—Found, on Hen-quiry, to be a very fair, and not at all a foul part of the City, whence is derived the name "Cockney." It consists of an increasing, or crowing, population—that is, according to the latest cackelation. *The Old Cock*, however, never roosted there, but always opposite the Temple.

**PRECEPTORS, COLLEGE OF.**—All Masters—no pupils. Very thriving establishment. Every Master teaches every other Master. There is no distinction of rank, all the young Masters being equally called Masters. Portraits of the Old Masters on the walls.

**PRIMROSE HILL.**—Where *Dr. Primrose*, the Vicar of Wakefield, lived—hence the name. Here GOLDSMITH invented his episodic story of *Moses* and the green spectacles, and wrote the song of "Where was *Moses* when the Light went out?" The ascent of Primrose Hill can be made with guides. You can stop a night on the summit if you like, returning at your own time.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.**—A very popular place of entertainment, which was almost bank-rupt before BANCROFT. Here Mr. JOHN HARE first came out, and by his appearance in *Society*, gave the place quite a fashionable Hare. Mr. BANCROFT's little Hare was dressed regularly every night for years, but at last dropped off altogether. Fortunately, about this time Mr. ARTHUR CECIL cropped up, while the lost Hare came out in a new place. Mr. CECIL made up for Mr. HARE, but in the make-up there was no resemblance. In most of the pieces, in which Mr. CECIL has had to perform, there has been a good deal of eating; from which it was at first erroneously sup-posed that his engagement was as a "supper-numerary." Since coming here he has played in everything, never having missed a piece, but his last is a *master-piece*. According to the rule of "Present company always excepted," so Mr. BANCROFT's present Company is exceptionally good. At this house it is all work and lots of play.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Just now under the influence of *Drink*.

**QUEEN ANNE'S BOUNTY OFFICE.**—Bounty distributed every First of April to anyone giving news as to the death of Queen ANNE. The Office suffered much during the celebrated Mutiny of the *Bounty*, and has never been the same since. It is also called "The First Fruits and Tenths Office," and prizes are given to all market-gardeners for the first fruit

brought in on every tenth day of the month. It is a pretty custom, and a large crowd may generally be expected to witness the ceremony.

**QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL CLUB.**—The smallest Club in the world. Only visible through the most powerful glasses. The livery of the servants is invisible green. Their motto is "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*," i.e., nothing can be done without a magnifying-glass. Here all the littlest of little dinners are given. The subscription is reduced to a minimum.

**RAILWAYS.**—(See the well-known little book, *Line upon Line*.)

### THE DINING CAR.

AIR—"The Low-Backed Car."

WHEN first I used the railway,  
'Twas in Mugby Junction days,  
With their sandwiches so salt and stale,  
Their buns with the fly-blown glaze,  
Their Melton pies of weight and size,  
Soup too hot down to fling,  
And sausage-rolls, if not men's souls,  
Their stomachs made to wring.  
As you jumped from your first-class car,  
The minxes at Mugby Bar  
Your change tossed down,  
With a founce and a frown,  
And a haughty, "There you are!"

Five minutes of frantic fixture,  
You strove with might and main  
To gulp some scalding mixture,  
While the bell rang—for the train!  
Your tea or soup you swallowed,  
As much as did not fly  
On your shirt-front or your waistcoat,  
From the dense crowd hustling by.  
While the minxes at Mugby Bar,  
Smiled, serene, upon the war,  
For they'd learnt the art,  
And looked the part—  
Of "We are your betters far."

But in PULLMAN's dining-car, Sir,  
Now run on the Northern Line,  
You've a soup, and a roast, and *entrées*,  
And your cheese and your pint of wine.  
At his table snug the passenger sits,  
Or to the smoke-room moves,  
While on either side the landscape flits,  
Like a world in well-greased grooves.  
Thanks to PULLMAN's dining-car,  
No more Mugby Junction Bar—  
No more tough ham and chicken,  
Nor passenger-pickin'  
For the minxes behind the Bar!

Then success to the Dining-Car, Sir,  
With elbow-room allowed,  
And leisure to dine and sip your wine,  
And blow the digestive cloud.  
*Punch* takes off his hat to PULLMAN,  
And his sleeping and eating car,  
In the cause of British digestions,  
Against Mugby Junction Bar!  
Be the journey never so far,  
With his dining and sleeping-car,  
At our ease in our inn,  
Along we spin,  
Nor dread Mugby Junction Bar!

### The Great Turf Frauds.

"REPORTS are current," says a daily contemporary, that "Messrs. DRUSCOVITCH and PALMER have been offered good appointments in America, and have accepted them." 'Cute of the Yankees this. The unfortunate Mr. FROGGATT was no sooner free than he was again arrested. Out of the Coldbath into hot water.



## FEMALE DENTISTRY.

"IT'S NEARLY OUT; BUT MY WRIST IS SO TIRED THAT I MUST REALLY REST A BIT!"

## ORIGINAL VACCINATION.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to cause Vaccination to be performed with lymph supplied by the calf. This is an improvement deserving to be highly recommended; because, in the first place, primary is more effectual than intermediate Vaccination, and, in the next, Vaccination from the calf direct can communicate nothing worse than the cow-pock. The only objection, therefore, that can possibly be made to it by fanatics is that which many of them alleged against JENNER's original operation; namely, that it will cause horns to sprout on the head of a Christian, and develop the *os coccygis* into a tail.

But the calf, meaning both the animal and the limb of that name, ambiguity perhaps would be avoided if instead of "Vaccination from the Calf" the process were to be styled "Vaccination from Veal."

## O Evans!

*Middle-aged Man about Town* loq. :—

FAREWELL the quiet chop! the tatur baked!  
Farewell the grizzled bones and the big drinks  
That made digestion virtue—O, farewell!  
Farewell the ready waiter, the vague bill,  
The nose-enlivening pinch, eye-winking smoke,  
The kindly hand-shake, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of PADDY GREEN!  
And O you ancient Besses, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamour counterfeit,  
Farewell!—A fellow's occupation's gone!

*Othello improved.*

## The Personal Press.

IT is announced that the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as it was of old under the direction of SYLVANUS URBAN, is to be reproduced, on its original plan, as a new monthly, by name the *Antiquarian*. This will be a title more expressly distinctive than that of Mr. SYLVANUS URBAN's miscellany. In these days a periodical denominated the *Gentleman's Magazine* may naturally be imagined by the Public to have been so styled to distinguish it from Blackguards' Magazines—weekly, if not monthly.

## READING AND SPELLING.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER is worthily reputed one of our cleverest men; and yet the *Times* reports him to have spoken at the opening of the Midland Institute, the other day, at Birmingham, as follows:—

"He characterised English spelling as a national misfortune. It handicapped the English child to an extent that would be incredible if it were not demonstrated by statistics."

Statistics may well prove that many English children are handicapped by English spelling, but if a great many English children are too dull or too lazy to read more than they are obliged, what does it signify whether they are handicapped or no? What race in life is reserved for the little dunces, when they become great ones, as they assuredly will if they live, but a donkey-race? Did not you yourself, as a youngster, pick up your spelling unconsciously in the progress of your reading long ago; and have you not since learned how to spell every word in every language in the world, dead and living, without an effort, in course of getting the languages up? If the first of the Three R's has been acquired to any purpose, does not the S naturally follow? Some school-boys may never have learnt to spell, as spelling goes. But most certainly these boys would not have learnt more of spelling, and learnt their lessons more easily under the tuition of the Spelling Reformers, and by the light of the *Phonetic Nuz*.

## A Hint.

A GERMAN calling himself "Dr. PLICHT," has been swindling some scientific Professors, who have written to the *Times* on the subject. Why don't the dupes appeal for assistance to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which prosecuted a farmer the other day, and had him punished, for "*plucking live geese*." The learned Professors seem to have been "had alive," and are still smarting under the operation.

## A REGULAR SQUENCHER.

THERE was a proposal for a National Memorial—well deserved, if ever such Memorial was—to ROWLAND HILL. The Lord Mayor, Mr. CHARLES WHETHAM, became the official head of the movement, as usual. It languished, and after less than £100 had come in, Lord Mayor WHETHAM threw up the sponge, and proposed to drop the business. He now writes:—

"I was persuaded by a small deputation of citizens to defer carrying out this intention, in order that they might have an opportunity of canvassing for donations among the merchants and bankers of the City. This they have done, with the use of my name as Lord Mayor. The deputation now write and tell me that, for the present, they intend to carry on the movement by themselves. I am not aware what sums have been collected by or promised to them, but the public should clearly understand that none of the amounts have yet reached the Mansion House, though they were canvassed for, as I have said, by the use of the name of the Lord Mayor. I am thus unable to carry the matter any further, and I have to-day returned the donations, amounting in all to £90 2s. 8d., which were originally forwarded to the Mansion House, to the various subscribers."

Thank you, my LORD MAYOR. Very kind of you. Perhaps the movers had *better* carry on the movement for themselves.  
If you want blankets to damp a fire down—wet 'em!

## BOARDING FOR BABIES.

IT might be too truly said that "Boarding-Out" in the case of poor children is apt to be very soon followed by "Boarding-In." Except where, as is too common, the Baby-Farmer fails to provide coffins.

## A HOUSE THAT OUGHT TO BE MOVED.

THE *Standard* tells us the present Parliament has another good year to run. *Punch* would rather put it, "has another bad year to stand still."





### "SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

*Guileless Young Whist-Player (regarding his hand meditatively—a spade having been turned up). "I WONDER WHY—AH—THE DUTY ON CARDS IS ONLY THREE-PENCE!!"* [Electrical effect on the other three old stagers!]

### OUR LETTER-BOX.

(Being a recent Official Correspondence.)

MR. SMIFF,

Your name having been submitted to the Postmaster-General as a candidate for the appointment of Postmaster at Chubbington, I have to request you will immediately inform me in what part of the town you purpose establishing the Post-Office; your age, full name, and the names of two respectable householders who will become sureties for you to the department for the sum of £200. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that you must be a householder, and that the Post-Office should be as near the centre of the town as possible.

TO H.M. P.-O. SURVEYOR,

*Chubbington, Sept. 4.*  
SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of 3rd inst. I purpose devoting a portion of my shop (Stationer's) to the postal business. It is not in the centre of the town, but is admirably adapted to the purpose. The place is nearly a mile long; so if a wall letter-box could be placed at the end of the town, no objection will be made to the position of the proposed office.

I am forty-six years of age, and have been in my present position twenty-three years; am proprietor of the *Chubbington Weekly News*. My respectable standing in the town—being owner of my own and three adjoining houses—together with the fact of my having been nominated by a Member of Parliament, would, I should have thought, dispensed with the necessity of my procuring sureties; but if it is indispensable, I elect the "Guarantee Association" as my bondsmen—(I see they charge 30s. a year for £200)—not caring to ask my friends to become surety for me. It would be derogatory to my dignity. My full name is

JACOB SMIFF.

*H.M. P.-O., St. Martin's-le-Grand,  
Sept. 20.*

SIR,—I am surprised to hear you are a newspaper proprietor. It is impossible you can hold the important position of Postmaster without severing your connection with the *Chubbington Weekly News*, which I presume you are prepared now to give up.

As the erection of a wall-box will incur additional expense, you must, if possible, remove your business to a more central position. You will be good enough to forward, at your earliest convenience, a plan of the town (or village) showing, in red ink, the position of the proposed office, that I may judge of its suitability. I enclose an official declaration (which you must sign in the presence of a Magistrate) and forms relating to bond.

SURVEYOR H.M. P.-O.

TO H.M. P.-O. SURVEYOR,

*Chubbington, Sept. 22.*

SIR,—I enclose plan (for which I paid 15s.), and have marked the position of the proposed office in red ink, also the position of the proposed letter-box. I have endeavoured to procure a more central shop, but have failed. I can assure you no inconvenience whatever will be felt if my suggestions be carried out.

Before anything further is done—(I have signed the declaration)—I should be glad to know the salary and duties of the office.

JACOB SMIFF.

*H.M. P.-O., St. Martin's-le-Grand,  
October 4.*

TO MR. SMIFF,

SIR,—Before the Department can sanction the erection of a wall-box where you suggest, it will be necessary for you to notify your acceptance of the office, which I should be glad to receive at once. You will be good enough to wait upon the owners of the property where the wall-box is to be erected, to obtain their permission. To have prepared by different masons or builders, three or four estimates, for cost of erection, and submit to me for approval, also, forward plan of inside of your premises, showing, in red ink, what portion you propose to use as the Post-Office, and position of letter-box. The latter must be two feet deep, one foot wide, and one foot across. It must be strongly made, and provided with a patent lock, the key of which must always be in your own possession.

As the wall-box is nearly a mile from the office, you will be allowed sixpence per week for collection. For the delivery you will receive 1s. 6d. per week, and as Postmaster you will receive in addition the sum of four pounds per annum. I may add, the cost of erecting the wall-box should not exceed four or five shillings.

SURVEYOR H.M. P.-O.

[Mr. SMIFF's last letter is all but illegible, and what we can make out is incoherent, not to say abusive. We regret to learn, from official sources, that Mr. SMIFF did not accept the office.]

### GREEN-MEAT CUM GRANO.

At the Manchester Conference of the Vegetarian Society, on the resolution of its President, Professor NEWMAN, "a resolution was passed that persons who desire to abstain from all meat of quadrupeds and birds, though they decline to bind themselves wholly to abstain from fish and marine animals, shall be received by the Society into an intermediate grade, concerning which the Executive may draw up the necessary regulations."

The Society can thus no longer boast of including in its menu "neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring," and ought, it would seem, to change its name from Vegetarian to Pesci-Vegetarian, or Fishy-Vegetarian. An exclusive vegetable diet, as it stood, has always been regarded by meat-eaters as a "fishy" kind of nutriment; but perhaps with fish superadded, it may have temptations that *sans* fish, crabs, oysters, lobsters, shrimps, and prawns, it never would have held out. Still, one cannot but tremble for the leguminous future of the Society. After fish, is it not to be feared that flesh may not be so far off? What, if "fish" come to be construed, as in the Friday dietary of Rome, to include wild fowl, seals, porpoises, and other cetaceans? One sees a danger in this direction, which may draw on others; till at last the more exclusive followers of NEBUCHAD-NEZZAR may have to exclaim, with *Mercutio*, but not so merrily,

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!!"

QUESTION.—A Correspondent wants to know whether letters unduly delayed in their transit through the Post-Office, entail any charge for over-wait.



### "VOLUMES!"

*Amateur Composer.* "'HEARD MY NEW SONG?"

*Candid Friend (with a perceptible shudder).* "OH LOR! I HOPE SO!!"

### FOES FOR PHYLLOXERA.

AWAKE, O Bacchus! Lo, proclaimed  
Foe to the growth that girds thy shrine,  
The *Phylloxera*, fitly named  
*Vastatrix*, ravage of the Vine!

Arise, thou King of Grapes, and smite  
That vermin viler than a flea;  
Stamp out that shameful parasite,  
The spoiler of thy sacred Tree!

Sad Vineyardmen to Science cry  
Against the spreading pest in vain;  
As yet no chemicals they try  
Suffice that insect-foe to bane.

But what, good people, if there were  
Another and a better way?  
If you made little birds your care—  
Birds that on animalcules prey?

The Garden Warblers, Great and Small,  
The Larger Whitethroat, and the Less,  
Willow-Wren, Wood-Wren, Blackcap, all  
Those Birds that grateful Gardeners bless.

Their quarry *Phylloxera's* race,  
The *Aphis* chiefly they pursue,  
And ferret out of every place  
Where he can lurk, or creep into.

'Mongst stems and shoots whose juice he pills,  
They hunt him up amid the leaves;  
And pick him with their little bills  
Out of the chinks wherein he cleaves.

But yet ye do yourselves sore wrong  
When those best friends you blindly slay,  
Devouring e'en small birds of song  
Under the name of *gibier*.

Your Vines they will secure from hurt  
Of insect plagues, to bloom again;  
Their timely beaks may doom avert  
From Claret, Burgundy, Champagne.

CALF-LOVE.—To Mothers! Vaccinate from the Calf  
direct, if you have any regard for your Infants' weal!

### THE CORRESPONDENT'S CATECHISM.

(Afghanistan Version.)

Q. What is a Special Correspondent?

A. A submissive scribbler attached (at his own risk and expense) to the head-quarters of an Army in the field, for the purpose of singing the praises and glory of the General Commanding-in-Chief, or his divisional or brigade Commanders as the case may be.

Q. What must you bear in mind when you accept this situation?

A. That my presence is merely tolerated, and that on the slightest show of independence, much more insubordination, I am liable to be tried by Court-Martial, certainly sent to the right-about, and, for all I know, shot.

Q. What do you understand by the term "insubordination"?

A. This is a question I must respectfully leave to be answered for me by the G. C.-in-C.

Q. Is it understood that you are prepared to obey his orders?

A. Unquestioningly, absolutely, and abjectly.

Q. Do you owe any duty to the Public?

A. None that is not over-riden by my duty to the G. C.-in-C.

Q. What do you consider your relation to the proprietors of the journal you represent?

A. That I am their servant, but always subject to the G. C.-in-C., to whom they, as well as myself, should feel deeply grateful for his kind consideration in permitting me to follow the Army to the field.

Q. What do you understand by a "defeat"?

A. It is a word which I should only think of applying to the enemy. If the enemy loses one man killed and two wounded, this is a signal defeat.

Q. What do you understand by a victory?

A. That it is a word to be strictly confined in its application to the exploits of the G. C.-in-C. If the Army in the field takes a small undefended fort, and captures a couple of camp-followers, this may be a very great victory. If the G. C.-in-C. says it is, I am bound so to report it.

Q. Supposing the G. C.-in-C. to retire hurriedly, leaving his

camp, stores, and ammunition behind him. How would you describe the manoeuvre?

A. I should describe it (subject, of course, to the approval of the G. C.-in-C.) as a strategic movement of masterly skill and profound combination.

Q. Supposing that the G. C.-in-C. managed to lose all his men in an ambushade. How would you describe the circumstance?

A. I should describe it (subject to the approval of the G. C.-in-C.) as one of the thousand-and-one little ups and downs of a campaign. At the same time I would dwell on the gallantry of the troops, and the firmness and foresight of their illustrious commander.

Q. Supposing that the G. C.-in-C. were not present at the incident. How would you view his absence?

A. I would venture to express (subject to the approval of the G. C.-in-C.) my humble and respectful admiration at the profound military insight shown by him in staying away.

Q. You have no objection to take a wiggling, blowing-up, bullying, tongue-lashing, or any other helping of humble pie, from any combatant officer, from a sub-lieutenant upwards?

A. On the contrary, I should feel honoured by any such evidence of their recognition of my position with the Army.

Q. How do you understand the relations of the sword and the pen?

A. That the one *may* be used to cut the other; but that they can have no other or nearer relationship than is implied in their being both made of steel, as china and stone-ware are both made of clay.

Q. You understand the conditions under which you are to write?

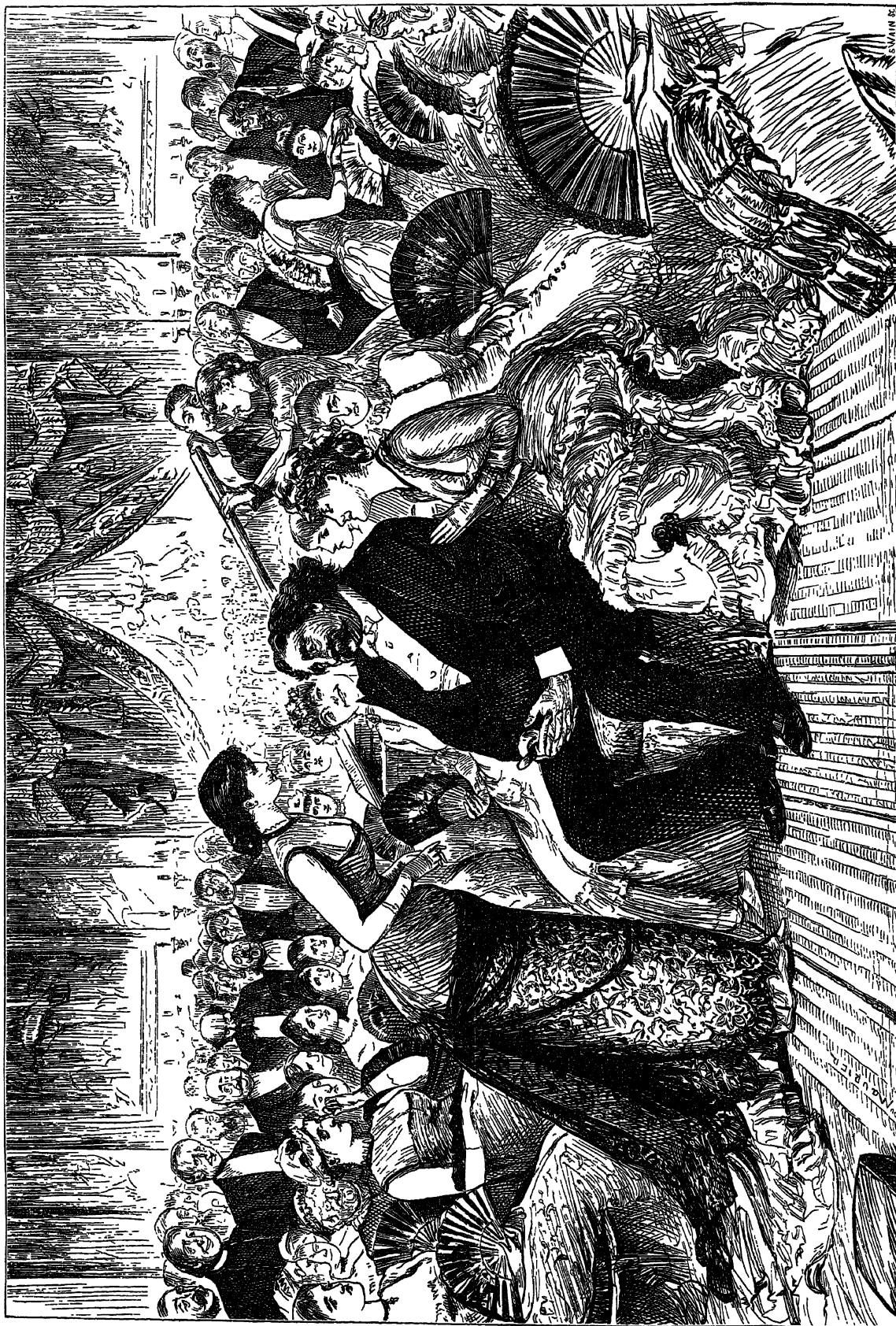
A. Certainly. Before taking up my pen I am to have my eyes bandaged, like other licensed intruders on the camp from the side of the enemy.

Q. Supposing this precaution ever dispensed with, on the ground of your recognised subordination, general harmlessness, and good behaviour, what article would you be prepared to substitute for your bandage?

A. A pair of rose-coloured spectacles!

You may go down.

And he went.



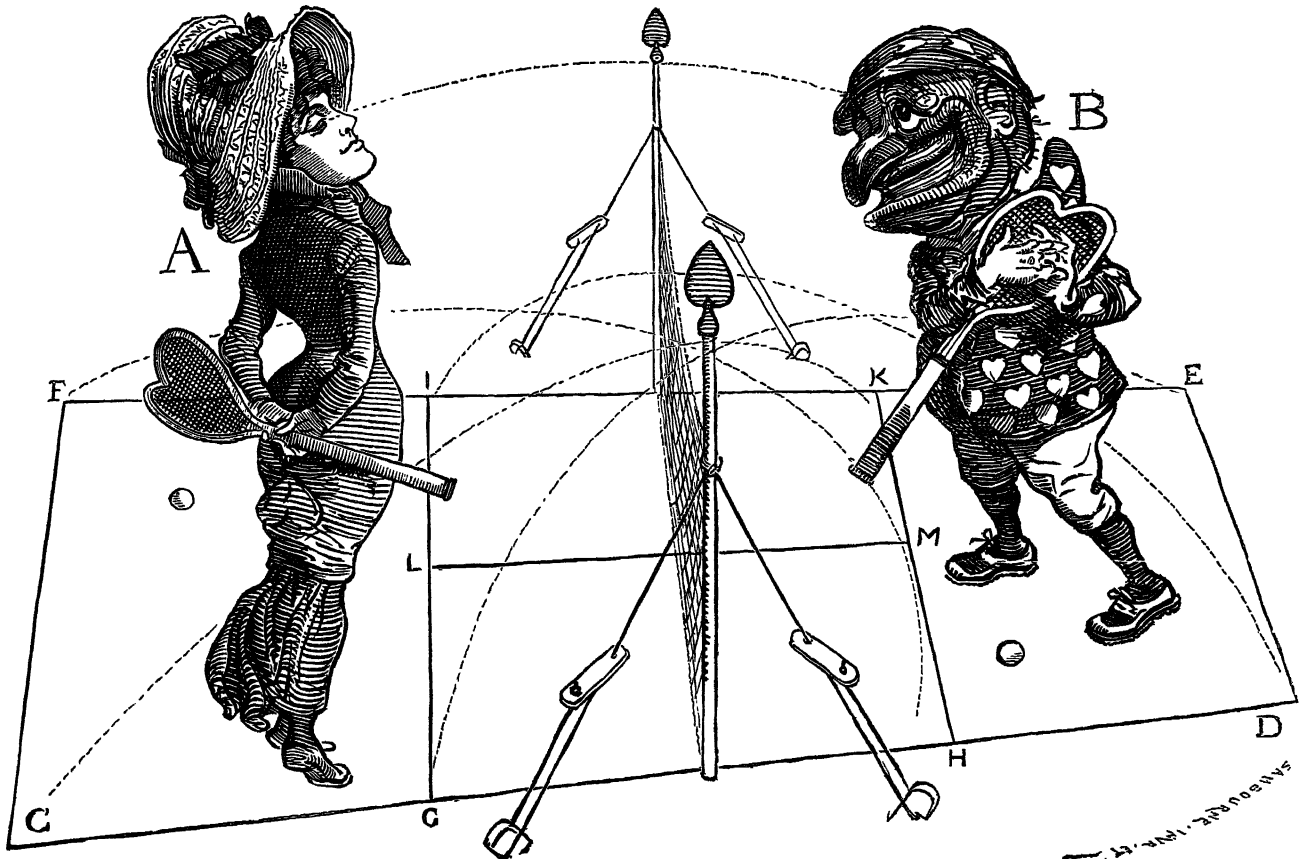
### FRUSTRATED SOCIAL AMBITION!

Mrs. Lavinia Hunter (to Herr Bogoluboffski, the famous Virtuoso, whose afternoon Piano-forte Recitals are the wonder of the world). "A—BY-THE-BYE, HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT PERHAPS LIKE TO TRY THE NEW BROOKLYN?"

U. "OH NO, HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI! PRAJ DO!"

Herr Bogoluboffski (who has been asked to dine en famille, and spend the evening "quite in a friendly way"). "LADIES! IF YOU WOULD BEHARR VISEH ZAT I SHOULD ARRIVE ZE COMPANY, KUTTE IN A FRENTZEL VAP, I CAN PREPARE ZE BOKER ON MY ARREM. I CAN SCHWALLOW ZE DAYLE-SCHROONS, AND I CAN SOLIDICK A LIGHTER DALLOW-GANTLE IN MY MOUSE WITHOUT PUDDING IT OUT—JOT I GANNOT BLATZER BIAJNO AFTER TANNER!"

[N.B.—On the strength of Herr Bogoluboffski's coming, Mrs. L. H. has cunningly invited just one or two very select friends to drop in during the evening, and the new Broadwood Grand has been procured at great expense for the occasion.]



XIIITH BOOK OF EUCLID.—PROPOSITION 1. THEOREM.

*If two Players on two sides of a Parallelogram are equal to each other, each to each, and have likewise the hearts contained by those two sides equal to each other, and shall likewise have all advantages equal, and their faults shall coincide, then shall they be equal each to each, viz., a love-match, which may or may not be absurd.*

LET A AND B BE TWO PLAYERS ON THE PARALLELOGRAM CD, EF, &C., &C., &C. \* \* \* \* \*

MR. PUNCH'S SPEECH FOR THE LATE LORD MAYOR.

THE speeches of the Officers of the Municipality at the Lord Mayor's Banquet are usually of a very perfunctory character. This is greatly to be regretted, as the nineteenth century is essentially an age in which things ought to find their level, which should never be a perfunctory one. Feeling that the time has arrived for a new departure, Mr. Punch offers a specimen of the sort of oration that might be made with advantage on Monday next. Mr. Punch has interpolated the "interpellations"—(as Cheers! Hears! Laughter!" &c.)—that may be anticipated as a matter of course.

Toast—"The Late Lord Mayor!"

After the demonstration, which this toast is sure to provoke, had died away, his Lordship rose and said—

"MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

"The sounds that have just reached my ears have given me the greatest possible satisfaction. It is one compensation for the labours and responsibilities of such an office as I am retiring from that a Lord Mayor, on reaching the end of his term, is sure to receive his just deserts at the hands of his fellow citizens. ("Hear! Hear!") As an old Sailor, who has weathered a good many storms—(Laughter)—perhaps I may be permitted to point out to my successor his most formidable rocks ahead. (Applause.) During the last year I have had to sail in what I hope I may be allowed to call very dirty weather. (Cheers.) I am sure you will feel as heartily glad as I do that my voyage is over! (Enthusiastic applause.) It is, indeed, a pleasant thought that to-morrow my place at the Mansion House will be occupied by another. (Renewed cheering.) As you all know, I make no pretensions to wit. ("Hear! Hear!") I am sure you will believe me, when I say, that the words I am now about to utter are not intended to be jocular. (Cheers.) I am going to give the present Lord Mayor—(long and continued cheering)—a little friendly advice. ("Hear!")

"First, I would strongly impress upon him the advisability of living at peace with his colleagues. (Cheers.) I am sure he will believe me when I assure him that it is a great mistake to treat them with discourtesy. (Loud cheers.) He must never pervert the opportunities of the proud position he now fills to personal or petty purposes. (Renewed cheering.) He will find his place an unpleasant one if he ever forgets the dignity of the Lord Mayor in indulgence of the petty peevishness of a rightly or wrongly aggrieved private individual. (Enthusiastic applause.) My successor has certainly begun well. For instance, I find that on this occasion the officers of the municipality have their proper places at this festive board. (Cheers.) It is within my recollection that this has unhappily not been always the case. (Cheers.) He has also a fine opportunity of restoring the hospitality of the Mansion House to its pristine splendour—(cheers)—and so making this festive board shine by that finest source of effect—contrast. (Loud and long continued cheers.) Should the celebrated Company of the French Comedy revisit our city, he will have the opportunity of really entertaining them, not at a lunch limited—(applause)—in one of the smaller apartments of the Mansion House, followed by a walk over his state apartments, but by a really representative banquet to the notabilities of the theatre—literary and histrionic. I hope he will do his best for the charities, for contributions to which he will be the channel. (Applause.) I trust he will permit the office of the Hospital Sunday Fund to be re-established in the Mansion House. (Cheers.) I do not think he will find this seriously interfere with his convenience. (Loud cheers.) Again, I cannot help feeling that it will be as well to be very careful as to his connection with public companies—(cheers)—or political meetings. (Renewed cheering.) Let him take my word for it, it does not look well at home or abroad for the Lord Mayor of London to preside at a meeting rendered unruly by the fact of his presence, whether as a shareholder or a partizan. (Loud cheering.) Above all, let him be dignified in his demeanour as becomes the Chief Magistrate of the City of London. (Loud applause.) Let him be open and above board! (Enthusiastic cheering.) I warn him never to insult the



bar. (*Loud applause.*) I hope I may point out that such conduct is not dignified—I think I may go so far as to say it is not gentleman-like. (*Thunders of applause.*)

"And now I must bring my remarks to a conclusion. (*"No, No!"*) I must, indeed. (*"No, No, No!"*) In future I intend to devote the whole of my time to the protection of the morals of the City of London in general, and the Rising Generation in particular. This, the great work of my public position, I shall henceforth prosecute in a purely private capacity." (*Loud and long continued applause.*)

The late Lord Mayor then resumed his seat amidst every demonstration of enthusiasm.

### SAYS MYSELF TO MYSELF.



*HE Night Thoughts  
of a British Elec-  
tor—*

WHY have I had to wade through six columns of partizan rhetoric every day for the last fortnight?

Have I really got any good from the infliction?

Do I really believe, with Lord SALISBURY, that the security of the country will be jeopardised if the present Government don't stay in?

Am I prepared, with Mr. BRIGHT, to tear my hair and emigrate, unless they go out?

Have I quite made up my mind

that Russia is only biding her time to walk all of a sudden into the Isle of Wight?

Has Mr. CHAMBERLAIN persuaded me that the CZAR hates the sight of his own epaulettes, and never lets one of his birthdays pass without proposing an European disarmament?

Has the ATTORNEY-GENERAL quite convinced me that the new ALEXANDER the Great wears long black curls, and is perpetually creeping about Europe in a cloak and mask, with loaded pistols, seeking whom he may bid "Stand and deliver?"

Has the *Pall Mall* left me entirely convinced that the Russian Bear is the Beast of the Apocalypse? And do I, in my heart, believe him the Raging and Roaring Lion he is painted, at once so diabolically wicked, so densely stupid, so preternaturally strong, so miserably weak, so idiotically silly, and so Mephistophelically Machiavellian as the P. M. and the M. P. represent him?

Am I really obliged to Sir STAFFORD for putting off the payment of my Bills till a more convenient season?

Did I quite like forking up Six Millions in a lump for fireworks?

Have I any intention of ordering another supply at the same figure this 5th of November?

Am I dying to see the Treaty of Berlin torn up into spills?

On the other hand, should I break my heart if it were?

Is the Berlin Treaty such a brilliant success as Lord SALISBURY tells me?

Is it quite the miserable failure Sir W. V. HARCOURT makes it out?

Do I quite see my way on either Party's lines?

By the way, now I think of it, do I quite know what either Party's lines are?

Am I so satisfied with Lord B. as Treasury tenant, that I ought to renew his lease of the premises unconditionally for another Parliament?

Are those precious phrases, "Peace with Honour" and "A Scientific Frontier," worth what I've paid for them?

Could I be much worse off—suppose I concluded for the negative?

SORE TENNYSONIANA AT THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM, YORK.

(For the Southward-bound by "Flying Scotchman.")

"O Swallow, Swallow quickly flying South!"

### AN EDUCATIONAL GRIEVANCE.

DEAR PUNCH,

SARAH-JANE, my eldest, was worth 12s. to the School-Board of Linkumdoddy, last examination by H. M. I. She passed in three specifics—can prove that astronomy's correct, that there are five periods in the English language, that flowers have polysyllabic functions and botanical names. That girl is worth 4s. 6d. more to the Linkumdoddy School-Board than your dog *Toby* to the Imperial Treasury.

TOM passed in Standard VI. and two specials, clearing an ugly interminate decimal, and winning 20s.

The twins struggled through Standard IV. and two specifics, 40s.

BOB made 12s. in Standard II.

And the Infant 8s. by attendances.

That is a magnificent result—plant worth £4 12s. 0d. nourished by my family's brains, and plucked and eaten by the School-Board.

What is the School-Board's gratitude to poor Pater—a farmer, whose crops are much soaked with rain, and who has many worn clothes and dog's-eared books to renew, for this magnificent contribution to the cause of education? Why, its school-fees are as high as ever, and it saddles me with an education-rate equal to what my children earn for it. Should not the money earned by my offspring cancel this new tax? What's the meaning of my having children with bright parts, I should like to know? They might as well be dull, and then their lawful owners would not lose so much money by them.

A CALEDONIAN.

### MORE "TURNING HIS FLANK."

(*Vide Punch, Oct. 25, 1879.*)

MR. PUNCH has filled two waste-paper baskets with complaints, on the score of age, of his illustration of an excellent old story, showing how a Lawyer served a Butcher. Old? Of course it is old. But is its warning the less wanted? But if age is an objection to a good story any more than to good wine, here is a sequel of this old story, which has the merit of novelty while just as true as the original Joe:—

The Butcher handed over the Lawyer his twopence, and informed against him for keeping a dog without a licence.

The Lawyer was convicted, and fined ten shillings with costs.

The Lawyer again fixed his right eye on the Butcher, and with his left eye discovered a doubtful-looking one-pound weight lying on his shop-board.

The Butcher handed over to the Lawyer one pound sterling, "to say nothing more about it."

The Lawyer cried "Quits!"

The Butcher put his shutters up, and the little dog wagged his tail.

### HAPPY YOUNG PEOPLE!

*"Monday, October 27, 1879.*

"Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, accompanied by Princess LOUISA, Princess VICTORIA, Princess MAUDE, the Grand Duke and Hereditary Grand Duke of HESSE, together with Prince FERDINAND of Glucksburg, Prince LOUIS of Battenburg, and suites, honoured Madame TUSSAUD's Exhibition with a visit this evening."

Ah, Royal lads, and lasses too, of wax,

No royalties of worse than wax to bore you—

Nought heavier than young years on your backs,

And Baker Street's gay gaslight world before you!

Merry young *fraters*, golden-haired young *sorors*,

Long may you take all TUSSAUD shows for true—

All, save the Blue-Beard chamber, high "of Horrors."

Long, long may that remain locked fast for you!

### Fallibility e Banco, Infallibility ex Cathedra.

SIR,

You have ruled that "eggs is meat;" and I incline to agree with you; but surely the Leeds Stipendiary may plead the POPE in favour of his judgment, that "eggs are not meat." Roman Catholics may eat eggs on Fridays, though they are forbidden by their Church, whose head is infallible, to eat *meat*. Therefore, eggs cannot be meat. Then do not be too hard on MR. BRUCE. Think of the conflict of authorities! *Punch* on one side, the POPE on the other!

Yours, sincerely,

DUBITANS.

P.S.—I am glad to see that Mr. BRUCE has since ruled that though eggs are not meat, they are provisions. Thus fallibility and infallibility are brought nearer, at least, to reconciliation.







# THE WHITE ELEPHANT TURNED "ROGUE."

[illegible]







THE SIMLA "SENSITIVE" PLANT

WHICH SHUTS ITSELF UP FROM THE TOUCH OF THE PRESS.

HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensonary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**RAILWAYS (METROPOLITAN).**—Now, a Londoner can travel all over, or rather all under, the Metropolis by rail. Excessive sharpness must not be expected from the officials as, like neglected knives, they are always *under-ground*. Visitors to London should be careful on getting a *Metropolitan*

*Railway Guide*, to "read between the lines," or they'll get awfully mixed up. At the same time they must be warned against reading between the lines when two trains are coming; in fact, if they're reading at all, they'd better remain on the platform. Of course this is a mere matter of plat-form. A Bill in Parliament is necessary to get up the steam for any new line, and when the mighty engine of the law has done its work, the ground is got over rapidly, and the Company are in possession of a "Legal tender." The Railway Commissioners sit during term time and direct all examinations for commissions in the (Railway) Guards. Any one can be a ticket-taker, the only necessary qualification being to possess the right sum of money to take a ticket, and to go to the office at the correct time. There is a fine Metropolitan Railway Museum to which collectors are invited to contribute.

**RALEIGH CLUB.**—Sometimes called Rawleigh, sometimes Rayleigh. For example, in the latter case, if you are pointing out the building to a friend, and observe, "That's the Rayleigh," you must look for the reply, "Is it rayly?" If looked upon as *Rawleigh*, no member can expect his chop to be thoroughly done, as it would be contrary to the traditions of the Club. Some pronounce it "Rally," under the impression that it was founded by Sir WALTER RALLY, the great pantomimist of Queen ELIZABETH'S Court. He used to go about with a bit of a cloak like a square piece of carpet, which he would put down in the street, and then go through a performance, accompanying himself on his pipe. He was of a placid and contented disposition, and history records that he only once showed any annoyance, and that was when his servant, thinking his master was on fire, emptied a bucket of water over him, and Sir WALTER owned to having been considerably "put out."

**RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.**—The place has very much changed since it deserved the name of Ratcliff. There is now no cliff, and very few rats—at least visible.

**READING ROOMS.**—Specially for the use of those who make a hurried luncheon on Reading biscuits. Worth a visit. Every one brings his own tin, and pays for himself.

**RECORD OFFICE.**—All insufficiently fastened, or open boxes found at the luggage-stations are brought here, and each case is re-corded. Chief Officer (for Scottish lives) the Thane of Cawder. A Special Recorder for the City of London, whose duty it is to see that all the Lord Mayor's boxes—the Mayor's boxes are called, of course, Horse-boxes—are properly closed for travelling.

**REFORM CLUB.**—Originally started by MARTIN LUTHER in the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH.





### AWFUL RESULT OF IMMODERATE TEMPERANCE!

EDWIN AND EMMA FEEL UNCOMMONLY WELL; BUT THEY WANT TO FEEL BETTER STILL—SO THEY RESOLVE, ONCE FOR ALL, TO GIVE UP THE USE OF STIMULANTS *ALTOGETHER*.

NOW TOTAL ABSTINENCE ACTS UPON DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN DIFFERENT WAYS. BEHOLD EDWIN AND EMMA A TWELVEMONTH AFTER THEIR VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION!

Only Reformers' names are on the books. Celebrated for chops and steaks.

**REGENT CIRCUS.**—One of the most amusing entertainments in London. Open free to everybody. Change of performances every quarter of an hour. The trained steeds are well worth seeing, and the business between Clowns, Swells, and Policemen, excellent.

**REGENT'S PARK.**—Only different from Hyde Park in having no Powder Magazine. Its broad walks and side alleys are great places for *rendezvous*. Here nursery-maids abound, and leaving the perambulators listen to their lovers' vows. This is a good reason for keeping no Powder Magazine, as in Hyde Park. There being so many young sparks about besides the Great Regent Spark itself, it would be highly dangerous.

**REGENT STREET.**—Where GEORGE THE FOURTH, when Prince Regent, used to walk on Sundays. "This," he one day said to BEAT BRUMMEL, "is the Regent's treat." It was called after him, but he took no notice of it. It is now spelt differently, and the joke lost.

**REGISTRARS.**—Any two persons can go and be married before a Registrar, unless the Registrar is married before them.

**RESTAURANTS.**—First started in the time of the Restoration. They are everywhere, and you can drive about in a cab and dine *à la carte*. VERREY's is about the oldest Restaurant in London—at least Verrey old. Some pronounce it "VARR's." This is wrong, for it is almost always good, and seldom varies. It was so celebrated at one time, and may be now, for its *petit tas* of coffee, that the motto proposed to be adopted was "*Magna est Verrey tas!*" A little lower down in Regent Street is the Café Royal, pronounced "*Kaffy Royarl*." The idea is French, of course. According to the old nursery jingle, "chief" in the second line is evidently *chef*:—

KAFFY was a Frenchman,  
KAFFY was a chief,  
KAFFY keeps a kaffy-house,  
And don't take any beef.

This of course was the old John-Bullish notion of the "Mossoo" in generations long gone by. Then there is KETTNER's, in Church Street, Soho, a little beyond Dean Street, where you may find a good *deaner*. There is the Holborn Restaurant, where an excellent band of

music performs appropriate airs. Here the sound of the flutes ushers in an *entrée* of *flageolets*, sparkling dance music accompanies the caper sauce, Morceaux from *Opéras-Bouffe* give a zest to the tripe, two glasses of pale ale are announced by a melody arranged for the Double Bass, and a second demand for porter is at once suggested by a strain from MEYERBEER, which comes from a tap on the Conductor's desk. To express the descent of a Waiter into the *caves* below to fetch some "fine old crusted," one of the orchestra goes as low as he can on his violin-cellar. The Waiters keeping time to the music, in double sets of five, dance a-ten-dance, and the entire suite, when handing the sweets, are always puddin' their best foot foremost. On the appearance of the liqueur, a "go," that goes with the coffee, the Band play a hunting air, to indicate the *chasse*; and with the cigars comes something of an *Off-an-baccy* character. The Horse-Shoe is another large establishment where the customer pays on the nail; but here the *spécialité* is a first-rate American bar, showing the connection between Horse-Shoe and "Shoddy!" Messrs. BERTRAM AND ROBERTS—so clearly the operative Bertram and Roberto—do the restauration for the Aquarium, and the Italian ROMANO's—or "Roman Nose," if you want to direct the cabmen, who will call the Vaudeville the Vordyveal—in the Strand, will repay the *consommateur*. There's a good Restaurant at St. James's Hall, and, as the Christy Minstrels are under the same roof, you may expect to see lots of *Dinahs* at feeding time, and can always be sure of grilled Bones.

**ROUS CLUB.**—Motto, "Our 'Ouse at home." Called after the celebrated Admiral, not the Bravo.

**ROWING.**—Depends on its pronunciation for its treatment. Rowing in the street should be immediately stopped by a Policeman. Rowing on the water has nothing pugnacious about it, except where the Rower comes across a brawling stream.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE.**—We don't want one. Quite satisfied with our present Royalty.

**ROYALTY THEATRE.**—(Vide "Miss KELLY's" *Post-Office Directory*.—It is now the home of The BRUCE.)

**RUSSELL CLUB.**—Chiefly for Ladies. Name misspelt. Vide RUSTLE.



### A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Mr. Molony, Irish Farmer (to Mr. Flynn, the Agent). "SURE, I'VE COME TO ASK YER HONOUR TO SAY A WORD TO THE MASTHER FOR ME, FOR THE BLACK BOREEN HOULDRING."

Agent. "NO, MOLONY, THE MASTHER WON'T TAKE A TENANT WITHOUT CAPITAL."

Mr. Molony. "AND IS IT CAPITAL? SURE, I'VE THREE HUNDRED POUNDS IN THE BANK THIS MINIT!"

Agent. "OH, I THOUGHT I SAW YOUR NAME TO THAT PETITION FOR A REDUCTION OF RENTS, AS YOU WERE ALL STARVING!"

Mr. Molony. "TARE AN' AGES! MR. FLYNN, DARLIN'! IS THE PETITION GONE TO THE MASTHER YET? IF YOUR HONOUR COULD JUST GIVE ME A HOULT ON IT, THAT I MAY STRIKE MY NAME OUT!"

### VISITATION QUESTIONS.

(For Archdeacons and others.)

1. Are you pulling down your church, or are you building it up?
2. Are your Services monotonous or musical?
3. Do you turn your back upon your congregation, or does your congregation turn its back upon you?
4. Have you altered your tables, or do you still keep the Commandments?
5. Do you make use in your Services of all your senses, especially common sense?
6. To what price do you go for your Candles—if any?
7. How many heads have you in your sermons, and with what do you "cap" them?
8. Do you raise your alms in your Offertories?
9. What average of threepenny pieces do you have?
10. How many people pass the plate without giving anything?
11. Where do your people go on special collection days?
12. Are your Hymns Ancient or Modern?
13. Do you rule your petticoats, or do they rule you?
14. Do you teach your Curate, or vice versa?
15. Do the pretty girls go to him, or to you, for religious teaching?
16. How often do the plain girls require instruction?
17. Are all allowed to start fair for the Curate?
18. On what principle do you regulate your matrimonial handicaps?

### THE QUESTION FOR THE NEXT ELECTION.

(Alter et Idem.)

Do you believe in BEACONSFIELD?  
Do you believe in BOGEY?

### FINANCING.

MR. S. D. WADDY, M.P., Q.C., has written a pamphlet on *Liberal and Conservative Finance*, fired by such rightful wrath against the financial misdeeds of the present Government, that we wonder not to see his name printed on the title-page either L. S. D. (instead of simple S. D.), or IRA WADDY. Perhaps he leaves out the "I," on the financial principle so cruelly violated by our present Ministers, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Here are some of Mr. WADDY's only too plain figures:—

"From 1861 to 1866 the Liberals reduced the funded debt by £8,040,600; from 1867 to 1869 the Tories added to it £708,400. From 1870 to 1874 the Liberals again steadily reduced it by £4,416,500; and the present Government has, with equal steadiness, but with frightful rapidity, added to it £21,390,500 in the five years, or £4,827,100 per annum."

This is only a specimen-note, out of too many to the same tune. Unfortunately, for the extravagances of the Administration, it is emphatically *not* a case of "A great reduction on taking a quantity."

### Apropos of Some Recent Proceedings.

WHAT carriage best on random course  
In logic's teeth the mind to bear?  
Once 'twas "the cart before the horse,"  
Now 'tis "the carte before the Mayor!"

### PROOF POSITIVE.

It is it but too evident that Russia is advancing towards India.  
Isn't she always taking Steppes in that direction?



### FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

*The New Governess.* "NOW I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE THREE TIMES AS MUCH WATER AS LAND UPON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH?"

*Tommy.* "I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED! LOOK AT THE PUDDLES!"

### NEW TOPICAL SONG.

(By a Friendly Zulu.)

I'VE been photographed like this—  
(Shows an awfully naked truth)  
Save a cow-tail apron bare—  
And feel how I must have shocked  
A virtuous Lord Mayor!  
So, henceforth, if I'm photographed,  
I'll be photographed like that—  
(Shows a modestly-veiled impropriety)  
In square-cut Quaker dittoes,  
And a broad-brimmed Quaker hat!  
When thus chastely, warmly covered  
From indecency and cold,  
If Mr. PHILPOTTS sells me,  
I hope he won't be sold,  
And charged with an indecent  
Exposure in the streets,  
And sentenced to do penance  
In damp Collodion sheets.  
Henceforth, in kraal and cottage,  
May Alderman and Zulu,  
From CTEWAYO unto NOTTAGE,  
Be men and brothers too!  
Till, in positives and negatives,  
To the same task they set 'em,  
Of honouring the memory  
Of great Ex-Lord Mayor WHEATHAM!

### An Excellent Example.

"Major-General NEWDIGATE has declined an invitation to a banquet which it was proposed to give to him at West Ham, where General NEWDIGATE has gone on a visit to his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel NEWDIGATE. The General states in his letter that he is very grateful for the proposed honour, but as a soldier he had simply done his duty—or rather, endeavoured to do it to the best of his ability—and this consciousness is in itself the soldier's reward."

HAD General NEWDIGATE received this invitation and sent this excellent answer a fortnight earlier, *Punch* would have been proud to dedicate to him his Cartoon, "Don't Overdo It!" Failing that, he can only award the General the Newdigate Prize among his South-African brother officers.

### A REALLY HARD CASE.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

FORGIVE me for writing to you, but I *always* act on impulse. I am in *such* trouble, and really don't know what to do. During the last three months I have been photographed by one of those *dreadful* publishing photographers in ten different attitudes and costumes. And now my son who is at the Bar (I was 'married *very* young) tells me that there is nothing to prevent my *carte* being displayed in any shop window! It would be simply terrible! It is quite true that I took *great* trouble with my attitudes, and some of my dresses were *very* becoming indeed! But think, if I *really* appeared side by side with those poor dear persecuted "beauties!" Oh, I cannot *bear* to think of it for a moment!

And now what *am* I to do? The worst of it is I did not *buy* the negative, and I don't *think* I told the operator *not* to publish me. In fact I have an *impression* that I may have written to *ask* him whether my portrait would be of any *use* to him. You see I thought it might have brought him in some *money*, and I am *charitable* to a fault! But oh dear, what *shall* I do? Of course I *can't* tell him *now* not to publish me, as it might *hurt* his feelings. And as to talking about buying negatives and *all that*, a lady *really* *can't* do it—*now* can she? I am *dreadfully* worried! My son offered to see the photographer for me, but I *could* not permit it. You see he is *so* rough in his manner, and besides he looks *so* *very* old for *so* *young* a mother! Oh dear Mr. Punch, what *shall* I do! You will see I enclose a *carte*, but never *mind*! Pray *don't* give it to one of your *clever* artists to use! I should be quite *angry* if you did, for *so* *many* of my friends would be *sure* to get the paper with *me* in it! It would *double* your circulation—it *would* indeed! Now good bye,

Your sorrowful little friend,

LAURA BRASSBLUSHINGTON.

P.S.—I would have written you a *longer* letter, but I have *promised* to give my *dreadful* photographer another sitting in ten more dresses! I *must* go at once! I *daren't* hurt his *feelings*, poor, poor fellow! But isn't it awful!

### A REALLY PAINFUL PROSPECT.

*PUNCH* grieves to hear from Rheims, the head-quarters of the Champagne district, that the gathering of the grapes has begun in nearly all the well-known *crus*, with what may indeed be called a cruel result—total failure alike of quantity and quality. At *Ay* the grower's cry is "Ay-de-mil!" At Bouzy there is not likely to be pressed wherewith to make boozy a butterfly; while at Verzenay, the constantly-heard question, "Vere's any?" only elicits the answer, "No-veres."

Now, *Punch* likes his Pommery *très sec*. But to have the fountain, not only of Pommery, but all Pommery's little brother and sister *crus*, *à sec*, is a dryer prospect than he bargains for. And to think so little "dry" should come of so much wet! To see the hopes of the year's sparkling vintage go off in "fizz"—not a drop of drinkable wine left behind—is one of the dreariest legacies of this dreary year!

And not only has it played "old gooseberry" with the Champagne vintage, but it is likely, we fear, to play "new gooseberry" with it also. Unless, indeed—happy thought!—it be that the gooseberry crop of 1879 has been as complete a failure as the vintage. But, on a second less happy thought, what then? We shall only have to fall back on some worse substitute—say out of the gooseberry-bush into the beet-root bed, or perhaps on to the tater-patch!—from fruits—such as they used to use—to roots,—such as we hear they use very bad, even for Hamburg Sherry!

"GET DONE BY STEALTH, AND BLUSH TO FIND IT FAME!"

"CAMERA *obscura*" as applied to the photographer's chamber is evidently a misnomer. Considering what comes of being photo'd, it ought to be christened "Camera *famosa*!"

THE WHOLE DUTY OF IRISHMEN AND TENANTS.—To pay their shot.



### GENIUS AND ITS HOBBIES.

LUDWIG BEMOLSKI, THE GREAT COMPOSER, FONDLY IMAGINES HE CAN DRAW IN WATER-COLOURS, WHILE HIS OLD FRIEND, WILKIE TURNER BROWN, THE FAMOUS LANDSCAPE-PAINTER, IS UNDER THE DELUSION THAT HE CAN WRITE SONGS (AND SING THEM); SO THAT WHENEVER THEY MEET TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING, BEMOLSKI INSISTS ON INFLICTING HIS FEARFUL DAUBS ON BROWN, WHO PERSISTS IN REGALING BEMOLSKI WITH THE MOST GHASTLY SETTINGS OF OUR BEST POETS TO MUSIC.

Brown. "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK," &c., &c.

Bemolski. "A NOZER TUTCH VINT-MILL!"

### 'ARRY IN PARRY.

CHER CHARLIE,

*J'y swee ay j'y reste*—for a fortnit or so. Ain't it prime? I landed on *Raine Dor*, yer know, and I've 'ad sech a proper old time. And as 'twas the French 'Oss as plumbed me and give me my chance of a hout, I thought I'd trot over to Parry, and see wot the frogs was about.

Oh, a pocketful do perk one up like. I laid in a sweet suit o' stripes, And went in a regular crusher for neckties, light kids, and silk wipes. If you'd twigged me, dear boy, on the start you'd 'a said I was mixing it strong,

But didn't it jest fetch *ces dames* as I druv in the *Bwor der Boolong*?

Stunning place, though the trees is too spindly, like all Parry trees, my dear boy—

Not Greenwich Park form by a lot; but the City's a thing to enjoy.

I've picked up a heap of the patter, and feels myself pooty *ofay*,

For, in course, to be out of the chat floors a feller in doing the gay.

Not so rorty as London, my pippin, and *tant swor poo* frothy and thin;

I 'ope you are fly to the Lingo; so I tip you the Parleyvoo in.

Comes nateral now, don't yer know, though more orkerd to write than to speak.

But my haccent's considered the cheese, and my style o' pronouncin' it *chic*.

Not so rorty as London, I said, and I sticks to it. Somehow, yer know,

One feels jest a little mite out of it. Lots of *ler gai* and *ler bo*.

But jolly? Well, no, not percisely; the larks, like the liquors, run light,

And a spree *à la Frongsay*, though gassy, don't fill up my pewter—not quite.

There ain't enough body about it, no row-de-dow rollick and ramp.

The French don't seem up to perdoocing us cards of the jolly-dog-stamp.

They sits at the *caffys* and chatters, and tipples up tots weak as tea,

But a pot o' four-'arf and a frolic is things as you don't often see.

Fine streets, and no error, though, CHARLIE. Them bullyvards bangs us to bits. You might play cricket well in their squares, slog for sixes, and run out your 'its. That *Place deller Concorde*, for instance,—I'm blowed if one doesn't feel lost, And pine for a pub. in Cheapside, stout-and-mild and a out off the roast.

There's a deal too much finnick and fuss, *byang Mossoo*—ing, and that sort o' thing.

You don't want your *gassong*—that's waiter—to speak like a haffable king;

Puts yer out, don't yer know. Now, our "yessir" sounds proper, respectful, and pat,

But a Frenchman's all bows and *bong jours*, and he lives with 'is 'and to 'is 'at.

A smart *Concierge* in a cap, with a heye full of mischief and fun,

Seems pooty good goods for a rally, but, bless yer, it ain't to be done,

I put on the rattle to rights in the style that's so taking *shay noo*,

But they ain't got the 'ang of it, CHARLIE,—it doesn't come off, not a few.

Of course you can't chaff *cummy fo* in a language you haven't quite nailed;

But my *style* ought to do it, dear boy—it's the very fust time as it's failed.

It's the fault of young Frenchmen, I fancy—they can't come the true rorty pal,

And yer see, when the feller ain't wide, why, what *can* you expect from the gal?

Howsomever, I picked up a chum, as was out on the lonely like me,

And I think we astonished the natives, and showed 'em our pattern o' spree.

'Ow they stared at our capers, dear boy! 'ow we laughed at their "*Commongs*?" and shrugs!

No. Parry's O.K., and no kid; but the Mossoos is most on 'em Mugs.

"Fust himpressions!" says you. Werry true, but I take a *cou d'eel* tidy quick.

I thought to find Parry a parrydis ruled by the merry Old Nick;

It's a City of Caffys, clean streets, open spaces, and spick-and-span 'ouses,

And women without any bonnets, and workmen in dingy blue blouses:

No pubs, but long bullyvards, CHARLIE, all Rustyrongs, tables, and trees;

With folks grubbin all over the place upon kickshaws and claret and cheese.

But there ain't no 'ome feeling about 'em, these *brasserie* cribs and wot not,

And for comfort, and fun, and good tippie, yer true British bar bangs the lot.

I miss it, my pippin, I miss it; the baccy, the barney, the beer,

The chumming, the chaff at the counter,—they do it so different 'ere.

Still I'm going it nobby, dear boy, and you know there are capers in Parry

That—well, mum's the word. More anon.

*Toot à voo der bong wotsername,* 'ARRY.

### "To What Base Uses."

WHILE SMITH AND JONES were taking a walk down Fleet Street, as suggested by Dr. JOHNSON, they discoursed upon the new Criminal Code, Bankruptcy Act, the Re-form of the Lunacy Laws, and various other things that "are to be," and, meantime, continue "as they were." SMITH was from the country. Quoth SMITH to JONES, as they arrived in Carey Street—"What is that large and majestic building I behold? A shop, I presume?"

"It is a shop," replied his companion; "or will be, if it is ever finished."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To the leading firm of law-publishers."

"And what will they sell there?"

"Law-stationary."





**"A REAL HARD-MOUTHED 'UN."**

*The famous White Terrier "Bob," in his great Worrying Act at Grantham.*

*"The Interests we have harassed before, I would harass still."*

**OLD RIP FIFTY YEARS HENCE.**

*(A Protectionist Peep into the Future, from the Chaplin and McIver stand-point.)*

RIP awoke, and, pulling himself together, wearily descended the mountain. He had closed his eyes in England—it was in England that he now opened them, after fifty years' slumber. Sleepy Hollow, when he left it, had been a village devoted to agricultural pursuits. As he came within sight of the spot, he expected to find the corn-fields or pastures he remembered. Much to his surprise the land, although unencumbered with bricks and mortar, was quite uncultivated. Thistles and brambles were growing in rank luxuriance, and there was not a stalk of corn or a blade of grass to be seen anywhere.

As he descended into the valley he met some children, but they expressed no astonishment at seeing him. After half a century's exposure to the weather, his garments were naturally dilapidated, but still

they were in better repair than the clothes of these wretched, ragged little ones. As he passed they held out their thin hands and asked for a penny. Unable to satisfy their demands, he passed on, wondering, and soon found himself in the High Street of his native village. As he gazed at a row of tenantless cottages, which he remembered noisy with industrious inmates and playful children, a disreputable looking, unkempt and unshorn man, with his beard and hair filled with sawdust, approached him, and asked him who and what he was. RIP blushed a little as he remembered the revels of his younger days, but he replied,

"My name is RIP VAN WINKLE, and I suppose I was a British Farmer, although I used to spend the greater part of my time in sport."

"I know. I've heard my grandfather say they all did that in the olden time," returned the new-comer, dolefully. "Shooting and hunting, and fishing and playing on the piano-forte! Ah—they had fine lives of it in the good old times! Not only the Farmer, but his missis, and his daughters at the boarding-school, and his sons up at



the University! But it's all passed away—all passed away!"

"Who and what are you?" asked R.R.

"A British Farmer of the Twentieth Century," returned the distressed agriculturist, sorrowfully.

"Oh, you still have farmers?"

"Well, we keep up the name; but we get all our corn from Canada and the United States."

"And your meat?"

"From Australia, and North and South America together."

"And your milk and butter?"

"Oh, from all over the place—except England. About a hundred years ago an enterprising foreigner discovered how to keep butter and milk sweet for any length of time. So we have had to give up our dairies."

"Ah! I think I remember something about that!" murmured R.R. "They were talking about it just before I fell asleep."

"Yes, everything has passed away from us—cattle, sheep, poultry, milk, cheese, butter, green crops, corn, fruit, vegetables, everything! They all come from abroad nowadays!"

"And how do you pay for 'em?" asked R.R.

"Pay! Bless you," said the farmer, "we don't pay. They give 'em us. Still, a man must have pocket-money and his little 'luxuries.'"

"Yes, certainly," said R.R., consolingly. "And what do you do for them?"

"Well, we have had to take up a trade that the Yankees have quite discarded. Since they have become the food-producers of the world they can afford to let us have a monopoly."

"I see. So the work of the British Farmer of the Twentieth Century is to manufacture—"

The Agriculturist blushed deeply, and replied,

"—Is to manufacture Wooden Nutmegs!"

"Oh, I think I had better try to get another nap!" stammered out R.R., as he thoughtfully reascended his mountain, sighing, "And that's what Free Trade has brought us to! Oh, Shade of CORDEN, if ghosts had only heads to punch!"

#### That's How the Money Goes.

(By a True Blue.)

NICE Liberals! Cheeseparings kind!

Not so lib'ral as we Tories—I know;

True, you may be down to the Rhine,

But 'tis we that are up to the Rhino!

FOR MRS. WELDON'S CONSIDERATION.—*Est modus in rebus!* There is a medium in all things!



#### "SOCIETY SMALL TALK."

"On the young Lady's exclaiming, 'How well these rooms are lighted!' the young Man might reply, 'Yes, by the light of Beauty's eyes, and you are lending your share, which is not a small one, to the general illumination, the brilliancy of which is almost too dazzling to a poor mortal like myself, to whom it is well that moments such as these are brief, else the reaction would be destructive to my peace of mind, if not altogether fatal to it.'"

Young Peter Piper has got his lesson well by heart, and is only waiting, to begin, for the lovely Miss Rippington to exclaim, "How well these rooms are lighted!" which, unfortunately for him, they are not.

#### BOARDING-OUT V. BABY-FARMING.

PUNCH finds, to his deep disgust, that a recent paragraph of his, suggested by the Trammere horrors, has been read as implying some relationship in his mind between the murderous abominations of baby-farming and the boarding-out system, as advocated by that noble ministress and martyr, Mrs. NASSAU SENIOR, and as carried out, *Punch* is rejoiced to know, in many parts of England and Scotland. Wherever the attention of a Local Ladies' Committee can be secured, first to select proper foster-parents for the boarded-out little ones, and afterwards to keep an attentive eye on their treatment and progress, *Punch* believes that boarding-out may supply what big pauper schools cannot—something like a substitute for parental loving care and guidance. But if these conditions be not most sternly insisted on, the boarding-out system may be a cover for horrors little less foul than those that made the old parish apprenticeship-system so often a mask for unspeakable oppression and ill-treatment. Even now it is not safe to consign parish apprentices to callings that carry them out of reach of surveillance, such as the Grimsby smack-fishing. "Out of sight out of mind" is likely to be a sad law sorely verified in the case of many an ill-used young pauper, overworked and overwatched, underclad and underfed, out on the cold Northern Sea.

But Boarding-out, under the wise and watchful eyes of a conscientious and careful Ladies' Committee, ought to be a real blessing to Parochial babies; enabling Boards of Guardians, with a clear conscience, to transfer to woman's hands part at least of the most perplexing duties of their guardianship.

*Punch* would grieve deeply if any ill-interpreted joke of his should lead to the least confusion between "Boarding-Out," rightly

managed, and Baby-Farming, which is not, and is not meant to be, anything but a cover for babe-murder, made manslaughter by cautious systematic protraction of the sufferings of its doomed dumb victims.

If ever fiends in human form earned the gallows, it was the BARNESSES, husband and wife. If ever a wise and humane Judge's reading of the law erred on the side of lenity, it was Mr. Justice BRETT's, when it suggested to the Jury the lowering of their crime from murder to manslaughter.

If those babe-slaughterers, the BARNESSES, were rightly treated, as homicides in only the second degree of guilt, the wretched woman, WATERS, the Lambeth Baby-Farmer, who was hung a few years ago, paid too high a penalty when she gave her miserable life to the gallows. And yet, when have we felt more satisfied than in her case, that the halter had no more than its due? And who has not felt that the BARNESSES, under Justice BRETT's direction, have had less than theirs? Much as *Punch* objects to sitting in judgment on his Judges—and above all, one of the most intelligent—he cannot help doing it in the case of the Trammere Baby-murderers. Not only does their offence seem to him in its long-sustained and cold-blooded atrocity, to cry out for the highest doom of law, but it is an offence that above most requires for the deterrent influence of the sternest punishment on behalf of creatures that of all most powerfully claim our protection by their innocence, and their powerlessness to protect themselves.

#### WONDERFUL.

THE late Lord Mayor, rope-maker as he was, was not satisfied with the rope the Aldermen gave him. He actually took more!

## BY ANTICIPATION.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE new LORD MAYOR, whose reign began on Monday last, exercises, I believe, the art and mystery of Printer and Stationer. Let us put everything else aside, business and pleasure, the cares of to-day, and the calls of to-morrow, the demands of duty and friendship, the absorbing occupation of perusing the attacks of Lord CHATSWORTH, and Sir HENRY TAUNTON, and the replies of MR. CLITHEROW, and the Marquis of STONEHENGE, and think for a moment or two of all the witty, sparkling, pointed, humorous, and diverting jokes, jests, *bons-mots*, and pleasantries, which may, can, shall, and will be said or sung, spoken and *written* (do you not shrink and tremble, *Mr. Punch*, at the prospect?), with direct reference, or indirect allusion to the craft and calling of Sir FRANCIS WYATT TRUSCOTT, now set up by his fellow-citizens to distribute justice and give proofs of his hospitality at the Guildhall and Mansion House. You will not, I imagine, be displeased if by so doing we get the start of some at least of your correspondents, *Mr. Punch*.

The new Lord Mayor will be the Type of all that the Civic imagination pictures to itself a Lord Mayor ought to be—the Copy of all the great and good Aldermen who have preceded him in the Curule Chair.

He will do his best to produce an excellent Impression. Other Lord Mayors have been prime, but this one will be Primer; nay, we venture to prophesy he will be Long Primer.

A Brilliant career may be predicted for him; he will be the Minion of neither Court nor faction. He is English to the backbone; and scores of aspirants will contend for the honour of having been the first to affirm that he is a Nonpareil.

If he is not a fountain of honour, he can point with pride to a Fount of type.

Let Italian or Venetian masts be erected in his Ward, and for the nonce let them be called *Italic*!

In politics it is understood that he is Conservative, and that his views are likely to be Stationary rather than progressive.

More than the usual Stereotyped compliments will be paid to him.

His hospitality will be unbounded—the First Proof appeared on the tenth; he will be an *Al-dine*; he will not forget the Press.

Small Capitals may boast their Mayors, their Provosts, their Syndics, but our Lord Mayor is connected with the Biggest Capital in the world.

A sword of honour will be borne before him—not a Composing-stick.

He will be tenacious of ceremony—and Form.

All the invitations from the Mansion House during his year of office will be in Black Letter with Rubricated Capitals.

Turtle and turbot, pheasant and venison may be served up on the sumptuous board, the Imposing-table, at the Guildhall or the Mansion House; but it will not be complete without a Pie.

May he have nothing to regret or Revise!

May his slumbers in the state four-poster be tranquil and unbroken, in Proof-sheets—if it should be more congenial to him to be so Composed!

May his career be a Justification of all these praises and compliments!

And may he never forget his best Mentor—*Punch*!

TYPEE.

P.S.—I have been spending some time in unbroken solitude, pondering whether the ingenious can offer you any pleasantries founded on the LORD MAYOR's name. As at present advised, I cannot see that this is possible. Happily for you, the LORD MAYOR is not a North Country man, or you would certainly have been informed, over and over again, that he was a Tru(e)scott!

## IN MEMORIAM.

John Baldwin Buckstone.

BORN AT HOXTON, SEPTEMBER, 1802;  
DIED AT LOWER SYDENHAM, FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1879.

ON the far-off suburban graveyard's hush  
Breaks the slow clangour of the burial bell;  
Through close-set ranks of stones this press and push,  
Of an old Actor's "last appearance" tell.

Spite of the shuffling of converging feet,  
And hum of tongues at funeral pitch, one hears,  
Across the monotone of the bell's beat,  
Faint echoes of the laughs of fifty years.

Poor "BUCKY" can this last large house command,  
On his last Act the curtain down to bring;  
Leaving the stage, for once, without a hand,  
Waking sad sigh and thought, for mirth's shrill ring.

'Tis well that men should love what makes them laugh,  
Memory and mirth find ties of golden thread,  
That Time's kind hand should winnow out the chaff,  
Which brings no grist to living or to dead.

Let none to-day for moral or for flout  
Mark how, or why, in sickness and sore need  
The lamp that long had burned so blythe went out;  
Think rather how its oil our lamps could feed

With light of laughter, from the brimming cruise  
That for so many years ran never dry.

Author and Actor—give the man his dues,  
And who large debt to BUCKSTONE will deny?

"Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!" we hear  
The pellets' rattle on his coffin-lid,  
Like the last knell of many memories dear—  
Glad times, glad faces, in the past long hid!

Ask if, for all that recklessness of his  
Mid rocks and reefs oft braving wind and tide,  
He had a kindly heart? The answer is,  
From these his comrades ranged at his grave-side.

They knew, none knew so well, the open hand,  
The unjealous mood, quick all desert to read;  
Tongue that to beg in comrade's cause was bland,  
Ear that, deaf else, was never deaf to need.

The staunchness to old mates, that sometimes strained  
Tether of patience, till pit, box, and stall  
"That he was blind as well as deaf" complained,  
When for friends' sake Art oft went to the wall.

Light lie the turf on the old Actor's bier:  
Of many a load he lightened many a heart:  
A more mirth-making mime for many a year  
We are not like to see. 'Tis sad to part,

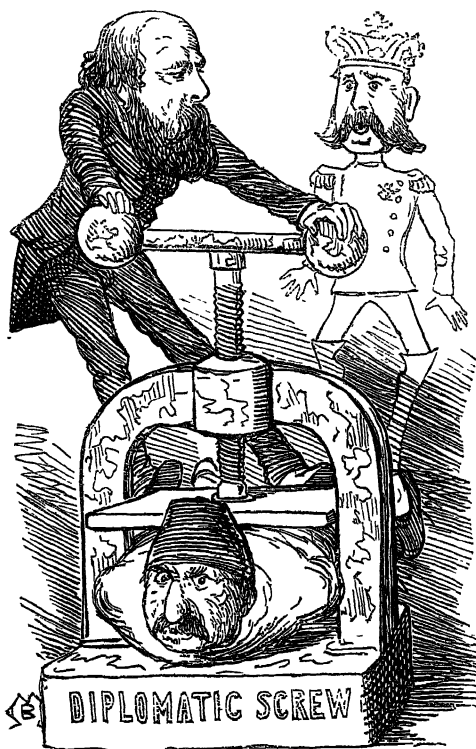
And leave him lying here, out in the cold,  
Who held such cosy corners of our past!  
Farewell, old "BUCKY," many a heart will hold  
Thy memory green, for all shades o'er it cast!

OFF THE LINE.—A new departure in Turkish policy for BEACONS-FIELD & Co.—from Concession to Coercion.

## THROUGH A CHINK.

"The Cabinet Council deliberated yesterday for nearly two hours and a half. Another meeting will be held to-day."—*Morning Paper.*

SCENE—The Cabinet Room. Glances interchanged. Ministers assembled.



THE Premier. Very sorry to bring you up to town, but glad to see you looking so well. Well, Gentlemen, I suppose you're all sensible of the situation? Rather strained. But of all solutions of the political problem, I am decidedly for one—

The Home Secretary. Dis-solution?

The Premier. Quite the reverse. Resolution. I spell the first syllable of my name with one S. No. I have only one rule. As hunting men, you will appreciate it. "Harden your heart, hustle your horse, and never say die!" But as we must all die,

sooner or later, it may be well to think, in good time, over the best cry to go to the country with.

The President of the Council. Just what I was thinking myself. I have turned over a few. What do you say to "Free Trade on both sides?"

The Premier. Good idea. Has anybody else anything to suggest?

The Foreign Secretary. Well, ah—wasn't my Manchester speech about the right thing? The old motto of the Berlin flag—eh?

The Premier. Worn out. Shreds and tatters—"Pieces without honour." Ha! ha! (All the Ministers laugh quietly.) Anything else, anybody?

First Lord of the Admiralty. What do you think of "a Free Fleet—and no cat!"? It sounds popular and catchy, don't it?

War Secretary. Or a "Half-time Army"? Reads like a saving of twelve millions right off.

Colonial Secretary. Suppose we tried "Crown and Colonies"? Good Imperial ring about that. Or "Reciprocity among Relations." Suggests a kick to trade, you see.

Lord Chancellor. Hardly domestic enough, I fancy. Don't come home to men's business and bosoms. I should say something like "Justice without Jury—and down with Law Costs!"—or you might even go the length of—

The Premier (rising). "An Economic Woolsack—and no Chancellor!" No, my Lords and Gentlemen, you're all wrong. The country wants something a little stronger. I should suggest—

All (expectantly). Yes?

The Premier. Another European blaze!

Foreign Secretary (enthusiastically). Excellent! And for phrase?

The Premier. "Armed England against alarmed Europe." Nothing like national sentiment. We're quite agreed—eh?

All (unanimously). All!

The Premier. Very well, then; here goes! (Wires off simultaneously to Simla, Petersburg, and Constantinople.) Now for Council matters. Suppose we run through our programme? Marquis, may I ask you to refer to your "Agenda"?

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Threatening letter to Russia. Quarrel with France about Egypt. Screw on SULTAN—

Premier. Ah—perhaps that will do for the present. Nothing like a spirited Foreign policy.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. We have received an inheritance from our ancestors—

Premier. Oh yes,—we know,—excellent, out of doors. Could not be better! But not here— And now, HARDY—I beg your pardon —CRANBROOK—

Secretary of State for India (attempting to read a paper of instructions). Can't quite make it out yet. I think it's something about annexing Herat—or is it Merv?

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (angrily). No, no! That is in my programme. I have to annex Merv—

Premier. My dear Marquis, you are a little impetuous!

Secretary of State for India (indignantly). Please, he is always interfering with me. As if he had anything to do with our Indian Empire!

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (contemptuously). Oh! haven't I just?

Secretary of State for India. No you haven't. India ain't Foreign—it's domestic.

Premier. My dear friends, you mustn't quarrel. Take my word for it, we will find you both plenty to do.

Secretary of State for India. Oh, I have it at last! (Reading.) There's—the Scientific Frontier—on the side of—what wretched writing—oh, I see—China,—or is it Persia?

Premier. Either will do—but both will keep. En attendant, Sir MICHAEL, what have you got for us?

Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lots. There's the Victoria row—and here—cautious public letter to Sir GARNET, to tell him to be careful what he's about; civil private note to beg him to go ahead and do what he "darned pleases!"

Premier. Very concisely put. However, that's your own affair—strictly. You must see we can't be bothered with JOHN DUNN and the Transvaal. And now, SMITH?

First Lord of the Admiralty. Oh! I'm all right. A few millions to be used judiciously in the dockyards. Keep Cyprus in the background, and tell HORNBY to bounce the SULTAN a bit. It will be a capital point for the Election.

Premier. Connu! And you, STANLEY?

Secretary of State for War. Snub the Militia, and Red-tape the Volunteers. CARDWELL gave both their head far too much. CARDWELL was wrong. The only way to save the Election—I mean the Army—is to—

Premier. Undo CARDWELL's work—only don't be in too great a hurry. My dear Boy, you quite understand the situation. Ah! if your brother had been as intelligent! But that's a painful subject! And now, my dear CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, we have left you and the HOME SECRETARY to the last! I know you are all right. You always are. You're so conciliatory, and so reasonable.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. No, I am not, and it's cruel to chaff me! Why don't you let me change places with the Home Office? He's got nothing to do but to keep the Publicans in good humour! It's too bad! With all you fellows spending right and left, how am I to make a decent Budget? What have I got to appeal to?

Premier. Fireworks, my dear Boy! fireworks, with your figures and phrases! Blaze away enough of them, and JOHN BULL won't bother himself about figures. Never fear, I'll pull you through! And now, my dear friends, you all know your cues. (Whispers a date.) We advertise last nights, and ring up for the serio-comic entertainment of the Present Parliament, to be followed by a General Election! (Airily.) So holiday is over, and the business of the Establishment is just going to begin. Apropos—those fireworks for the Lord Mayor's Banquet! You've your speeches ready?

[All rummage their pockets. Scene closes.]

## Sorrow without Salt.

"The Aylesbury Dairy Company have been trying a new, and, as yet secret, treatment for butter, which preserves it fresh and sweet for an indefinite period without salt. We shall have unsalted butter from America in any quantity."—*Spectator.*

AYLESBURY ducks! Aylesbury geese, say I!

Who'd teach us, sans salt, to keep butter sweet,

When Uncle SAM's cow-streams, that ne'er run dry,

In all shapes save this, make the sea their street?

Beef, dead and living, cheese, tinned milk, salt butter—

Must Yankee-land all its "pecunia" utter

Upon our marts? And now, in our dejection,

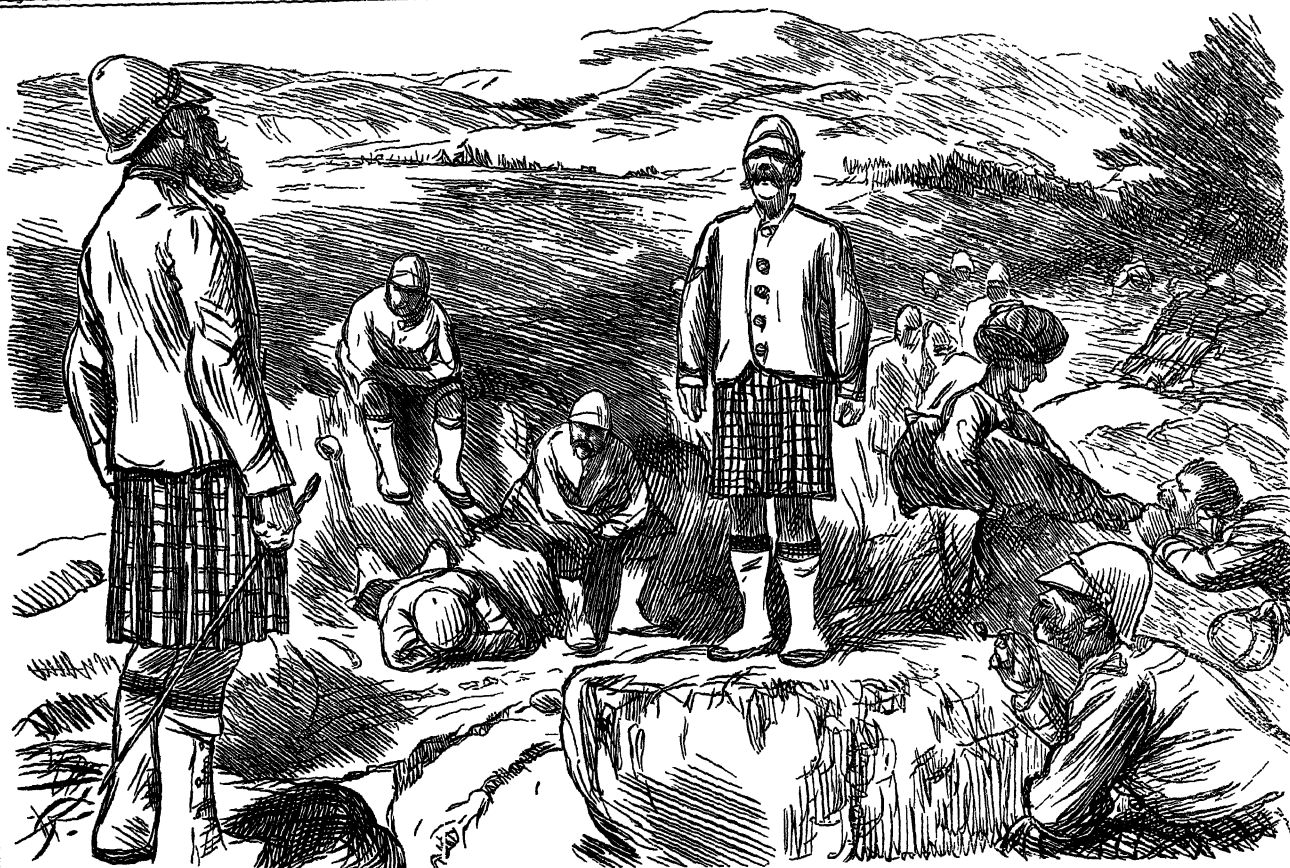
You take our salt—poor JOHN BULL's sole protection!

What more from Neptune shall BRITANNIA seek?

Take with our "silver side" our "silver streak"!

## SOMETHING LIKE A REWARD.

THEY have made our illustrious Professor OWEN free of the Leathersellers' Company! Our national debt to him has long been owing! This is payin' it with a vengeance at last!



**"SHOUTER TO SHOUTER!"**

SCENE—A Working-Party! Afghanistan. Road-Making at Six Annas a Day.

Sergeant. "HOO MONY MEN HAE SHE WARKING UP DARE, CORP'RAL!"

Corporal. "ABOUT A DOZEN; BUT THEY'RE DAEIN' NAETHING!"

Sergeant. "AA RIGHT, CORP'RAL! SHUST BIDE AWEE, AND I'LL SEND SOME MAIR UP, TO GIE YE A HAUN'!!"

**THE ENGLISH OF IT.**

WHAT? The Turkish *Non possumus* countered at last  
With that parlor word "Must," so denounced in the past?  
Imperative mood! Ultimatum!! Coercion!!!  
The patriot Jingo's especial aversion,  
Applied to the much-injured Mussulman! Verily,  
Time's whirligig must have been spinning it merrily.  
LAYARD, my lad, this must go 'gainst the grain.  
BEAKY, dear boy, this must cause you much pain.  
SALISBURY, really, *mon cher*, one must pity you,  
Since you returned from far Stamboul's fair city, you  
Seem to have held it were shame, wrong, and loss for us  
Even to whisper a "Must" near the Bosphorus.  
Can you have lost, on this special occasion,  
Your faith in the virtue of soft moral suasion?  
The Sick Man may need anodyne or emulsion,  
But aught so cathartic as open compulsion,  
So dreadfully drastic as real reform?—  
Dear, dear! Just imagine how Jingo would storm  
At the very suggestion from—well, I won't trouble you  
With the full name, it begins with a W.  
Old Bag-and-Baggage, whom Tory abuse  
Has branded as compound of traitor and goose,  
He, the inopportune, plaguy, importunate  
Trouncer of Pashas corrupt and extortionate,  
Who, long ago, ere your Sick Man had lost  
All power to bear Reform's burden and cost,  
Ere the much-petted—and parcelled-out—nation  
Had tried your fine nostrum called "Consolidation,"  
Dared recommend, to your utter disgust,  
A very strong dose of this very same "Must."  
Then you were far too sagacious to heed him.  
Now—why here! LAYARD informs MAHMOUD NEDIM—

A thing to put Palace and Porte in a panic—  
That Must has a meaning that's sternly Britannic,  
And not Oriental, permissive, or funny.  
Now, Humpty-Dumpty, *sans* might and *sans* money,  
Finds his dear friends for Reform getting urgent,  
What wonder he's frightened, astonished, insurgent?  
Must? By the beard of the Prophet, what next?  
Will the treacherous Giaour ne'er stick to his text?  
Has GLADSTONE at last got the infidel's ear?  
Have the sons of burnt fathers a new Grand Vizier?  
Not yet, gentle Turk, simple child of Islâm,  
Unwitting of guile, unsuspecting of sham,  
Our High Humpty-Dumpty not yet has his fall,  
But a General Election is coming—that's all!

**Royal Purveying.**

"Captain HUNT GRUBBE has been appointed one of Her Majesty's naval aides-de-camp, vice SALMON, retired."—*Court Circular.*

It might almost be supposed that Her MAJESTY, like the Berwick and Newcastle apprentices of old, had become tired of salmon, and had appointed this gallant Officer to hunt the grub that is wanted to take its place.

**Comfort from Shakspeare.**

BEN AND HIS BACKERS.

(To Mr. Punch, with Monty Corry's Compliments.)

"THE eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing  
He can at pleasure stint their melody."

*Titus Andronicus*, Act IV., Sc. 4.





## THE ENGLISH OF IT.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR. "YOUR MAJESTY *MUST* REFORM!"

SULTAN. "'MUST'!!!—IS THERE, THEN, A NEW GRAND VIZIER IN ENGLAND?"

BRITISH AMBASSADOR. "NO. BUT THERE'S GOING TO BE A *GENERAL ELECTION*!"





# A KICK IN TIME.



HE wretch who Ladies soiled  
with *Town Talk's*  
breath  
His eighteen months of  
well-earned quod se-  
cures;  
But kick a woman, when  
she's down, to death,  
And, if she is your wife,  
six months' are yours.  
Proud privilege of husbands  
—without joking—  
The Judge thinks that "she  
might have been pro-  
voking!"

## To Our Censor Morum.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,  
THE late Lord Mayor  
will be equally surprised  
and disgusted to know that  
a detachment of the Guards  
regularly marches past the  
Mansion-House about 7 P.M.  
every night in their Bear-  
skins, much to the disgust

and virtuous indignation of the, at that hour, happily diminished  
population of the City.

A FRIENDLY ZULU.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Mr. Irving as *Shylock*, Miss Ellen Terry's *Portia*, at the Lyceum.—  
Postscript, *Imperial, Folly, Gaiety, Adelphi.*

THERE were great expectations about *The Merchant of Venice*  
at the Lyceum, and verily they have not been disappointed. Mr.  
IRVING'S *Shylock*, taken as a whole, is a really fine performance, the  
evident result of careful and conscientious study. His acting in the  
Trial Scene, with one, as it seems to me, not altogether unimportant  
exception, is a masterpiece. When, in reply to *Bassanio's* offer,  
"For thy three thousand ducats here is six," he taps the jingling  
coin in the open bag three times, he draws everyone's attention to  
the forcible refusal he is about to make. While I admit the action  
implies, "Look here, *Bassanio*, just listen to my ultimatum," the  
device seems unworthy of *Shylock's* dignity throughout the scene.  
Dignity! Why the *Doge* is nowhere compared with Mr. IRVING'S  
*Shylock*. The faults that will be, and by this time have been, found  
with what seems allowed on all hands to be Mr. IRVING'S completest  
Shakespearean impersonation, may be ranged in two classes: those  
which mark the Actor's individuality, and those which spring from  
his conception.

For the first—have not all great Actors a curious tendency to em-  
phasise those peculiarities in speech and action which distinguish  
them from their fellows? Was it not so with MACREADY, with  
CHARLES KEAN, with PHELPS? Were they not all easily imitated  
and successfully caricatured? The Actor must be taken as nature  
made him. "Man is not perfect, no, nor woman neither;" though  
both Mr. IRVING, and Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Portia*, in their degree,  
come very, very near to perfection, as far as that is conceivably  
possible to mortal Stage-players.

I dismiss Mr. IRVING'S peculiarities of gait and utterance with  
this remark, that they are less noticeable in *Shylock* than in any part  
in which I have hitherto seen him, except *Sir Edward Mortimer*,  
where he was always distinct, and seldom jerky. Had he been  
more jerky, and more restless, and more inarticulate, on the first  
night, I am bound to say I should have set it down to intense  
nervousness, which is a characteristic of genius, and if in the scene  
with *Tubal* he seemed to be palsied with frenzy, I must say that  
*Tubal's* slip of memory in the middle of the Jew's most effective  
scene was quite enough to have upset the strongest *Shylock*. If  
this had happened to MACREADY, I fancy that poor *Tubal* wouldn't  
have been allowed to forget it in a hurry.

As for Mr. IRVING'S conception of the character, its truth to  
SHAKESPEARE, and to nature, seems to me to consist in its incon-  
sistency. Is the plot to be judged by any rule of probabilities? If  
the play be measured by the critic's thumb-rule, will the result be  
satisfactory? I am not speaking of its mighty bursts of genius, of its  
touches of nature, sweet or subtle, grim or bitter, and of its romantic  
situations, which on the stage could be so easily robbed of all their  
charm, if they lacked so exquisite a *Portia* as Miss ELLEN TERRY.

If Mr. IRVING is firm one moment, tottering another; now hob-  
bling, now striding; now bent and broken, anon upright and sturdy;

if at one time he raves and scolds like a virago, and at another is  
calm, impassive, and unrelenting as destiny,—I say that this is  
SHAKESPEARE'S own *Shylock*, a character all lights and shades,  
evoking laughter by his bitterest irony, punning over a matter of  
business, sharp in his retorts, and in his outbursts of passion

"So confused,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,"

that—

"All the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats."

We have a Rembrandtesque picture. This is the Jew that *Portia*  
*drew*—the raving, maniacal old clothesman, harried and worried by  
those yelping gutter curs, the chaffing gamins, the street Arabs of  
Venice, the little unwashed of the Canals, who mob him from  
street to street, and goad him to frenzy.

But he recovers all his composure for the great Trial Scene, when,  
unrepresented by counsel, he is going to conduct his own case, and  
have his knife into the Christian Merchant. By the way, *Antonio*  
ought to have been a stout, portly man; for unless he be, *Shylock's*  
"merry-jest" in the First Act, on which the whole play hangs, loses  
much of its significance. *Antonio* ought to have a "bit of fat" in  
his part. At the Lyceum Mr. FORRESTER is naturally sad, and  
physically far too lean. Mr. BARNES could better have spared a  
fatter pound! This by the way.

So potent is Mr. IRVING'S embodiment in the Trial Scene of that  
concentrated hate which *Jessica* has previously described,—

"I have heard him swear  
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him —"

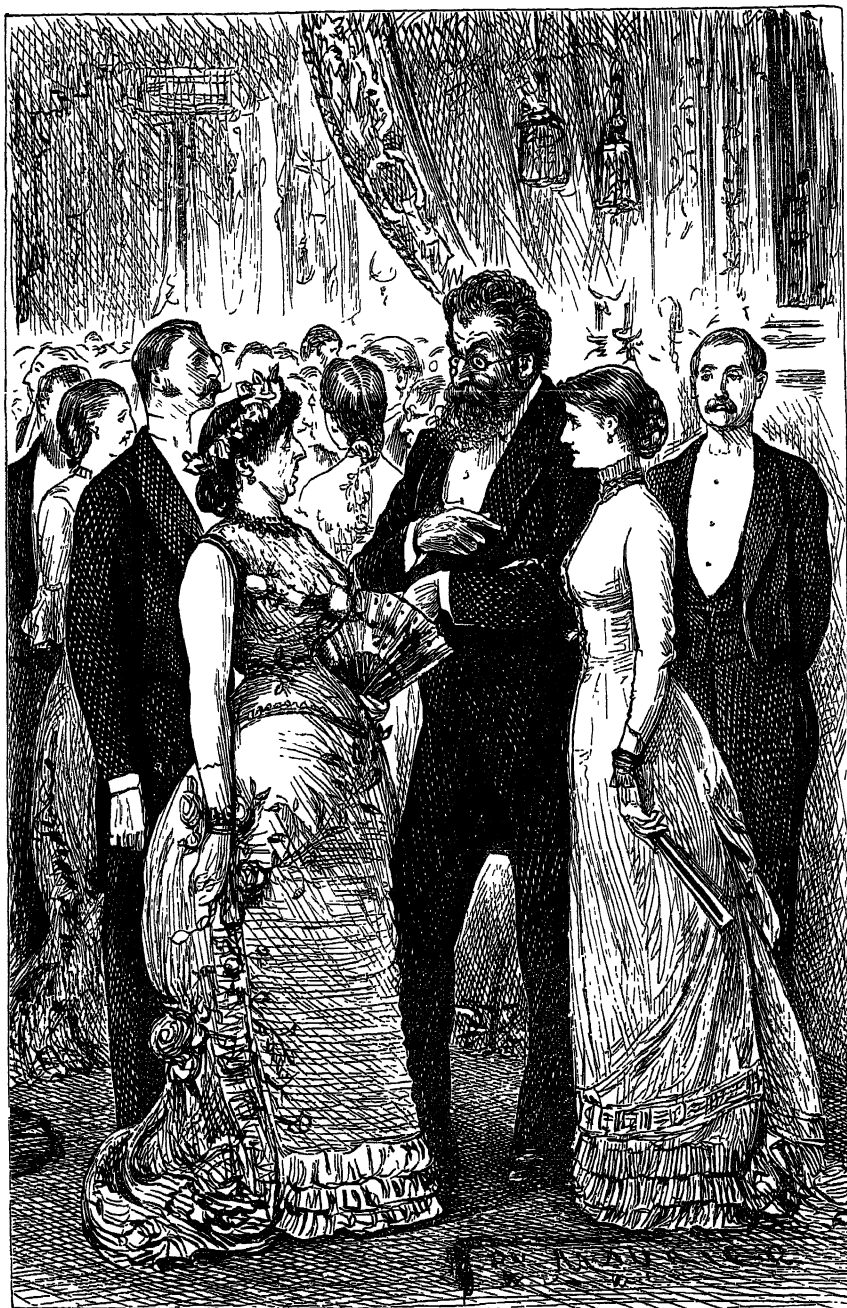
as to compel our admiration for the dignified bearing which  
cloaks his intense malignity. Then as the business of the Court  
goes on, and the mean, quibbling surprise is sprung upon the Jew  
by *Portia*, instructed by that Eminent Counsel *Bellario*—who,  
between ourselves, must have been a sly old practical joker, and  
utterly unworthy of his position as a Leader of the Venetian Bar—  
which transforms the Prosecutor into the Persecuted, Mr. IRVING  
enlists all our sympathy for the unhappy man, whose hard, relent-  
less hatred has left him no loop-hole of escape, and who stands before  
us now broken, helpless, hopeless—"A very old man, my Lord—  
a very old man"—smitten by the hand of Heaven. There is not  
one among the audience but resents *Gratiano's* "chaff," as the most  
ill-timed, cruel, unchristian impertinence to a fallen man, who  
would be protected from insult by any Court that cared one straw  
for its own dignity. A round of the heartiest applause would, I  
verily believe, be evoked from the audience, were the *Doge* to rise  
in magisterial wrath, and commit this Venetian ARRY, this un-  
feeling snob *Gratiano*, for contempt of Court, as a just punishment  
for his indecent interruptions.

Mr. IRVING'S exit is admirable. Beaten, ruined, vanquished,  
he leaves the Court master of the situation. I have seen a  
German *Shylock* crawl to the *Duke's* feet, and then, after a fit  
of inarticulate raving, and idiotic spluttering and plucking at his  
beard, removed apparently lifeless. I had feared lest Mr. IRVING  
should have ventured on this spasmodic finish, which would have  
jeopardised the entire performance. But he did not; and of his  
final exit as *Shylock*, it may well be said—

"Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving of it."

Miss ELLEN TERRY had already shown us what she could do as  
*Portia* at the Prince of Wales's, but her performance there was but  
as the sketch of which this at the Lyceum is the perfect picture. It  
is high and graceful comedy, from first to last—pure comedy, por-  
traying the varying impulses, the vivacity and sparkling wit of a  
beautiful woman richly endowed by nature, strong in the power of  
her own charms, never attitudinising, ever moving with uncon-  
scious grace, fascinating by her rare spontaneity and simplicity.  
*Portia* is instinctively an actress. She jumps at the fun of dis-  
guising herself and her maid as barrister and clerk, and takes it for  
granted that her cousin *Bellario* will give his grave countenance  
to what seems so like a madcap freak. She literally revels in it,  
going through a preliminary rehearsal before *Nerissa* of the gait,  
manner, and voice of the part she is about to play. Yet, after  
all this, her disguise in Court, according to Miss TERRY'S view, is  
so transparent, that *Bassanio* must be the most obtuse per-  
son not to discover his wife immediately she appears, or at least  
the instant she opens her lips to speak; for in the next Act even  
*Lorenzo*, occupied as he is with *Jessica*, recognises *Portia* at night by  
her voice alone. But, neither situations nor characters, in this play,  
can be seriously criticised. Given SHAKESPEARE, we may well be  
satisfied with the goods the Gods provide. The inspired language  
and the force of the situations carry the drama triumphantly along.

I hear one blemish charged against Miss ELLEN TERRY'S *Portia*,  
—a lack of dignity in the Trial Scene. But I am not sure that  
a sudden assumption of dignity would not appear preposterous



### SNOBINGTON AND SHODD.

*Lady Snobbington (née Shodd).* "AH! HOW DO YOU DO, HERR SCHULTZ? I WANT YOU TO DINE WITH ME ON TUESDAY NEXT."

*Herr Schultz, the great Philosopher (whose acquaintance with her Ladyship is of the slightest).* "YOU ARE FERY VRENTLY, MADAM! BERMIT ZAT I INTRODUCE TO YOU MADAM SCHULTZ."

*Lady Snobbington (who thinks great Philosophers are all very well, but doesn't want to be bothered with their womankind).* "A—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE! MADAM SCHULTZ, I WANT THIS DEAR CLEVER HUSBAND OF YOURS TO DINE WITH ME, AND MEET THE DUCHESS OF CLAPHAM, AND THE BISHOP OF LOUGHBOROUGH, AND MY SISTER-IN-LAW, LADY GUINEVRE MOSELEY, YOU KNOW,—AND YOU WILL SPARE HIM TO US FOR ONE EVENING, WON'T YOU?"

*Madam Schultz.* "OH, CERTAINLY, IF HE WISHES IT."

*Herr Schultz (in his innocence of the ways of Shodds and Snobbingtons).* "YOU ARE FERY VRENTLY, MADAM! POT ZESE LATIES ZAT YOU MENTION, ZEY ARE ZEN PERHAPS NOT EXACTLY RESPECTABLE, ZAT YOU HAF NOT ALSO INVITED MY WIFE?"

in this *Portia*. Has she prepared that speech about mercy? has *Bellario* crammed her for it? or is it the sudden outburst of her own generous nature? If the speech be prepared, then it should be a rhetorical display; which it is not. If it is a happy thought on the spur of the moment, then it is delivered with sufficient force and emphasis, and

yet with a certain modesty consistent with the position of so young a barrister in so important a case.

On the first night there were two distinct and equal triumphs, that of *Shylock*, and that of *Portia*. The piece is beautifully placed on the stage, every scene being a perfect picture.

For the rest of the *dramatis personee*,—Mr. BEAUMONT was not half a *Doge*—perhaps if he were BEAUMONT and FLETCHER together, he might have been stronger. Mr. TYARS as the *Prince of Morocco*, or the other Moor of Venice—*Othello the Less*, instead of *Othello the Moor*—was very good. Antonio was like the *Anthony* in the old song of "*Froggie would*" whose lay is always "*Heigho! said Antonio Rowley.*" Mr. BARNES decidedly "*stood out*" as *Barnes-anio*—I mean *Bassanio*—and posed a bit too much, under the impression that he was exhibiting "*gallant bearing.*" He was also too impatient and off-handed in the Trial Scene—a defect which, no doubt, by this time he has remedied, and has become deeply interested in what is likely to be a protracted case. Lorenzo is "*nice.*" The *Gobbos, père et fils*, are not particularly humorous; their old-fashioned, wearisome traditional stage business ought to be rearranged. Jessica obtained a laugh when she throws a good-sized casket, apparently across a canal, at Lorenzo's head, which might have induced an exclamation of "*Well felled!*" from the irrepressible, and imperilled the situation.

The last Act always disappoints me—not by its language, which is beautiful; not by its comedy, which is amusing; but because poor old *Shylock* does not reappear. I should like him to drop in on that happy party in rich Venetian evening dress—not as he went out to supper with *Salarino & Co.*, like *Guy Fawkes*, with a lantern and tinder-box—to express his sorrow for the trouble he has caused, and then speak the lines which *Nerissa* now speaks, about the deed of gift to Lorenzo and Jessica—adding, of course, "*Take her, you young dog of a Christian, and be happy.*"

The late Mr. CALVERT used to end the play with a poetically conceived scene of moonlit silence in the great hall of Belmont, with *Portia* and *Bassanio* looking on the still night from a window in the gallery. It was very effective, and would have offered a really good excuse for the return of *Shylock*, who, out of reverence for "*the Bard*," might have expressed everything in dumb show, and handed over the deed of gift in pantomime. In fact, the deed, and not the word, is the only thing required. But these changes cannot be properly effected until the piece is reproduced in Our National Theatre of the Future by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. The *Rivals* as presented at the Imperial Theatre has not been rivalled by any recent revival of the admirable old play, in the leading parts of *Lydia*, *Mrs. Malaprop*, *Sir Anthony*, and *Captain Absolute*. First and foremost, Miss LITTON gives a feminine charm all her own, in look, movement, and manner, to the sentimental heroine. I can recall few more bewitching stage apparitions than hers, as she interrupts the duel in the Abbey Fields, in her black mantua and muslin *fichu* worn *en fashion*, and infinitely becoming to her fair face.

Of the veteran Mrs. STIRLING's *Mrs. Malaprop*, and Mr. FARREN's *Sir Anthony*, what need to speak? They both belong to a good old time, and act accordingly. Mr. KYRLE BELLEW's *Captain* is quiet, graceful, and pleasant, not a tone of it overdone, which is a great virtue. This young man promises to go far in light comedy; may he never find worse fare than *SHERIDAN*. I am glad to note his progress for his father's sake, as well as his own.

Mr. BROUGH's *Bob Acres* is capital in the

first Acts, but, to my thinking, monotonous in the terror of the last scene. It is quite possible that real fright might transform a lusty country squire into the limp and deplorable creature presented by Mr. BROUGH, but the comedian's first duty is to reconcile truth with humorous presentment of his part. Mr. EVERARD'S *Sir Lucius* was quiet, gentlemanlike, and unexaggerated—in short, "less Irish and more nice" than he usually is on the stage. Altogether, *The Rivals* at the Aquarium deserves to be seen by those who seek good time-sanctioned "classical" enjoyment at the theatre. It is not to be had too often.

Within a week, Mr. TOOLE appears at the Folly, with *A Fool and his Money*, and the rather worn-out *Ici on parle*. Mr. H. J. BYRON, who will have his finger in the Folly pie is preparing *The Upper Crust* for J. L. T.

In *Robbing Roy*; or, *Scotched and Kilt*, at the Gaiety, Miss NELLIE FARREN plays that amiable tenor, *Francis Osbaldistone*, whose initials, "F. O.," stand for "Foreign Office," or, more properly here, "*Farren Office*"—it being quite her office to represent the hero of burlesque.

The Adelphi gives us a notable example of what can be done, and also what can't be done, with a bad piece, by an exceptionally good cast. Mr. NEVILLE as *John Browdie* is the very spit of what Mr. TENNIEL'S JOHN BULL of the *Punch* Cartoons must have been when about twenty-five. Mr. VEZIN is excellent as *Newman Noggs*, in a marvellous make-up, the actor's individuality being completely destroyed. And this is equally true of Mr. R. PATEMAN, whose *Brooker*, the depressed villain, is as good a performance as can be seen in a character so conventionally melodramatic. Mrs. MELLON looks a deal too kind for *Mrs. Squeers*, but it is always a pleasure to see her at the Adelphi, and to forgive her for remaining as nature made her. The Coach Scene is most effective, though some might object to the coach as stagey.

Y. R.

#### THE MUNICIPAL FORECAST.

LIBERAL Reaction, indeed! Bosh! Where will you find signs of it? In the Mayors' nests!

SIR EVELYN WOOD, IN BRIEF.—(*With Mr. Punch's congratulations after the Bar Dinner of Saturday, Nov. 1.*)—A Queen's own Fighter, and a Devil's own Talker.

DEDICATION OF A NEW SAINT'S DAY.—The Fifth of November: To St. Beaconsfield, as the patron of fireworks.

SCHOOL BOARD EXPENDITURE.—On building principally, and too much by a precious site.

A HEALTH TO FAST LIVERS.—Our *Absinthe* Friends.

#### THE PROPRIETOR OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. PUNCH,

YOUR principal contemporary has lately given insertion to divers letters, from sundry correspondents, on the question of photographic copyright; communications in which contradictory claims to property in negatives are affirmed by positive persons. None of these, however, even though some themselves photographers, have thrown any light on the subject. That has been reserved for me to do, as the party, above all others, capable of doing it. Is it not strange that amongst all the controvertists respecting copyright in Sun pictures, nobody has hitherto come forward to point out the incontestably prior and prescriptive claims of the original and universal Photographer, yours everlastingly,

PHOEBUS APOLLO.

P.S.—I need not tell you how ashamed I am of the base and vulgar uses to which my beams are put by unscrupulous cad and snobs whom I cannot, unfortunately, prevent from availing themselves of the rays I cannot help shedding, and perverting their chemical properties, with mercenary designs, to the annoyance, defamation, and prejudice of decent people.

#### Quoth the Sultan.

My long-suffering bondholders, prick up your ears,  
I'm resolved to reform, so no more doubts and fears;  
When I say it, I mean it,—then do not despond;  
My word, you shall see, is as good as my bond!



#### TANTALUS.

*Irish Waiter (to Commercial Gent, who had done a good stroke of business already).* "BRIKFEST? YESSIR. WHAT'LL YE HAVE, YER HONOUR—TAY OR COFFEE?"

*Commercial Gent (hungry and jubilant).* "COFFEE, AND FRIED SOLE AND MUTTON CUTLET TO FOLLOW!"

*Waiter (satirically).* "ANNYTHING ILSE, SURR?"

*Commercial Gent.* "YES, STEWED KIDNEYS. AH! AND A SAVOURY OMELETTE!"

*Waiter.* "YESSIR. ANNYTHING——"

*Commercial Gent.* "NO, THAT WILL DO——"

*Waiter (with calm contempt).* "AND DO YE EXPICT TO FOIND THE LIKES O' THEM THINGS HERE? SURE, YE'LL GET WHAT YEZ ALWAYS GOT—BACON AN' IEGGS!"

#### A RISE IN GREECE.

ON Thursday sennight, at Montrose, Mr. BAXTER, M.P., in an instructive address on "New Greece," gave a glowing account of that little, but rising kingdom. Greece is looking up. British speculators would do well to invest in Greece, and thus effectually counteract the intrigues operating in the European market for the use of Russian tallow. There is every reason to expect that Greeks will pay; which it is now quite evident that Turks never can. The growth of the olive has wonderfully increased in Greece of late years, to a proportionate extension of trade in the Grecian Isles. But the existing Isles of Greece require to be augmented by Samos, Crete, and others, which were Greek of old, and which it is desirable for British as distinct from Muscovite interests, that Greece should get again. However, in order to raise the wind for that purpose on the political 'Change, it is manifest that we shall have to change our Brokers.

#### Ode to the Three Chafers (Parnell & Co.).

By Sir S. N.

Your Vulgar Fractions cause distraction,  
Your Divisions make me sad;  
Your Rule-of-Three distresses me,  
And your Practice drives me mad.

WHO HOLDS THE KEY OF THE POSITION?—General Election.

## PUBLIC JUDGMENT ON PUBLIC MEN.



*RIGHTS and Wrongs*  
—Six of One,  
and Half-a-  
dozen of the  
Other.

ON Thursday last the Right Hon. R. PENNYWISE addressed a meeting of his constituents on the subject of the present political situation.

MR. PENNYWISE said that no thinking man could regard affairs at this hour without a feeling of the greatest apprehension. The only chance for the country was an immediate change of Ministry. The present Cabinet was composed entirely of monsters. The PREMIER was a very caricature of wickedness in its most hateful form. (Cheers.) He went out of his way to do silly and malicious things. He sacrificed fame, ambition, patriotism,

respectability to his intense love for naughtiness of the most childish and mischievous character. As for his colleagues they were imbeciles—(laughter)—he might say a pack of stupid donkeys—(renewed laughter)—idiots, in fact. So was the PREMIER. He was the biggest idiot of the lot. (Roars of laughter.) They had been told a great deal about our Foreign Policy. What did we want with a foreign policy? (Cheers.) Would a foreign policy give us an additional twopence a day for beer? ("No! No!") Would a foreign policy renovate the town pump, when that great local monument required to be repaired? ("No! No!") Would a foreign policy do good to any one living in Mudborough, or Slocum-super-Mare? (Cheers.) He (MR. PENNYWISE) would far sooner have a plate of meat and potatoes than the finest foreign policy in the world! (Loud applause.) It was nonsense to talk of the responsibilities of England. Who cared for any one living outside a radius of five miles? (Cheers.) Or, to put it more plainly, who cared twopence for the comforts of his next-door neighbour? (Enthusiastic applause.) "Every man for himself!" was his motto; and he thought it a very good one. (Cheers.) Why should they spend money upon India? Why should they attempt to prevent slaughter and massacre in foreign parts? (Cheers.) So long as the widows and orphans did not come upon their parish for relief, what did it matter to them? (Loud cheers.) In conclusion, he must declare, that although he regarded the House of Commons with great respect, he held another body of men in far greater esteem. The body of men to whom he referred took a far juster view of the responsibilities of rulers than his colleagues in Parliament. They acted invariably in the proper spirit, and their patriotism assumed sensible limits. He only wished that they could change places with the Legislators of Westminster. If such an alteration could be made, Mudborough would be wealthier, and England would become a different country! ("Name! Name!") Of course the body of illustrious persons to whom he alluded were that noble, that sensible, that economical, that self-respecting band—the Members of the Local Vestry.

The Right Honourable Gentleman then resumed his seat amidst thunders of the most enthusiastic applause.

On the same evening Colonel the Honourable ALGERNON POUNDFOOLISH addressed a meeting of his constituents.

The Honourable and Gallant Member said, that no thinking man could regard affairs at this hour without a feeling of the greatest apprehension. The only chance for the country was the maintenance in power of the present Ministry. The PREMIER was the noblest Englishman that had ever illuminated the page of history. (Cheers.) There was something marvellous in his abnegation of self, his far-sighted and penetrating patriotism. As for his colleagues they were a band of statesmen in the purest sense. On the other hand the leaders of the Opposition were dolts. (Laughter.) He might say duffers—probably he might say "jackasses," were it not un-Parliamentary, but it was the right word in the right place for all that. (A laugh.) He wished he could exclude Mr. GLADSTONE

and Lord HARTINGTON from the title, but he couldn't. (Renewed laughter.) They had heard a great deal about a home-policy. (Cheers.) What did they want with a home-policy? Home was safe to look after itself. Was BRITANNIA such an old woman that she dared not show her face abroad. Were we tied to our wives' apron-strings? ("No, no!") One fair knock-down blow delivered straight from the shoulder was worth all the milk-and-water in the world. (Loud applause.) It was monstrous to talk of the British Lion as if he were a well-bred animal exhibited in a cage at the Zoological Gardens. When the British Lion's beard was pulled, he kicked. (Cheers.) But he would not allow himself to be kicked by anyone. (Enthusiastic applause.) Everybody was insulting us, and we would not be insulted. ("No, no!") They insulted us because they thought we were afraid—we were not afraid. (Long-continued cheering.) We knew how to fight, and would fight as soon as look at them. (Cheers.)

The Honourable and Gallant Member then resumed his seat amidst thunders of the most enthusiastic applause.

## DESECRATION OF A GOOD OLD DAY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"IN great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fail," as I failed in trying to blow up the heretical "House of Lords, the King and all his Ministers." In default of any due observance of my anniversary in a serious spirit by the proper parties, I have been well content to be borne about, as I used to be, in a mock procession on a *sella gestatoria*, and finally burnt in effigy. I was thus, at any rate, commemorated as an historical hero—call me what anybody might. But for some years past I have been gradually sinking into neglect and oblivion. For a long while, through the invention of "lucifers," I have been shorn of my tinder-box and matches. On many occasions I have been chaired under the form of some unpopular Minister, or other personage, obnoxious to the British Public, and only now and then so dignified as a Pope or a Cardinal. Now, at last, I have altogether fallen upon evil days. My yearly festival has come to be perverted to unmeaning purposes of simple jollification. On the Fifth of November lately past, for instance, as you read at breakfast the other morning:—

"At Dorchester a fund of £500—towards which Lord ARLINGTON and Mr. BRYMER, M.P., were liberal subscribers—had to be raised, and there was a magnificent procession of two hundred Guys, each gorgeously arrayed, and carrying aloft a lighted torch. The King of the Fiji Islands, the Duke of Ditchwater, Sinbad the Sailor, Marwood, the Ameer of Cabul, the Convict Orton, and Cetewayo, were among the characters represented."

What have any of the abovenamed personages done to deserve the name of "Guy"? As for SHERE ALI and CETEWAYO, they were merely foreign enemies, who had never distinguished themselves by any enterprise like mine, and neither of whom suffered martyrdom. What have the King of the Fiji Islands and the Claimant in common with me? What has MARWOOD to do with one who was hanged, drawn, and quartered above 273 years ago? All this is bad enough; but still worse is the presentation as "Guys," of such dummies as the *Duke of Ditchwater* and *Sinbad the Sailor*. I regard this as a base endeavour to snuff me out, by insinuating that I am no better than a merely mythic or fictitious character. Mr. Punch, it is my proud boast that I am a Reality. The boys, in better times, used to sing about the streets that they saw no reason why Gunpowder Treason should ever be forgot; but, alas! I now see too much reason to fear that it very soon will be forgotten, unless something is done to rehabilitate in his time-honoured tatters

Your poor old friend,

GUY FAWKES, *Incendiary and Martyr*.

P.S.—As to fireworks and bonfires, I have become a mere excuse for a flare-up.

## Ex Nihilo Nihil.

WHAT "Tap the Porte," Sir HENRY? 'Tis unkind  
Thus to mock British Bondholders' dry throattles!  
The more you "Tap," the more you're sure to find  
There is no Porte—only the empty bottles!





"THERE'S A DIVINITY DOTH HEDGE," &c.

Juvenile "Scold." "YER NASTY LITTLE THING! IF YER FATHER WASN'T A P'LICEMAN, I'D SMACK YER!"

#### A RAAL LUMINARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As I know you are interested in the cause of Education, as well as in everything which concerns the weal of our down-trodden country, I send you the subjoined extract from the *Clare Independent and Tipperary Catholic Times* of November 8th, which will, I hope, convince you that the "Island of the Saints" is now, as it has ever been, in the van of intellectual progress.

Yours, AN IRISH PATRIOT.

**E** DUCATION, Elementary, Intermediate, Collegiate, and University.—Mr. R., Visiting Tutor, Teacher of the Greek, and Latin Classics, and of the French, Italian and English Languages. Youth instructed from the earliest elements of the English language, through all the gradations of Intermediate, Collegiate, and University Education, qualifying them for the Competitive Examinations for all Civil, Naval and Military appointments.

The French language of which Mr. R. possesses a most critically accurate Pronunciation as to its Elisions, Intonation and Modification of voice, he teaches with that graceful Undulation of sound which particularly characterises a well-bred Parisian. Let it not, therefore, be inferred that it is French as it is usually taught by uneducated Governesses, and by many of those Illiterate Foreigners, with their Grammaires, Vocabulaires, and Indispensables, &c., &c.

Besides being the Literal Translator of a number of MOORE's most popular melodies and other Songs into Greek, Latin, French and Italian of the same Metrical Composition and Rhythmical harmony as the originals, and which, therefore, can be sung and played to the same airs, Mr. R. can also produce numerous escapades of his own composition in the way of hymns, songs, &c.

In evidence of what Mr. R. here states of himself, he can produce the written testimony of the most exalted in rank, the most dignified by profession, and the most eminent in learning of all religious denominations in this kingdom.

A series of adult evening classes will also be opened of which due notice shall be given. N.B.—Mr. R. purposes publishing a series of his letters of correspondence with parties of distinction in high literary circles, as time and space will hereafter permit.

#### Quoth the Kurfürst.

"I notice that a rather prominent portion of the German press takes delight in running down the English Navy."—*Daily News Berlin Correspondent.*

"BETTER than that that a prominent portion of the German Navy should take delight in running down each other."

#### THE NEW GENONE.

AN EPIC FRAGMENT.

(With Apologies to the Poet Laureate.)

O BRITISH Public, many-faded public,  
Queer British Public, harken ere I die!  
It was the bright forenoon: one silvery cloud  
Had with soft sprinkle laid the gathered dust  
Of Mayfair. To the studio they came.  
Scant-robed they came before the Camera.  
And at their feet was laid a carpet fair,  
Lemon, and cinnamon, and ghostly grey,  
Purple, and primrose. And the artist rose  
And overhead the swift spring-curtains drew  
This way and that in many a subtle shift  
For fine effect of light and shade, and placed  
Background of statuary and drooping boughs,  
With cloud and curtain, tower and portico.

O British Public harken ere I die!  
I heard great Heré. She to Paris made  
Proffer of popular power, public rule  
Unquestioned, an elastic revenue  
Wherewith to buoy and back Imperial plans,  
Honour (with Peace) she said, and tax and toll  
From many a Place of Arms and haven large,  
And Scientific Frontiers, and all else  
That patriotic potency may crave;  
To all most welcome, seeing men in power  
Then only are like gods, having attained  
Rest in "another place," and quiet seats  
Above the tumult, safe from Dissolution,  
In shelter of their great majority.

O British Public harken ere I die!  
She ceased, and Paris held the golden fruit  
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power  
Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where she stood  
Somewhat apart, her straight and stately limbs  
Uplifted, and her aspect high, if cold.  
The while above her full and earnest eye  
Over her firm-set mouth and haughty cheek  
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"Unselfishness, high honour, justice clear,  
These three alone give worth to sovereign power.  
Yet not for power (power of itself  
Is a base burden) but to hold as law  
The fiat high, 'Be just and do not fear,'  
And because right is right to follow right,  
With a serene contempt of consequence."

And Paris pondered, and I cried, "O! Paris,  
Give it to Pallas!" But he heard me not,  
Or hearing, would not heed me. Woe is me!

O! British Public, many-headed Public,  
Crass British Public, harken ere I die!  
Audacious Aphrodite, beautiful  
Fresh as the purple hyacinth's rain-washed bells,  
With soft, seductive fingers backward drew  
From her bold brow and bosom her long hair  
Auricomous, and bared her shining throat  
And shoulder; on the carpet her small feet  
Shone lily-like, and on her rounded form,  
Between the shadows of the studio blinds,  
Shifted the cunning "high lights" as she moved.

O! British Public, harken ere I die!  
She, with a subtle smile in her bold eyes,  
The herald of her triumph, well assured,  
Half whispered in his ear, "I promise thee  
The negative of my next photograph!"  
She spoke and laughed, I shut my eyes in fear,  
And when I looked, Paris had not the apple.  
And I beheld great Heré's angry eyes  
As she withdrew from forth the studio door,  
And I was left alone within the place!

#### THE WHEEL WITHIN OUR WHEELS.

LORD B.'s proposed motto for JOHN BULL, "*Imperium et Libertas.*" What would he say to "*Imperium in Imperio*?"



"A GREAT GUILDHALL CRACKER."

"He Won it Well, and may he Wear it Long."

"The QUEEN has been pleased to confer upon Captain EYRE MASSEY SHAW the distinction of the Order of the Bath, Civil Division, in recognition of his services as Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade."—*Gazette*.

*Punch* takes off his cap to Captain SHAW, C.B. Never was distinction better earned. If there had only been an order of the Fire-Engine as well as of the Bath! May he come to the Garter at last—in graceful allusion to the hose!

WARFARE OUT OF PLACE.—A Naval Battle in the Pacific.

Barons of Old and Barons To-day.

Two Barons big of Beef grace the Lord Mayor's Guildhall feast, One installed high in the West, one installed high in the East. Other Barons bold we've banished, and banished they remain: With these Guildhall Barons only 'tis "cut, and come again."

BY A BEAST OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

WHAT is the difference between the Male Clerks at St. Martins-le-Grand and the Female Clerks at the Branch Offices? The one have "Manners" among them; the other have none.

## THE ABSTRACT LORD MAYOR.

(From "The Nine" on the Ninth.)

Ho for London's majestic Lord Mayor!  
Who abides evermore in the Chair,  
Serene and sublime,  
The Lord Mayor of all time,  
The Ideal, the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Of Lord Mayors he's th' essential Lord Mayor,  
From the time first such officers were,  
Lord Mayor Absolute he,  
From all accidents free,  
Unconditioned and Abstract Lord Mayor!

In the Abstract he feasts on good fare,  
With the Concrete beyond all compare,  
Turtle-soup thick and clear,  
An Entity dear

To even an Abstract Lord Mayor!

When his form to imagine we dare,  
To our minds we don't picture it spare;  
Large the waist round about,  
As 'twixt portly and stout,  
We conceive of the Abstract Lord Mayor!

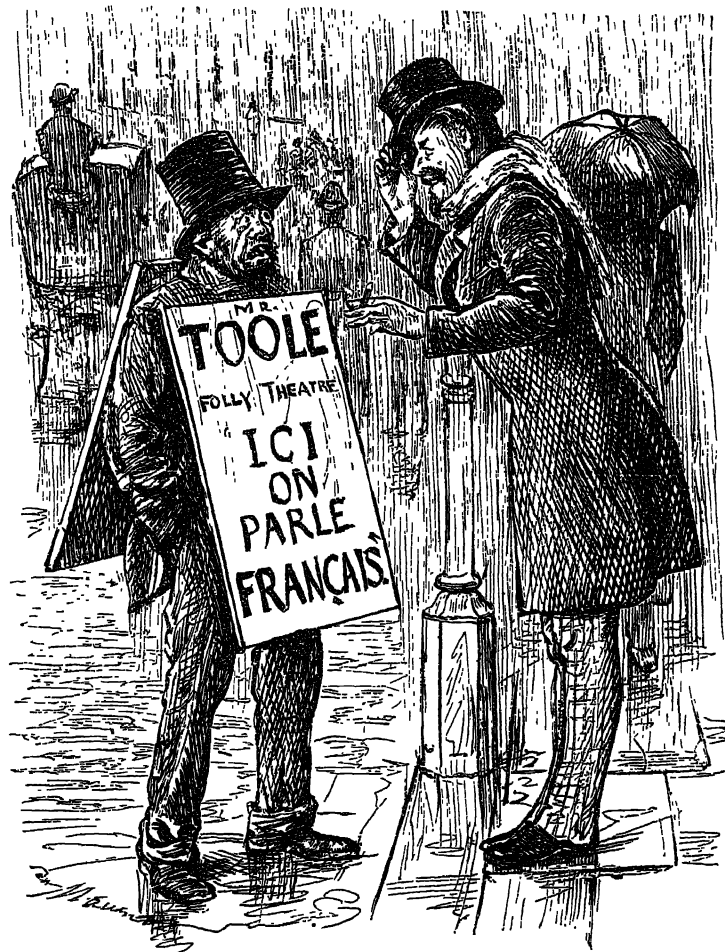
Peers and Princes the common lot share;  
Flesh and blood will succumb to life's wear;  
But so long as Time flies,  
The Lord Mayor never dies—  
That is, not the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Abstract Kings may exist here and there,  
But a fig for them people don't care.  
Abstract Sultan and Pope  
For their sway have no scope  
Like the sphere of the Abstract Lord Mayor!

Upstanding, with all our heads bare,  
Let us drink the Ineffable Pair;  
Here's a health to the Twain  
As one monarch who reign—  
The Concrete and the Abstract Lord Mayor!

## Demand and Supply.

No wonder there is the tremendous activity in trade in Chemicals proclaimed at the Guildhall dinner, with the demand for fireworks in high places! There can be no immediate fear of a change of Ministers, or the commerce in Chemicals would hardly be as brisk as Lord BEACONSFIELD declares it is.



## HAPPY THOUGHT!

Puzzled Frenchman. (Aside.) "HA! UN INTERPRÈTE AMBULANT!! QUELLE BONNE IDÉE! (To Sandwich-Man.) PARDON, MONSIEUR TÔLE, MAIS PAR OÙ FAUT-IL PRENDRE, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT, POUR ARRIVER AU MUSÉE DE SOUTTE QUINZINQUETON?"

## ST. MARK'S IN DANGER.

VENICE is the wonder of the world; St. Mark's is the wonder of Venice. For eight centuries that marvellous Byzantine temple has been the glory of the Sea City, for its fair and fantastic art, within and without, its arches, colonnades, and domes, its pillars and vaults, its mosaics and marbles, its dusky splendour of venerable age, and its perennial beauty of everlasting youth.

For eight centuries this Sea-shrine has stood, unharmed in essentials by men or elements. We see it, in a picture of GENTILE BELLINI, as it was in the fifteenth century; and such, in the main, it is still, save for some modernisation of the mosaics.

Time has, indeed, made the fabric even more beautiful, spreading a reverential veil over its fair face, and giving venerable and touching grace to all that has grown old in and about it without ceasing to be beautiful.

Some fifteen years ago irreverent and ill-guided hands first began tinkering at the grand old pile, stripping off old marble to replace it with new, so leaving what looked like an ugly patch on a fine old face. On the south side they have been working even more recently, and the rawness of recent carving jars harshly on the harmonious beauty of the old work, where left as the tender touch of time has left it. So much for St. Mark's without. Within, there has been too much rash dealing with the old mosaics in the way of so-called repair by rude hands, guided by ill-taught, if not irreverent, eyes, little careful to match colour, even so far as was possible between new work and old. In the Baptistery this mischief has gone farthest, as far as the walls are concerned. But "restoration" falsely so-called, has worked still more harm in the pavement of the north aisle, striking the waves of marble into rigidity, and substituting

everywhere dead rule and line for free flow and curve instinct with life.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

They are proposing now to go to work on the West Front!—they are going "to strike at the face"—as CÆSAR recommended his soldiers to do—to mar the beauty which past time has respected, and which of a surety, present time has no power to mend, however much it may have to mar. These rampant "restorers" will have a fine field. There will be mosaics to pick at in the vaults; surface work in stone and marble to patch; capitals to re-cut, and shafts to repolish and replace; in short, there will be the old façade to freshen, as you refresh the face of an ancient beauty, with rouge and pearl-powder, and enamel. And very much what the old beauty's freshened face is to the natural look of reverend and self-respecting age, will the restored West Front of Saint Mark's be to that front as we now see it in the grace of its ancient beauty.

The whole civilised world is bound to protest. Cambridge has already spoken out. Oxford has followed suit. Birmingham has struck in, in the name of industrial England. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has uplifted its voice in a memorial to the Italian Minister of Works. *Punch* adds his *roo-ti-too-it* to this chorus of consternation, and pleads earnestly, in support of the Society, at least for delay and further consideration of the matter—believing, as the Society believe, that "any rebuilding of the façade of St. Mark's Church, any renewal of its beautiful and venerable surface, will be an irreparable misfortune to Art"—that "if there be any unsoundness in the structure, it is within the power of science to restore its stability, without removing a stone or altering an inch of surface," that "if that surface be tampered with, all will disappear for which the façade is now valued, nor will it ever be possible to bring it back again."

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)



**A D L E R ' S WELLS THEATRE.**—Recently re-opened by Mrs. BATEMAN, the seats being somewhat lower priced than at other Theatres,—at, in fact, an *a-ba-ta-man-t*. Sadler's Wells, in olden time, was much affected to tears apparently—by the decrepit old *beaux*, who came to restore themselves with the waters, and to leer at the maidens. This was such a sad proceeding that the place was then

called *Sad-leers Wells*. The history of the family is touchingly romantic. Mr. SADLER was brought up from boyhood as an orphan. One night he had a dream, in which he thought that a beautiful winged being appeared to him, and told him to go to the town of Isling—so called from the boyish game of "*I sling*," then much in fashion—where he would find his long-lost father. Young SADLER arose, went to Isling Town, and there he met an aged gentleman, who embraced him affectionately, and informed him that he was Mr. SADLER Senior.

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth ecstatically, as he stood by the ancient fountain, "then, now that SADLER Junior has seen you, he has at last discovered his *Pa*!" The people, by acclamation, at once named the place "*Sadler, His Spa*!"

Their joy knew no bounds, but found lots of springs, and thenceforward The Wells, where people came to be cured of their ills, became a fashionable lounge. Young SADLER made a fortune, and allowed his father so much a week, which caused the old gentleman to go home every Saturday a "*Sadler and a wiser man*." SADLER Junior, was saddled with many cares, and had several hobbies which he never liked anyone to cross. He brought up his boys very strictly, and leathered them for the slightest fault. They could not rebel, as their father was a fine strapping fellow, and it was no good their hiding themselves, as their excellent parent preferred hiding them himself. He left a large sum of money, all in small change, chiefly "*tanners*," and he did not forget to commemorate the vision of the beautiful winged creature, by building the Angel at Islington, and also a theatre, where the wings were displayed to the best advantage on the stage. Sadler's Wells are historic. Here DIBDIN dipped in, and HOGARTH drew the water. Here BRAHAM sang such notes that sounded as if a trumpet used to *bray 'em*, and here first the dramatic genius EDMUND, showed his *keen wit*. Here the original "*Sea-Cook*," T. P. COOKE, blessed his dear eyes, and never played in any piece without a hitch; and here the great clown, who was *Grim-all-day*, was funny all night. The late Mr. PHELPS was so deservedly successful here, by energy and his own self-help, that the Islingtonian proverb ran, "*Heaven Phelps them that Phelps themselves*." Scotch is predominant, just now, as *Rob Roy* is at present the attraction, and friends from the North won't leave without "*Makin' a veesit to Sadler's Wells*,"—and if the Wells are only kept greased, the runs will be certain, and the common weal of Sadler's be assured.

**ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB.**—Only Three Castles tobacco permitted. Everything on the square. Chessmen supplied by Pawn-brokers only. A check once given, can't be changed.

**ST. GEORGE'S HALL.**—Where the well-known GERMAN REED Entertainment is given. St. George's Hall is in Langham Place; and the Entertainment is still known (as that of the Gallery of Illustration, for "*auld Langham syne*." As the Hall is completely in the REEDS' hands, it is now the only place in London which can fairly claim to represent "*REED'S Entire*," though, at the same time, as our friend 'ARRY would say, "*The Aonly REED now there is a 'ALF REED*." They have also a Bishop—the Bishop of St. George's, who is *Primus inter Pares*. Then there is Mr. CORNEY GRAM, who should change his name to Mr. *Piano GRAM*, as the latter is the instrument he plays, and never on the *corney*. In his last new song he has something about Dolls, which everyone, children of all ages, from sixty downwards, says is quite doll-ightful!

**ST. JAMES'S CLUB.**—One of the Clubs dedicated to a Saint, but whether St. James the Greater, or St. James the Less, is uncertain. Perhaps at the East End of London there may be a Burglars' Club appropriately called the "*Jemmy*." But why a Diplomatic Club should be called after St. James of Spain, has puzzled many hagiologists, and several waggy-ologists too. Spain being the country of onions and oranges, the dedication would have been intelligible had it been the Aromatic Club instead of the Diplomatic, where Scotchmen could be eligible, on condition of their keeping up a touch of Gaelic, or Garlic, in their conversation. Having applied to the Club porter for information, our rip-porter (who really can't be depended on) informed us that, to his question, "*Why is this called the St. James's?*" he received the answer, "*This ain't James's*." From which it may be gathered that he went to the wrong house.

**ST. JAMES'S PARK.**—St. James is certainly to be recognised as the patron of the most fashionable quarter of the town, as he has a street, a club, a park, a church, a theatre, and a palace, all dedicated to him; while St. George has only a street, a church, and a hall in Langham Place. The Park is celebrated as being the favourite resort of CHARLES THE SECOND, who was always hiding up in the trees, and feeding the ducks. One of the ducks was called NELL GWYNNE. Here also the game of Mall was played; hence the name of the walk, the Mall, which is not "*Mall*," a *propos*. Here the Horse-Guards turn out daily in detachments, and protect the nursery-maids from the dangers which might arise when the frisky cows near the sweet-stuff booths behold the scarlet jackets of the military. The walk, where these cows and the milk-stalls and sweet-stuff booths are established, is called the *Milky Whey*. The sellers are a very mild, quiet set, presenting rather a cow'd appearance, and the women seem so kindly, that it must be impossible to "*catch a Tartar*" among them, though it is quite possible to find some *Kurds*.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—This property, after passing through many hands, is now in the possession of the Rightful Hare. Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are in it, too, which only shows that Mr. HARE, as the Scotch say, "*Kenn'd all about it*" when he chose them for his allies. They have instituted a picture gallery in the *foyer* with what view, or, rather, with what views, I don't know, not having seen them; for my part, I don't believe that if the Actors don't draw, the Artists will. The House has been beautifully re-decorated, and is so successful, that it may now be fairly hoped that it will never be "*entirely done up*."

**ST. JOHN'S WOOD.**—A pleasant semirural quarter of the town, divided between Lord's and Ladies,—the former never showing so brilliantly as when the grounds are thronged by the fair sex, in breaks, drags, laudaus, victorias, and on their own pretty feet. Here in this quarter occur the most brilliant matches of the season. Here is one of the chief homes of art, where dwell artists, actors, poets, painters, birds of the Wood, who in their little nests agree, and who, as a rule, have feathered their little nests very comfortably.

**ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.**—Talking of nests at St. John's Wood this may be considered as WREN's nest. The Morning Service is held down-stairs, and is called "*Matins*" on account of the "*cocoa-fibre mattins*" used to deaden the sound of feet, while the Evening Service is held in the Whispering Gallery, and is hence called "*Vispers*." Visit the Dome where, for an extra sixpence, the attendant will sing you *Dulce Dome-um*, which has a very fine effect. Go up to the Ball. The Ball has been objected to by thoughtless persons as useless, but that it is not so is evident from the fact of there being so many Canons on the premises. Three Canons are always required to be in readiness for active Morning and Evening Service, but two Canons can always be *let off* at once. On public occasions the LORD MAYOR has by right his own stall, called The Mayor's Nest, the Military are mixed up with the Canons and the sailors sit in the Nave-y part of the building. At one time WREN's Church had lost much of its sacred character, and had become a place of *rendezvous*, or rather of *Wren-day-view*, being a mere show like Madame Tussaud's, or the Crystal Palace. On a *changé tout cela*, or very nearly.

**SALTERS' COMPANY.**—A Company of devotees bound to provide *Psalters* for the Cathedral, but it's *alter'd* now, and spelt differently. Once a year the Company used to give a mystery-play called *The White Horse of the Peppers*.

**SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE** (late "*ASHLEY'S*").—Here the original Battle of Waterloo was fought, here the original *Napoleon Gomersal* tapped his snuff-box, and the Great *Duke* exclaimed, "*Up, Guards, and at them!*" to half-a-dozen supers hidden behind a ground row representing a corn-field. These glorious days are departed. The Wars of the Roses have left only a Thorn behind them—Miss SARAH THORNE—who is at the present moment conducting the theatre. There is no Circus entertainment just now, as this excellent Lady's hobby appears to be simply a well-mounted drama. The Genius of the Ring will no doubt return here about Christmas-time with the Scenes in the Circle, the Military Master, and the evergreen *Mr. Merriman*.

**THE SAVAGE CLUB.**—Their Wigwam is in Covent Garden, and is one of the pleasantest resorts in London for the white man



wishing to smoke the calumet of peace. The Savages belong to various tribes—dia-tribes being excluded. The Chief is the well-known TOMMY HAWK. The walls are hung with the scalps of their enemies whom they have slain when on the war-path. There are among them some "Noble Savages," who have seats in the Upper House. In ordinary life the Savages are kindly disposed. Some of them wear their mocassins in a jaunty fashion, and are ready to exchange various articles for beads, rum, and little round pieces of metal. Several of the leading members paint their faces at night, and disguise themselves fantastically. Their medicine-men are famed for their skill. Before leaving England, it is most useful to obtain from the Savages letters of recommendation to the various tribes in America, with which they are fraternally connected.

### BURNISH YOUR BACKBONES.



DEAR PUNCH,  
I AM proud of my figure, and take pains with it. No wonder I was the other day attracted by a paragraph headed "Burnishing Backbones," in *Design and Work of Nov.* 1. Here it is:—

"BURNISHING BACKBONE.—If you want to burnish your backbone to perfection, you must be prepared to devote some considerable time to it. The way to set about it is first to procure a rough file and an old knife, with which tools scrape off as much paint as you can. Then burn off the remainder by means of a gas-jet and blow-pipe. The next process is that of cross-graining, for which a very fine file and plenty of emery-cloth (two sizes) are only requisite. Wrap the file round with a piece of coarse emery-cloth, then rub it down the backbone with considerable force, taking care not to rub crossways; after which

take another piece of emery-cloth, twist it round the backbone, and twist a piece of tape round that, then pull one end and then the other, so as to cut the grain at right angles. After this cross-graining process is repeated several times, proceed with French paper and whiting, in the same manner, only without a file."

There! I said I took pains with my figure; but think of the pains this sort of treatment would cost me! Well may the writer conclude—"If you follow out these instructions, you will be greatly pleased at the result." One ought to be, after one's backbone has been filed, burned with gas-jet and blow-pipe, and cross-grained with coarse emery-paper, strong tape, and whiting! Isn't it perfectly dreadful! But a girl might be willing to submit to all this for a sufficient result. We all know and act on the rule, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*" But when these tortures have been gone through, how can anybody see that one's backbone has been burnished? And if they could be seen, are burnished backbones so becoming? They ought to be, seeing what one must go through to burnish them.

Yours, dear Mr. Punch,  
POOR LITTLE WASP-WAIST.

### Cantabit Vacuus.

*Pipes the Padishah:*

"THAT blood from a stone hard squeezing gets none,  
All naturalists agree;  
So as hard as he please England's Elchee may squeeze,  
He gets nothing out of ME!

### A QUESTION FOR THE CITY.

COMPLAINT has been made that the Department of Customs is never represented at the Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall. Is this inattention to Customs quite consistent with manners?

### HONORARIUM.

THERE is an advertisement being sent round, headed the "Guinea Jaw." Is it from a young Barrister who would be happy to take a brief marked one-pound-one, and make a speech?

### THE POPULAR CANDIDATE FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD.

(As he ought to be, and is, he flatters himself.)

#### FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

In a few days you will be called upon to record your votes for Candidates for the new School Board. With a feeling which does equal credit to your heads and hearts, you have asked my aid in your selection. I know, my dear friends, that you are anxious that I should represent you everywhere. I think on consideration you will be glad that I should represent you here, and that you may with advantage trust my representation. The London School Board will do its duty if it follows a few simple rules, and you will do your duty if you vote for the Candidates who are likeliest to keep these rules in view. They are:—

1. To obtain the best article at the cheapest price that the best article can be had for. This is an essential condition, since sometimes the cheapest things in the beginning turn out the dearest in the end. Let teachers be really competent, and their salaries will never be unduly high. Keep down expenses by all means, but not at the cost of the children's progress. It is a pity to lose a good ship for want of the ha'p'orth of tar. And the teacher's salary is just the ha'p'orth of tar.

2. To see that the pupils receive the education that is likely to make them best fitted for their future work and way of life. The "three R's" of course for all—and for the girls, plain sewing, and, if possible, a little practical hygiene, and plain cooking besides. Teach the people's wives of the future good husbandry in the use of food, for such good husbandry is great part of good wifery. England is the most wasteful country in the world, and one of the lessons our children have most need to learn is thrift. The health of the body, too, is as important as the health of the mind. So let athletics be encouraged—especially swimming for both sexes, that all may know how to keep their heads above water—a knowledge more essential even to poor than to rich.

3. To avoid unseemly squabbles about unimportant details. "When the cat's away the mice will play," and when the cats are quarrelling they might as well be away. By the magic of education we hope in the end to turn mice and tabbies into a happy family. In the meanwhile the cats must be on the watch, or the mice will be too many for them.

4. When there is a good woman-candidate on your list vote for her. *Ceteris paribus*, a good woman-candidate has at once a claim and a pull in her sex. The woman knows children better and feels for them more than the man, and she is naturally, as well as by housekeeping habit, more sensible of the importance of making the two ends meet—the two ends in this case being economy and efficiency in elementary education.

There, friends and fellow-countrymen, you have my simple words of warning and of wisdom.

You like my programme—short and simple as it is—and wish to elect me? I should be only too glad to serve you. But—usually an unpleasant word, is it not?—I have other things to do of even greater importance to the world at large than filling a seat in the big red house on the Thames Embankment. Still, however disappointed you may be to hear this, do not be discouraged. Failing me, find out the candidates who will endorse my rules, and return them at the top of your respective Polls.

On your heads be it! Do this, and receive the blessing of your faithful friend, critic, and adviser,

85, Fleet Street.

The Eve of the True Feast of St. Scholastica.

PUNCH.

### Reticence and Rhubarb.

It may be that Lord BEACONSFIELD, at Guildhall, laid no undue stress on the increasing export of "chemicals," regarded as an indication of reviving business. Let us hope that not one of these chemicals will prove a drug in the market. But taking drugs as included amongst "chemicals," the PREMIER didn't say a word on a particular drug about which everybody expected some information—Turkey Rhubarb.

### The Good of India.

"WHAT has England done for India?" This question appears to have been satisfactorily answered by the Director-General of Statistics to the Indian Government, Dr. W. W. HUNTER. Perhaps Dr. HUNTER can also furnish some reply to the question, "What has England got by India?" Little more, short-sighted cynics will be apt to say, than gorged livers, grass-widows, chudders, chutney, and curry. Wise men have a different answer.

TAKING A NEW TURN.—It's time to put the screw on the SULTAN, as nobody can screw anything out of him without it.





### A NEW DEFINITION.

*Paul (a most execrable Painter).* "DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GENIUS AND MERE TALENT!—JUST DON'T I, THOUGH! LOOK HERE! IF A FELLOW KNOWS HOW TO PAINT, FOR INSTANCE, AND HE'S GOT PLENTY TO SAY FOR HIMSELF BESIDES, AND LOOKS LIKE A DOWNRIGHT CLEVER, JOLLY, SMART, WELL-DRESSED, WITTY, PLEASANT AND INTELLIGENT CHAP ALL ROUND, HE'S MERRILY A MAN OF TALENT. THAT'S ME!"

*Peter (a more execrable Painter).* "OH, THAT'S YOU, IS IT?"

*Paul.* "YES. BUT IF HE ONLY KNOWS HOW TO PAINT, AND CAN'T SAY 'BOH' TO A GOOSE, AND LOOKS AS IF HE'D JUST BEEN PROMOTED FROM EARLSWOOD TO COLNEY HATCH, HE'S A GENIUS!"

*Peter.* "AH! I SUPPOSE THAT'S ME!"

*Paul.* "YES—IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW TO PAINT!"

### "CHEMICALS."

"I will take one trade, and one trade only . . . and that is our manufacture of Chemicals. That is a branch of our industry which at this moment is so active that the orders which pour in cannot easily be executed."—*Lord Beaconsfield at the Mansion House.*

COURAGE! Though harvests fail and taxes swell,  
Burdens increase, and honour feels infect  
With clinging stains, there's comfort, comfort yet  
In—Chemicals! Hooray! "That blessed word  
Mesopotamia" never surely fell  
With a more soothing calm on senile ears  
Than this last catchword from the cunning lip  
Of the Arch-phraser. "Chemicals!" Ye gods?  
Who prates of deficits or duties shirked?  
Of wide distress or brooding discontent?  
Of wanton wars or greed-warped policies?  
There is one answer, clear, compendious—  
"Chemicals!" Fools, to miss the secret source,  
Sphinx-found at last, of cheer and consolation!  
We saw ye not, sweet angels in disguise,  
Flask-hidden, carboy-covered. Now, we know  
There's safety in sulphuric acid, solace  
In salts and in solutions. "Arsenic,  
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argoile, alkali,  
Cinoper," and a hundred queer-named drugs  
That Rare BEN JONSON'S *Subtle* never knew,  
Our greater *Subtle* sees "in his mind's eye"—  
Where lurks no hint of verdure—sees and sets  
In fair array before the feeding Britons,

For new palladium! We must thank thee, BEN,  
For teaching us that word! "This fellow, Captain,  
Will come in time to be a great distiller—"  
Of moonshine out of cucumber?—Nay, not so,  
Rash ribald!—of Imperial power and splendour,  
From sounding nonsense and smart epigram.  
Where now are the "three profits," triple riddle  
Worthy of Merlin or the triad-mongers?  
Surpassed, dulled, superseded, quite eclipsed  
By—"Chemicals!" Oh, how the tickled tongue  
Turns the sweet verbal morsel daintily!  
A word of "first-rate interest!" There he stands  
Arch-Master of alchemic sleight, full versed  
In distillation and in transmutation.  
"Magic of Patience!" Who should better know  
Its might than he? But there be other charms;  
And as poor dazed *Ophelia* could turn  
"All things to favour and to prettiness,"  
So he to power and popularity  
Makes all things minister, in all things finds  
His—Chemicals! *Aurum potabile*  
May be his aim—the *aura popularis*  
Inflates his bellows; but of genuine gold  
What outcome? Fairy coin that turned to leaves  
Shone passingly, and e'en Imperial glitter  
Hath its brief day of dazzle. But slow Time  
Works sterner transmutation than the tricks  
Of any Cagliostro, solvent that  
Of all base metals, sham supremacies,  
False interests, spurious peaces, pinchbeck honours.  
Truth finds the "chemicals" that test and try,



THE ALCHEMIST;  
OR, "THE MAGIC OF PATIENCE!"



In spite of *Subtle's* shifts or *Face's* flourish,  
Though phrase-fogged *Druggers* shout, and e'en the tongue  
Of tickled humour finds it hard to grudge  
The patient Alchemist the praise of skill,  
The bold *farceur* his tribute of—a laugh!

### A REALLY LIBERAL TENANT.



PRECIPITATE MR. PUNCH,  
I SEND you two extracts  
from letters of an oppressed  
Irish Tenant, now owing five  
years arrears of rent, at £13 a  
year. No. 1 was sent after the  
poor fellow had applied for re-

duction of rent. No. 2 is his answer to his cruel landlord's offer of forgiveness of the arrears and a small sum in hand for quiet possession:—

No. 1 (October).

"I don't mean to put you to any trouble or expense in the matter. . . My original rent was far too high; no one could pay it." Part of the land being "acres of that real bad land situated—" &c., &c.

No. 2 (November).

"Would you allow half the arrears, and then let me sell my good-will to a suitable tenant?"

And these are the men who are called unreasonable! I blush for my class, when I subscribe myself,

Dear Punch,

AN IRISH LANDLORD.

### GLORIOUS NEWS!

*A Fragment of Political Romance.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
THE Cabinet Council was over. The Ministers rose with whitened faces. The Indian Secretary lay in a swoon with his head in a waste-paper basket. No one heeded him. The First Lord of the Admiralty was doing steps of the hornpipe by himself in a corner. Thus he mastered hysterics. The other Ministers crumpled up large sheets of official blotting-paper absently between their fingers, as they looked out into the park shivering. All felt the crisis was at hand, and cowered. All—except the Premier. He alone stood erect. "The Duke will come to the City Banquet, then?" He spoke to his Secretary.

"He will say Lord, though at some personal inconvenience."

The youthful speaker withdrew with a bow. The Prime Minister looked keenly at his colleagues.

"Gentlemen," he said, passing his hand thoughtfully across his brow, "there is nothing before us but a blaze. The Duke will light it. He will express his usual after-dinner conviction that the

British Army is prepared to march anywhere to-morrow, at five minutes' notice, and Europe will be kindled. I almost regret a fresh flare so soon; but the Elections are ahead,—and I can hit on nothing better. We are agreed?"

There was a low affirmative wail. Then the thirteen greatest men in England parted without another word.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The carriages have been setting down their distinguished occupants at the gate of the great City Banquet Hall. Slowly and with heavy tread some of the most illustrious guests of the evening have tottered up the richly felted stairs. The chief official in charge of the hats has looked after them wistfully. He has been here for many a night, but has never yet seen a sight like this. "The Ministers are extremely depressed and unhappy!" he has murmured to himself.

He is right. They are. But a cheery step recalls him to his duties. A bright, bounding figure, jubilant with good humour, passes him, taking the stairs lightly three at a time. There is no mistaking this joyous apparition. It is the Prime Minister.

He has approached his colleagues now. They are huddled together, helpless, on a Persian rug. He goes up to them with the air of a conqueror. "Good news!" he cries, triumphantly. "I have good news! It is peace—not war! We have a new front. We shan't want the Duke to-night. He isn't coming!"

A sigh of intense relief has broken from the now flushed Ministers, but they can say nothing. They can only shake hands all round in grateful silence.

"Yes," continues their chief, brightly, "we shall have no blaze—but an announcement! You stare? I tell you, Gentlemen, Afghanistan, South Africa, Turkey, BISMARCK, the Deficit—everything, will be merged in one glorious bit of news!"

The Ministers hesitate no longer. They give a ringing cheer. The Lord Mayor hears it five rooms off, and is startled. But the Premier continues—

"Yes, Gentlemen," he says, "enjoy your turtle, and have no fear for the future, for I have a glorious announcement to make—one that will calm the country and give us life—aye—for another twelvemonth!"

His colleagues can not cheer now. They are trembling with excitement.

"Yes," they ask together, in husky chorus, "you are going to announce——?"

The Premier looks at them exultingly for a moment. Then, in a sweet, clear treble, he tells his golden secret. "I am going," he cries, "to announce an increase in the demand for chemicals?"

### AN ALPHABETICAL INSECT.

GERMANY is announced to have been invaded by an enemy fit to rank, as a destroyer of the fruits of the earth, with the *Phylloxera vastatrix* and the Colorado Beetle. This noxious new-comer is a sort of larva that preys upon the sugar-beet, of which the crops, especially in Saxony and Hanover, are said to have suffered from its ravages severely. It is described as the Caterpillar of the Gamma Moth; but, considering that its speciality consists in devouring beet, some nomenclators would prefer to term it the Beta Moth. At a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Beet Sugar Industry, at Halle—

"Among the best means of exterminating the pest, the caterpillar machine was greatly approved."

At the approaching bucolic and georgic exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, the inquirer will perhaps be enabled, for the first time, to inspect a caterpillar machine.

It is worthy of remark that, on the occasion above referred to—

"Among the greatest natural enemies of the insect the starling and the sparrow were especially mentioned."

Make a note of this, you whom it chiefly concerns, and remember that sparrows and starlings are useful for extirpation of a great many other mischievous insects, besides the caterpillar of the Gamma or Beta Moth. British farmers and gardeners, protect your feathered benefactors, instead of proscribing, persecuting, and endeavouring to render their species extinct.

### A PAIR OF DRAWERS.

"THIS is the Jew that SHAKESPEARE drew."

Of MACKLIN's *Shylock* critics once could say;

"THIS is the Jew that London drew,"

Of IRVING's *Shylock* holds as true to-day.

### WHAT "THE WREATH" HAS COME TO.

THE brows of Lord BEACONSFIELD at Madame TUSSAUD's. *Punch* said it would, and it has.



## ELUCIDATION!

*Rector's Wife.* "How do you do, Mr. Wiggles? We have not seen you at Church lately! Have you been away?"

*Mr. Wiggles.* "Yes, Mu'm, I've been a-visitin' my old 'Aunts at Manchester, Mu'm."

*Rector's Wife.* "Really! I hope you found the old Ladies quite well."

*Mr. Wiggles.* "I didn't say my Harnts, Mu'm—I said my old 'Aunts—revisitin' the 'Aunts o' my Youth, you know, Mu'm!"

## SOCIAL ILLUMINATION;

OR, SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

SCENE—A central metropolitan thoroughfare on the night of a General Illumination. Orderly Crowd in motion. Enter a Born Briton, with his better half and daughter, accompanied by Favourably-impressed Foreigner.

*Favourably-impressed Foreigner (halting before a gas-star).* Ah, mais c'est magnifique! Voilà ce que j'admire! It is your independence! Each 'ouse shall light 'imself up!

*Born Briton (with pride).* Yes, Mossos, there's no use denying it,—we're ahead of you in these kind of things. Your *Shongs Eleesay Show* is all very well, but it ain't spontaneous like this. And then look at the crowd! Why, a child could manage 'em!

*Favourably-impressed Foreigner.* How zey are bons enfants! I admire so much your JOHN BULL in ze street. Heis quitele 'igh-life gentlemen! I do not even perceive one of dose excellent policemen. (Enter Policeman X. with a rush.) Ah! Sapristi! Qu'est que c'est donc?

*Policeman X. (wedging Favourably-impressed Foreigner, his party, and Orderly Crowd tightly between lamp-post and adjacent area-railings).* Now, stand back, will yer? (Turns round, extends both arms, and reclines on them.) Furth-er back! Furth-er back!

*Born Briton (compressed).* This is infamous! Where are the police?

*Mrs. Born Briton (more compressed).* Police! Oh! Hoy! somebody, or I shall be killed! (Compression increases.) Oh, dear!—and ANGELINA—Oh!

*Angelina.* Well, I'm sure,—oh, you horrid man!

[Receives half of an impromptu backward lunge from Policeman X.]

*Favourably-impressed Foreigner (receiving the other half).* Ah! mon Dieu! But are we, den, brigands, that he boxe us in the chest

like dis? Pardon, Mademoiselle!—permit me— (Struggles forward.) Ha! You assault me for nosing! But I go to take your letter! [Studies his collar.]

*Policeman X.* Who are you a-talking to? Just you stand back, can't yer? 'Ow d'you think 'Ansoms is to git by, with you a-shovin' in the road like this? Stand back—I tell yer! (Assists him to do it.)

*Favourably-impressed Foreigner.* But it is infams! Mon Dieu! I tell you I sall to— [Is hustled into midst of Orderly Crowd.]

*Orderly Crowd (sportively).* Now, then, Mossos, where did you 'ave your 'air cut last? Go 'ome, and git your tea, will yer? Take away his 'at. Yah!—easy now!

[Favourably-impressed Foreigner is carried off his legs, and swayed helplessly to and fro for some minutes.]

*Born Briton (jammed face to face with the area-railings).* This is disgraceful! A set of ruffians, too, who—

[Has a handful of wet flour clapped on to his mouth.]

*Mrs. Born Briton (terror-struck).* Good gracious! ADOLPHUS! Help! They're choking him! Police! Help! Police! (Receives the contents of a bagful of the same, dry, on the top of her bonnet.) Oh! Thieves! Help! I can't see! Help!

[Relapses into hysterics.]

*Orderly Crowd (good-humouredly).* Take away the old 'oman's brandy-bottle! Lock'er up! Yah!

*Angelina (hustled ten feet off).* It's disgraceful! The cowards! Oh, if I were only a man!

*Orderly Crowd (gallantly).* Brayvo! Wouldn't you give it somebody 'ot? Tip the young lady a gobful? [She is blinded with mud.]

*Favourably-impressed Foreigner (regaining his feet by a gigantic effort, and struggling towards her).* Brutales! Lâches! Courage, Mademoiselle! I sall to protect you! But these men, are they den beasts? It cannot be dat dey are Anglische!

*Orderly Crowd.* Ain't we, though? We'll soon show yer!

[They squirt a pint of dirty water into his eyes, and playfully smash his hat flat on his head as Scene closes.]



## NO TYRANNY!

THE members and adherents of the United Kingdom Alliance at Peterborough and thereabouts, impelled by a happy thought, invited the Dean of PETERBOROUGH to take part in a meeting held in that town on Wednesday last week, in favour of "local option." According to request, the Dean appeared on the Temperance Platform, and thence delivered an address on the side of genuine sobriety.

"He did not wish to appear there under false colours. He agreed with the previous speakers as to the awful consequences of drunkenness, and he believed that total abstinence was the only cure for the habitual drunkard. There he must stop; he could not go one atom further. He was not a total abstainer himself. He had tried it three times, and he believed if he had not taken stimulants, as his medical attendant told him, he should not have been there speaking to them then. He did not admit the necessity for every one to be a total abstainer, and could not admit what he believed to be an absolutely false principle, that the abuse of drink was an argument against its use. They might just as well say that the polygamy of the Turk was an argument against marriage as that the abuse of drink was an argument against its use. . . . He did not like to be tyrannised over by a majority, and he would resist it to the death. . . . The Dean was frequently cheered."

Perhaps the parties who cheered the Very Reverend and Very Reasonable speaker were disciples of Sir WILFRID LAWSON converted by the Dean of PETERBOROUGH's just remarks from compulsory teetotalism. The rest would do well duly to reflect on the Dean's declaration that "he did not like to be tyrannised over by a majority, and he would resist it to the death." A tyrannical majority is to the victims of its tyranny a collective tyrant just as detestable as an individual despot; and who that, scorning to be a slave, would resist the one to death, would not, to the best of his ability, with all his might and main, resist the other?

NEW RAILWAY OPERA, LIKELY TO HAVE A LONG RUN.—*Pullman Car-men.*



## A HINT.

"OH, MAMMA, DID YOU SEE THOSE PRETTY FLOWERS IN THAT CONSERVATORY? I WISH YOU'D BUY ME ONE!"

"IT WOULD FADE BEFORE YOU GOT HOME, DARLING."

"WOULD IT? NOW, BUNS DON'T FADE, MAMMA?"

## LAMP-LIGHT ON STREET-NAMES AND HOUSE-NUMBERS.

THE *Graphic* echoes *Punch* on the nuisance of unlighted street-names and house-numbers; and *Punch* is glad, in his turn, to echo the *Graphic*.

A recent writer in that journal graphically describes a wretched being driving to dinner, after dark, in an ill-lighted suburb, cursing and catching a catarrh from craning out of his cab-window to roar at the driver; or on foot, on a rainy, gusty night, getting his umbrella blown inside out, himself blown up by indignant parlour-maids and flunkeys for knocking at wrong doors in his blind wanderings in search of the right house, and finally reaching his destination, drenched, dirtied, and in a mood the reverse of festive. Who has not stood as the model for this painful picture?

Why has the patient Londoner still to wait, after *Punch* has called again and again on Vestries and District Boards to paint the names of streets and numbers of houses on the street-lamps, that those who ramble in this ever-growing chaos of London may read their whereabouts by night as well as by day? The nuisance is serious, its removal is cheap and easy. There is no vested interest, even, in the way. Why is the thing still to do when London wants it and *Punch* has said "Do it" several times?

## CONTRASTS.

(Picked up in the City during the Lord Mayor's Show.)

A MONDAY Popular.—MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

A Monday Un-popular.—SIR CHARLES WHETHAM.

## THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, addressing the Leicester Liberals the other day, informed them that—

"He rejoiced to think the end of the bad dream was approaching. The handwriting was upon the wall."

The end of the bad dream may be approaching, and at Leicester, possibly, the handwriting is indeed upon the wall. But in and about London, at any rate, there is no handwriting on the wall, nor is it possible that there can be any. There is, in fact, room for none. Every space upon which handwriting might once have been chalked, is occupied by enormous posters and monstrous, horrible, and hideous illustrated advertisements headed by all manner of staring caricatures in glaring colours. The bill-sticking on the wall has effectually ousted the handwriting.

## A Sign of the Times.

WE read how, in hard times, men may be found in China to sell themselves for execution. But what must times be in Manchester when people are asked to sell their own bodies for sausage-meat. Yet this is what we find in the *Guardian* of a few days ago:

**T**O SAUSAGE-MAKERS.—WANTED, a respectable MAN to make own meat into first-class sausages, at once.—Apply, &c.

And yet a heartless Premier can talk about the revival of trade!

VESTIGIA RETROSUM FOR ONCE (for the Russians in Central Asia)  
—A Steppe backwards, from Geok Tépé to Tchikislar.

## STARTLING REVIVALS OF THE FITTEST.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Lord Beaconsfield.)



THE following letters have been received at 85, Fleet Street, during the last week:—

Nov. 11, 1879.

RESPECTED SIR,  
We have been very much struck by the announcement of the Right Hon. Earl BEACONSFIELD at the Guildhall Dinner that trade is reviving. From our own personal observation during the last five years, we can verify the assertion of his Lordship.

Before 1870 the use of artificial hair by Ladies, except in the shape of fronts for elderly parties, was almost unknown, and now we sell fringes, curls, &c. by tons. We may add that the commerce in *blanc de perle*, hair-restorers, rouge, &c., &c., has also shown a very promising increase during the past three seasons. We inclose our price list, and remain

Your grateful and obliged Servants,  
FUZZLE AND FRIZZELL,  
Perfumers, &c., &c.

The Youthrestorium, Piccadilly, W.

HONOURED SIR,

12th Nov. 1879.

In the hurry of the moment Lord BEACONSFIELD at the City Banquet evidently forgot to allude to one branch of industry which of late has been progressing by leaps and bounds. We allude to the sale of tooth-picks.

Your obedient Servants,  
The Lounge,  
CRUTCH, SMICK, & Co.  
(Next door to the Frivolity Theatre, S. W.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

13th Nov. 1879.

I ADMIRE Lord BEACONSFIELD; I do, upon my word. He is one of us, and we are proud of him! Oh! he is a beautiful man, Mr. Punch, he is indeed! There! I never saw such a man! So clever! so sharp! so cute! don't you know. Oh! he is a beautiful man, Mr. Punch, he is indeed!

And he is so truthful! I would as soon believe him as my own brother, Mr. Punch! Sooner, for AARON for *always* to be trusted, Mr. Punch. I do believe AARON would sell his own mother, Mr. Punch, I do indeed! He has no feelings, no sentiments! But he is a beautiful man for all that! Well, as I have already said, I would as soon trust Lord BEACONSFIELD as my own brother. There! Look at that, Mr. Punch! Oh, I have great confidence in Lord BEACONSFIELD, I have indeed!

But I don't think Lord BEACONSFIELD has been quite accurate about the revival of trade. He mentioned chemicals, but he ignored one industry which has been increasing beautifully. I mean the discounting of Promissory Notes. In all my experience (and I have been in the trade, man and boy, for over fifty years), I have never known "paper" so plentiful as it is just now. The money flowing into the Exchequer from Bill Stamps alone must be something enormous! Enormous! It must indeed! But perhaps if Lord BEACONSFIELD had mentioned this industry, it might have brought down the rate of interest, and so might have done harm to the people! Oh yes, Lord BEACONSFIELD is a beautiful man, and never forgets his brethren! We are proud of him, Mr. Punch! Look at that, we are proud of him!

Your real genuine friend,  
MOSES SOLOMON SHYLOCK.

The Hermitage, near the Piccadilly Flats, St. James's.

P.S.—Should you want to introduce a young acquaintance (we always pay very handsome commissions), you had better address the firm by its trading name, GREATERHEART, CHRISTIAN & Co., Professional Philanthropists.

SIR,

November 14th, 1879.

FOR obvious reasons, as a servant of the Government I am obliged to request you to keep my name a secret. Lord BEACONSFIELD at the Guildhall took a very roseate view of the state of trade. He seemed satisfied that the tide had turned, and—thanks to a Conservative Government!—that prosperity was, at last, in store for us.

His Lordship carefully noted the increase in the various branches of industry, but, strange to say, quite overlooked two trades which were never more prosperous than at the present moment. As the supervisor of a great number of hands, I can honestly declare that the greatest possible activity reigns in mat-making and oakum-picking.

Yours very truly,  
A GOVERNOR.

County Gaol, Leamshire.

SIR,

November 15th, 1879.

LORD BEACONSFIELD's remarks at the Guildhall Banquet have filled us with delight. Until we had his Lordship's word for the contrary, we were under the impression that the revival in chemicals was rather due to the war between Chili and Peru and her allies, than the growing prosperity of Great Britain. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the point is settled once and for ever.

We cannot conclude our letter without expressing a hope that the present Ministry may long remain in power. Should Lord BEACONSFIELD resign, the business in our trade would of a necessity languish considerably from the loss of his custom and patronage.

Your obedient Servants,  
The Powder Magazine,  
Ratchiffe Highway,  
SMOTHER AND SPARKS,  
Firework-Manufacturers.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

Over a Government Leader on Lord B.'s Speech at the Mansion House.

It disappoints Liberals greatly (*that's balm!*),  
But we bear it with cool philosophical calm.  
(*Rad Journalists dished to a man—that's a lark!*)  
But need DIZZY have kept us so much in the dark?  
The ways of our Premier none can forecast.  
(*Bumph! that cuts both ways though*). Rememb'ring the past,  
Quidnuncs always look out for surprise when he rises,  
This time the surprise is—he springs no surprises.  
On the voice of our Oracle seldom of late  
Have we seen all the world with such eagerness wait.  
Expecting—well anything save what they got—  
(*My forecast I know was a beastly bad shot*),—  
Not a whisper anent the political crisis,  
(*BEN always will pose as the high-priest of Isis*).  
Dissolution? not he! He avoids the polemical.  
His speech is cool, chatty, consoling, and chemical.  
(*What the deuce, by the way, does he mean by the latter?*)  
Is't like his "three profits," mere ear-tickling chatter?  
On the Liberal ardours and hopes what a damper!  
(*The worst of it is that our pens it must hamper*).  
Not a tip about Turkey. (*He can't have lost sight of it,*  
*If he doesn't throw light on the theme, he makes light of it*).  
Some kudos to LYTTON & Co. We may hint  
We had hopes.—(*Stay! I'd better not put it in print;*  
*But what are his intentions? He's precious vague,*  
*And too much of the Sphinx, after all, is a plague*).  
He's sanguine about our supremacy, very,  
And so makes the Rads mad and Conservatives merry.  
'Twere unpatriotic to question him—(*though*  
*By Jingo! dear BENG, we SHOULD like to know*).  
That Trade is improving 'tis pleasant to hear,  
(*How lucky his speech comes so late in the year!*)  
His hits at Ould Oireland may raise up some clatter,  
(*But, Pat's always howling, so that's a small matter*).  
Though the speech is a fine one—who ventures to doubt it?  
There is more of the guest than the statesman about it;  
A lively ingenious post-prandial display—  
But important? Well, no! (*'Tis dear BEN's little way*.  
*But I must—sotto voce—say one could have wished,*  
*Peroration or none—*) Well, the Rads he has dished,  
And if NORTHGOTE's financial rose-pink will but stick  
(*And didn't the Chancellor lay it on thick?*)  
All yet may be well. Though we may not quite tumble  
To all DIZZY's dodges, we won't (*loudly*) grumble,  
But raise (*spite of hard times, or dark doubts, or signs sinister*)  
Three times three, and one more for our plucky Prime Minister!  
[*Goes resolutely to press—on rose-tinted paper.*]

To BELLY-GERENTS.—Even to steady troops rash 'uns are indis-  
pensable.

PUNCH TO HIS PRINCESS.

Alexandrine Ode for Dec. 1st, 1879.



EIGHT hundred years have passed away  
Since Dane and Saxon joined in fray,  
And HENGST's White Horse to stem the sway  
Of the Black Raven strove.  
'Tis sixteen years since, in fair hour,  
Our Princess left her northern bower,  
To conquer England by the power  
None may dispute, of Love!  
Punch, now as then, her willing slave,  
Welcomes the day's return, that gave  
His Princess birth by Denmark's wave,  
And prays, in verse too mean  
For its sweet subject, God to save  
His Princess, All Hearts' Queen!

What! Sixteen years! It seems but now  
That Fleet Street saw him to her bow—  
Ah me!—he well remembers how  
His heart gave one great thump,  
When o'er that sweet face flashed a smile  
Sweeter than graced the mile on mile  
Of welcome and good will, the while  
Those bright eyes scanned his hump!  
Yes, sixteen years! With you 'twere base  
To hint at years, but that I trace  
Each year new sweetness in your face,  
As if your kind years run  
Each with the gift of some new grace,  
Outdoing what they've done.

'Tis not that Punch—as leal as wise—  
Loves less his QUEEN by closer ties,  
Though she but rarely glads his eyes,  
From Deeside and from Wight.  
“The absent still are in the wrong!”  
So runs a French saw current long;  
But Punch's loyalty is strong,  
Be who will wrong or right.  
So, Sagest Sage to Fairest Fair,  
He cries, “Long live his Princess rare,  
May she be happy—such his prayer—  
And bright years, as you move,  
Bring her no care but how to bear  
The burden of our love!

THEN AND NOW.

OLD STYLE.

SCENE.—Study of a Statesman of the Eighteenth Century. Statesman of the Period discovered finishing his fourth bottle of Port. Enter his Private Secretary, much disturbed.

Secretary. My Lord! in what words shall I couch my tidings?  
Statesman of the Period. Tidings! What tidings? Nay, I must know. (Hic!) What the plague are you fumbling at? Speak out, Sir,—and be d—d to you!

Secretary. My Lord, the Leader of the Opposition has dared to hint a doubt—

Statesman of the Period. Confound it, you puppy! (Hic!) Why do you—(hic!)—hesitate?

Secretary. Because I dread the consequences of my communication, my Lord. The fact is, the noble Leader of the Opposition has dared to express a doubt of your Lordship's veracity!

Statesman of the Period. What, Sirrah—(hic!)—a doubt of my—(hic!)—veracity! Odd's pistols and triggers! (Stagger to his feet, and without a moment's hesitation.) Give me my sword and cloak! Tell him I shall be—(hic!)—glad to have the honour to meet him on the usual ground—behind the ring in Hyde Park!

[Exit to fight a duel.]

NEW STYLE.

SCENE.—Study of Statesman of the Nineteenth Century. Statesman of the Period discovered deep in his third cup of Tea. Enter his Private Secretary.

Secretary. My Lord. I regret to say the Duke has done it again! He is always at it.

Statesman of the Period. If the matter is of consequence, I shall be glad to hear the particulars.

Secretary. He has once more accused your Lordship of uttering a deliberate falsehood.

Statesman of the Period. Has he, indeed! So like him? (After two hours' careful deliberation.) I really think I ought to write to the Times.

[Exit leisurely for the purpose.]

BRIEF HINTS.

PUNCH has seen the announcement of a handy volume, “by a Barrister in Actual Practice,” entitled, *Hints on Advocacy, Useful for Practice in any of the Courts, with Suggestions as to Opening a Case, Examination-in-Chief, Cross-Examination, Re-Examination, Reply, Conduct of a Defence in a Criminal Trial, &c., &c., &c.* He offers his own compendium of such a manual, which, if not suited to superior temples of Themis, will, at least, be good for the County or Police Court.

1. Find out the depth of your client's pocket, and draw your fees accordingly—in advance.
2. Let your Junior Clerk take instructions. (This saves trouble.)
3. Apply for an adjournment, as soon as the case is called. (By this means you will obtain a second fee.)
4. Let the Judge or Magistrate do all the work (they like it); and whenever His Honour (or “Worship,” as the case may be) says anything funny, be convulsed with silent laughter.
5. Say as little as you can yourself, and do not try to be the least clever or witty.
6. Should your client gain his cause, rise and denounce his opponent, and ask for costs.
7. Should he lose it, shrug your shoulders, and tell him he would have been worse off but for you.
8. In any event, send in a bill for further costs, after the case is concluded.

N.B.—By following these instructions you are sure to gain the respect and esteem of your clients and all who may come in contact with you.

Reflection by Sir Wilfrid.

SHAKESPEARE says:—

“Our pleasant vices  
Are made the whip to scourge us.”

This must be especially the case when our pleasant vices take the form of (what an Irishman would call) “lashins of liquor.”

MOTIONS IN ARREST (OF JUDGMENT?)

CLAP hands upon three bellows-blowers  
Of Irish organs,—good!  
But stop the wind that feeds their roars—  
Ah, if we only could!

## A CASUS BELLI; OR, STOPPING THE KABOBS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From a strictly unauthentic Source.)



For several days the *cavasses* of the British Embassy had been busy among the Purveyors of the Palace. At last their work was done. "The supplies to the *Yildiz Kiosk* were cut off. The PADISHAH'S *kabobs* were stopped—at the fountain-head!"

The British Ambassador had been closeted with the SULTAN for a long and apparently tempestuous interview. The assiduous, quick-eared watchers outside the royal sanctum, had more than once caught the manly voice of Sir HENRY high in storm, and the higher treble of the SULTAN running through the whole gamut of remonstrance, from angry protest to helpless wail.

"I must now say farewell, your Excellency," said the SULTAN, in a voice faint from exhaustion. "The reforms you demand are out of the question. They require money, and England will not find me any. Without it, I can do no more than I have done—nothing. By the beard of the Prophet, I can do no more!"

"Your Majesty has heard my summary of the situation," returned the Ambassador.

"A great many times," interrupted the SULTAN, with a sigh.

"The future—nay, the very existence—of Turkey depends upon your decision. My offers are like the Sibylline books—I shall ask more every time you grant me an audience. Pray reflect! Grant me another audience in half-an-hour."

"As you will," replied the SULTAN, feebly, adding, with a melancholy attempt at a smile, "I suppose your Excellency has not such a thing as a bun in your pocket?"

"A bun!" exclaimed the British Ambassador, in surprise.

"No—no—of course you have not!" murmured the SULTAN. "It was but a jest. The Sultanas are fond of buns, and—methought I could have relished one. But, farewell! I will detain you no longer."

As the Ambassador made his bow, he noticed that the SULTAN was stealthily tightening his sword-belt.



### "IN EXTREMIS."

Pat. "DO YE BUY RAGS AND BONES HERE?" Merchant. "WE DO, SURR." Pat. "THIN, BE JABERS! PUT ME ON THE SCHKALES!!"

"Eureka!" cried Sir HENRY, in triumph, as he sprang down the steps of the Yildi Kiosk. "At last I hold the key to the situation! I have the means of bending the stubborn Turk's cast-iron will to any pattern that suits Her Britannic Majesty's Government!"

An hour later the Ambassador was again closeted with the SULTAN. As he entered the Presence, he bowed, and placed something hidden by a cloth on a golden side-table. The Father of the Faithful turned first red, then pale, as he drew a deep inspiration. Then, mastering his emotion under an appearance of indifference, he observed, ravenously, "A savoury odour! 'Tis long since such a smell has greeted our royal nostrils!"

"I am afraid," returned the Ambassador with a smile, "that not only your Majesty, but all in the palace, have of late been on rather short commons!"

"You dare to mock me!" shouted the SULTAN, off his guard. "Dog of a Christian! I believe it was you who stopped my credit at the butcher's!"

"Nay, Commander of the Faithful!" remonstrated the imperturbable Sir HENRY.

"Yes, you!" roared the SULTAN, in a fury. "'Twas only yesterday that the Palace tradesmen *en masse* refused further supplies! Oh! but for one little hour of the bow-string! If I did not fear to raise a European war, by my beard! I would hang every dog of the pack over his own counter!"

Impassive, as with difficulty he mastered a triumphant smile, the Ambassador continued—

"There should be no secrets between us. Your Highness is hungry?"

"Hungry is no word for it," murmured the wretched Monarch; "I am absolutely starving!"

"And yet there is food within your Highness's reach." And the Ambassador artfully raised a corner of the cloth which veiled the mysterious object on the golden side table.

"A most appetising odour!" sighed the SULTAN, after a second deep inspiration, as the moisture exuded from the corners of his mouth. "By the beard of the Prophet! it is more than I can bear! What do you want of me?"

The Ambassador briefly repeated his demands.

Ten minutes later BAKER PASHA had received his appointment as Superintendent of Reforms throughout Asia Minor, Sir HENRY LAYARD was telegraphing to England an account of his diplomatic triumph, and the SULTAN, his sleeves tucked up, and a gold embroidered napkin under his imperial beard, was pitching fiercely into an enormous dish of the most appetising Irish stew.

### Prince Alamayu.

Son of Theodore, King of Abyssinia; taken at Magdala, April 13, 1868.

Died at Leeds (Ward of the Queen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the people of England), Nov. 14, 1879.

Buried, by the Queen's desire, at Windsor, Nov. 21.

POOR RASSELAS! Short thy life, but not unloved,  
And so not sad, let England hope and trust;  
A kind Queen's mother's heart for thee was moved,  
And near her kin finds room for thy dark dust.

From THEODORUS—God of battle's gift,  
To faithful hands thy childhood's care we gave;  
Love by thy death-bed heard thy simple shrift:  
And thou cam'st nearest kingship in thy grave.

### A Correction.

THE Duke of ARGYLL has dared to say in his Leeds Speech that there was not a grain of truth in a recent utterance of the Marquis of SALISBURY at Manchester, about SHERE ALI. The Duke is wrong. Mr. ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE, late Legislative Member of Council, has shown that there *was* a grain of truth in the Marquis's statement . . . just a grain.

APROPOS OF THE IRISH ARRESTS.—If it were as easy to muzzle martyrs as to make 'em!



# "IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS."

"Nor deal in watchwords overmuch."—TENNYSON.



ANOTHER phrase! Not of new mintage—true,  
But borrowed coinage now for BULL will do.  
Poor JOHN! phrase-fogged and bogey-scared so long,  
He needs tongue-trick to teach him he is strong,  
And, changing confidence for bouncing boasts,  
Ruffles all roosts, and thinks he rules all roasts.  
*Imperium et libertas!* How large,  
And how sublime the phrase! From marge to marge  
Of folly's duck-pond how it seems to rise,  
An empyrean—to short-sighted eyes!  
Ample and antithetical the terms—  
Leave scrutiny of sense to drones and worms,  
Parochial pettifoggers, whose poor thought  
By dreams of Empire is not thrilled, nor caught  
Even by sounding Latin scraps and screeds,  
Yet those who test smart *mots* by acts and deeds  
May ask, "*What Empire?*" Roman stretch and sway?  
Or "*the French Cæsar's?*" Where are both to-day?  
"*Queen Bess's?*" Let our later CECIL claim  
With his loose schemes to link her mighty name;  
The Tudor Lioness would grimly smile  
At blind ambition and at blundering guile,  
Fussy diplomacy which wastes its force  
On Empire's outworks, but neglects its source,  
And small *finesse* still peddling in intrigue,  
Entrapped by rival craft, and counter-league.  
"*Ends without means,*" would be a fitter cry  
For shouting dupes of our new Policy.  
"*Empire*"—with small battalions, something strained  
By a slow conquest o'er barbarians gained.  
"*Empire*"—with timorous finance that fears  
By "*cash-down*" claims to check the Jingo's cheers.  
"*Liberty!*"—and they point the oppressor's goad,  
Whilst freedom's sapped at home and snubbed abroad.  
"*Empire and Liberty?*" For all their pother,  
They fear to pay for one or trust the other.  
Not strength in self-control for self-defence,  
But a self-seeking swaggerer's impotence  
Is the true meaning of this catchword cry,  
Hostile to Empire as to Liberty.

## "Vox et Præterea Nihil."

"MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., has been addressing a conference at Swansea, advocating his motion for a mutual and simultaneous reduction of European armaments."

NAPOLEON described History as an old almanack. Modern History is clearly not a *Poor Richard's Almanack*—with Mars and his malign influences omitted.

# HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensianary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

THE SEVEN DIALS.—The one central spot in London where the time of day is kept. The Seven Dials is one of the finest sights—just as the National Gallery was one of the finest sites—in Europe. The Seven Dials are the work of seven renowned mechanicians, known as the Seven Wise Men, who travelled from the East in the very early part of the thirteenth century. Neither the atmosphere, nor the population, of London, was quite so dense as at present, and therefore the Wise Men who professed to "catch the sun's rays on their dials," were considered as benefactors by quite the densest portion of the population, who expected to see the rays caught, bottled, and ultimately used for germinating cucumbers. Seven elegant works of art were then commenced under dedication to St. Giles. But on its being discovered that the sun's rays were not caught, and that the Wise Men required to be remunerated for their labour, the infuriated populace set upon them, and would have burnt them at the stake, where the flames would have been kindled by several volumes of their erudite memoranda called *Dial Logs*, which being uncommonly dry, would have flared up at once. The Wise Men having been sufficiently wise to quit these hospitable shores, never returned, and the materials of the Dials were used for the construction of the same number of superior clocks which now form the ornament of this quarter, preserving the tradition and the name of the Seven Dials. The Dials are wound up twice a-year, i.e., on the thirty-second of February, and the first of April, when crowds assemble to witness this ceremony—one of the most imposing in London. The first idea of Dials came undoubtedly from Egypt; that is, from the Croco-dials. These animals lie basking in the sun, and by their varying attitudes the natives are distinctly able to tell the time of day. Of course even in Egypt, the invention of the modern watch accounts, in some measure, for the disappearance of the Croco-dials, just as the institution of the modern police, instead of the old watch, accounts for the partial disappearance of the thieves who were attracted about this quarter by the Seven Dials, which they one day hoped to succeed in quietly removing. Should this happen even before this paper makes its appearance, the reader will in vain pay a visit to the Seven Dials in the hope of beholding what were and what might be now, and what certainly ought to be, the Seven Wonders of the Metropolis.

SIGHT-SEEING.—*Vide* any Spectacle-Maker. The Managers of our large theatres about Christmas-time are generally the best Spectacle-Makers. All sights can be accommodated at the Crystal Palace. The "nearest sight" depends on where the visitor happens to be residing, or dining. If he has any particular fancy for the shape of his glasses, he can call in at a buffet and take his choice; and if he cannot stand oblong glasses, he can stand "glasses round" to the assembled company.

SKATING CLUB.—Ices of some sort all the year round, lemon water, or cream. No member ever allowed to *walk*, when once inside the Club. On entering, he at once puts on his skates. The porter skates up to him with his letters, the waiter skates up to him with the bill of fare, and the butler skates about, superintending the comforts of the members, handing the pickles, which are "the frozen Chilly,"—signing bills and giving change. The Club is dedicated to St. Katherine. Over the portico are the words, "*S. Kate.*" The Steward who arranges the dinners is here called the Club's *Skaterer*. The invariable fish for the commencement of dinner is Skate, as a matter of course—of second course—and it is washed down with a glass of old *Must-skate-well*, pronounced, shortly, "*Mus'kat'ell.*" The members always sit on the outside edge of their chairs. Serjeant SLEIGH is naturally a member, and if there is any carpenter's work required in the Club, it is done with a sledge-hammer. A beautiful freeze adorns the walls of the Hall, representing the history of a young man, showing how he went out and tried to reap with an *ice sickle*; how it melted in his hand; how he melted into tears; and how, finding himself deserted by an ice-maiden, he ice-olated himself from the rest of the world. In the winter, entertainments are given to the members, chiefly consisting of magic-lantern slides.

SKINNERS' HALL.—A marvellous work of architecture, both for design and execution. It consists entirely of old hints, which have been splendidly skinned by the Skinners' Company, the flint-skins themselves serving for the rugs, carpets, and other coverings required for the hall staircase and reception-rooms. Brotherly love is the bond of union among the Skinners, so that even a Skinner's *kin* is not so near to him as is his brother Skinner. They are very rich, or they wouldn't be the Skinners. If you want to know more about this Company, get hold of a *Skinner* and ask in a friendly way. A necessary qualification for a Skinner is Beauty, in order to keep up the tradition of "*Beauty being only skin-deep.*"

SMITHFIELD CLUB.—Chiefly intended for the show of cattle, but not strictly limited to beasts. Swells, of a certain weight, are admitted

as representing fat old bucks, and one Bishop is, *ex officio*, a member, i.e., "Oxon." The visitor should ask to see the celebrated Sheep-shanks' Collection. When sitting in the window, the members look a little sheepish, on being caught casting sheep's eyes at the pretty girls as they pass. On the bookshelves are BULWER's novel, *Eugene Aram*, *A Black Sheep*, *Lamb's Tales*, bound in calf, and several volumes of the *Use of the Ram in Naval Warfare*, and the *History of Coves in the Isle of Wight*. Its members are only allowed to write with sheep pens. The usual beverage in the smoking-room is oxy-gin. Irish members are eligible if they can show a fair sample of bulls.

**SOANE MUSEUM.**—Like any other museum, it's *built* though called *sown*. It grew with such rapidity that it seemed to have sprung up in a morning, having been *sown* on the previous night. Hence the name, The Sown Museum. At least this is one derivation. Another is, that the eminent architect claimed it as his property, and it being asked in court whose the Museum was, his counsel replied "His *own* Museum." There are some beautiful specimens of the *Omnium Gatherum* to be seen here.

**SOHO BAZAAR.**—A Bazaar where they *sow* *hoes*—but to what particular branch of industry this belongs has not been made sufficiently clear. It may have some connection with the Soane Museum. We await further information. Inside is a very *Soho Bizarre* collection.

**SOMERSET HOUSE.**—A topsy-turvy sort of place, as the name implies.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—Here is the largest loan collection in London. Any one in want of a loan need only apply here, and he will be accommodated on easy terms. No questions asked, except "How will you take it?" And if you can get a fourpenny-bit the better of them, you have only to make a joke about the "*coign* of 'vantage,'" and they will increase it to eightpence on the spot. The Museum is better known as the Cole Mine of Kensington, and there has never been any doubt as to the value of the Cole-lection. There is an Art Training School, where the pupils are brought up on the artfullest principles. In the painting-room, the Art Students are easel-ly admitted, and copy all the forms they see before them (when the forms in question will evidently not be in the use of the Copyist), except the form of admission, to copy which would be forgery—it being necessary to draw the line somewhere. No Student can take an old picture away with him on the plea that he intends to restore it. He will have to restore it there and then.

**STANDARD THEATRE.**—As there must always be a standard of acting by which to judge, here it is. The Standard, however, is not the Criterion.

**STATIONERY OFFICE.**—Never moves; always there from 10 to 4. Well worth seeing.

**STATUES.**—The best time to see the entire collection is during the Statue Fair, held every year on Old Lady Day—old Lady Day, when alive, having been a great patroness of Statues, and very kind to them. For the convenience of visitors to town, the custodians of the York and Nelson statues will, on receiving two hours' notice, and a sufficient, though not exorbitant, gratuity, bring these statues down for inspection.

The Duke of Wellington can also come off his horse when wanted to stretch his legs.

There is a statue to the memory of a distinguished foreigner, Achilles, in Hyde Park, erected by his widow. He was a Greek, and well known on 'Change.

Queen Anne has a statue in Queen's Square. It is dated *Anne-o* something—but the rest is illegible.

The Duke of Bedford in Russell Square has been lately touched up. He was quite black; now he is not nearly so black,—as, he is painted.

Lord George Bentinck in Cavendish Square. Black with Cavendish smoke.

Eleanor Cross. Might be balanced by a statue of Eleanor Good-tempered.

Fox. Bloomsbury Square. Fox wants the brush. Jenner in Kensington Gardens. De-jenner-ate Art. Peabody. Royal Exchange. Might as well be Nobody. Pitt (William). Hanover Square. Turn the Pitt into a Private Box, and get rid of it.

York (Duke of). This might be sent to the land of Ham. But if any more statues are required, why not apply to Dr. CARVER? He could "have a shot at it" at all events.

#### In Anticipation of February 14.

THERE'S a Pasha in your service,  
A Colonel once in mine:  
Own that *his* the *nous* and nerve is  
That fits *your* Valentine!

#### THE MODEL SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTOR.



es, of course, he has corresponded at some length with each of the candidates—probably sought a personal interview with them—and ascertained their views on all the vexed and vexing educational questions of the day. He has elicited from them the fullest particulars as to their birth, parentage, education, moral and mental training, and especial fitness for the position to which they aspire.

If there are Lady Candidates, he has in addition requested them to oblige him with their photographs, he having a great reliance on physiognomy as an index to character, ability, and attainments.

He spent his holidays in visiting schools and other educational institutions in France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, &c., to enable him to compare foreign systems with those pursued in England.

At home he has been a constant visitor at all the schools in his neighbourhood, whether Board or Voluntary, Denominational or Undenominational, Sectarian or Unsectarian, in order to obtain a thorough insight into the various methods adopted and their results; and to satisfy himself how best economy can be combined with efficiency, and discipline maintained without any compromise of personal independence or sacrifice of liberty of action.

He has been a regular attendant during the last three years at all School Board meetings to which he could obtain access, and has taken down in shorthand full reports of the proceedings, and entered them, on his return home, in a volume set apart (with an index) for this particular purpose.

He has made a point of reading all the published accounts of School Board meetings, educational controversies, Codes, and revised Codes, and amended Codes, and, especially, from end to end, the Annual Reports of the Education Department. With all the books, pamphlets, circulars, and articles on education which have come within his reach, besides listening to countless addresses, lectures, speeches, and orations on the subject.

He has seized every opportunity of discussing all the perplexing educational questions on which there exists a divergence of opinion, in the family circle, at the social board, in public conveyances, and in the haunts of business and recreation.

On the day of election the Model Elector rises early, dresses himself with scrupulous care, takes a turn round the garden before breakfast with a volume of educational statistics as his companion; and then partakes of a moderate meal, at which he impresses upon his family the great importance of the duty he is about to discharge, and leads the conversation to such improving topics as compulsory attendance, cubic space, the diminution of juvenile crime, the utilisation of rich educational endowments, and the systems of PESTALOZZI and FRÖBEL.

If he walks to the polling place, he chooses the most quiet and unfrequented streets he can find, that he may meditate on the necessity of technical education without interruption or disturbance. If possible, he drops in at a favourite Board School on his way, that he may avail himself of the very latest opportunity of studying practical details, and spends a quiet half hour over suffixes or the greatest common measure.

If he takes a cab, he selects a vehicle whose driver he finds, after careful examination, holds the same views as himself on the great question of the day.

Having arrived at the Polling Booth, he records his vote for the Candidates who in his judgment are most likely to advocate economy combined with efficiency, and to consult the welfare of the masses without overtaxing the pockets of the ratepayers; taking especial care to support the Lady Candidate if her views are (as they are pretty sure to be) moderate, rational, and enlightened, and, therefore, exactly corresponding with his own.

If the Candidates he supports are elected, he testifies his delight by such little attentions as sending them a copy of his pamphlet on "National Kindergartens," leaving a card on the Returning Officer, presenting a splendid bouquet to the Lady whom his active exertions have helped to a seat at the new School-Board, and, weather permitting, serenading her at night-fall.

#### MOTTO—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"*IMPERIUM et Libertas*"—that's the motto for you, Brothers, *Libertas* for yourselves, boys, and *Imperium* over others!



### A DRAMA OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY MEANS OF HIS FACE AND ATTITUDE, JONES FLATTERS HIMSELF HE CAN EXPRESS THE DEEPEST INTEREST IN THE CONVERSATION OF A BORE, WHILE IN REALITY HIS ATTENTION IS FIXED ON WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOME OTHER PART OF THE ROOM.

JUST AT PRESENT, OLD MRS. MARRABLE IS RELATING TO JONES THE HARROWING DETAILS OF HER LATE LAMENTED'S LAST ILLNESS—WHILE CAPTAIN SPINKS IS POPPING THE QUESTION TO CLARA WILLOUGHBY BEHIND ONE OF CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS—AND JONES HAS NO DOUBT BUT THAT HIS FACE AND ATTITUDE ARE ALL MRS. M. COULD WISH.

#### "PULL, DEVIL! PULL, BAKER!"

AH! It really looks a pretty little game,  
As it stands.

Let us hope our pet the SULTAN thinks the same.

At BULL's hands,  
As his patron, friend, defender,  
If he looked for treatment tender,

With what ecstasies of gratitude his heart—no doubt—expands!

Pull, Devil!—that's the Naughty Northern Bear,  
Ogre grim,

Who long has longed the PADISHAH to tear  
Limb from limb!

To save the Turk from ruin,  
And so thwart that bogey, Bruin,

BULL's deputy must pull his very hardest against him!

Pull, BAKER!—that's BULL's deputy, of course.  
Happy choice!

To haul in the SULTAN's slack with all his force  
He'll rejoice,

For what sympathy hath he  
With the immoralitee

Of the East 'gainst which the West uplifts its pure and potent voice?

Pull away, and pull together, pleasant pair,  
Never shirk!

Though of solving Eastern Questions men depair,  
From your work

Some solution we may see,  
Viz., of continuity,

In the person and possessions of your Mutual Friend the Turk!

THE WAY ST. MARK'S IS GOING.—From the Dog(e)s to the Dogs!

#### A CAUTION TO GEESE.

ACCORDING to a police report, on a summons obtained by the Metropolitan District Railway Company, a Mr. GEORGE GOOSEY, attending the other day at the Mansion House and pleading "Guilty" to a charge of alighting from a carriage whilst a train was in motion, got himself fined ten shillings. Instead of losing a small sum of money, Mr. Goosey might have lost limb, or life, by his goosehardy act. It is too probable that the monition to "wait until the train stops" will continue to be disregarded by many a goosey goosey gander. There are geese whom neither mulet nor maim incurred by birds of their feather will deter from stepping out on to the platform whilst the train yet moves, and thus executing a movement which, without offence to the gallant recruits of the British Army, or to the Drill-Sergeant, may well be styled the "Goose Step." For the hero of our text, we may improve on the nursery rhyme, and sing—

GOOSEY Goosey gander,  
Where would you wander?  
Into trains, and out of trains,  
And in my Lord Mayor's chamber!

#### "On a Lee Shore."

"We hear that her Her Majesty's Ship *Egeria* has received rather serious damage by going ashore in the neighbourhood of Pakhoi, to which place she had been despatched to protect British interests."—*Standard*, Nov. 20, 1879.

Let us hope the good ship *Britannia* will not come to grief in like manner, while at sea for a similar object.

THE MACCALLUM MORE'S PRESCRIPTION.—How to take Ministerial utterances—"Cum grano SALIS(BURY)."



“PULL, DEVIL! PULL, BAKER!”

“BAKER PASHA has been appointed to superintend the introduction of reforms throughout the whole of Asia Minor.” — “The most cordial relations prevail between the Russian Ambassador and the Sultan.” — *Telegrams from Constantinople.*





# WAR CORRESPONDENCE IN FUTURO.

No. I.



*MANATION in advance  
from Our Own Stub-  
born Special.*

You ought to be very thankful for this letter. The difficulties attaching to its despatch have been very great, but at last they are happily overcome. And now to my plain unvarnished tale.

In the hurry of my departure I could find no time to read up the "Rules for the guidance of Editors of Newspapers and of Correspondents with an Army in the field," which you thrust into my hands when you furnished me with my "licence." My object was to get to the front, and to tackle my arduous duty as quickly as possible. I wished by my own personal exertions to increase the debt

of gratitude which a grateful country owes to its Special Correspondents. The names of RUSSELL, FORBES, and a score of others, command the respect and admiration of England. My name, I was determined, should deserve a place by theirs, if by devotion to my duty I could command it. Thus, burning with zeal and good resolutions, I joined the army in the field.

On reporting myself at head-quarters, "Halloa, who are you?" was my greeting from a beardless subaltern, who paused for a second in the absorption of an S.-and-B. to address me thus curtly. I pointed with some pride to the "distinctive badge" I wore in my character of Special. He looked at it and observed, "Oh, that's your little game, is it? Badge, eh? See Rule 5. Here, orderly, take this fellow round to the Military Censor."

Rather surprised at the youngster's tone, I followed the Corporal to whose care he had consigned me.

"You keep close to me, Sir," said the worthy Non-Com. "By Rule 6 you ain't to roam about the theatre of war at pleasure, so keep close to me."

Before I could express my astonishment at such a regulation, I found myself in the tent of a Staff-Officer. He looked at me sternly and shook his fist in my face.

"Now, look here, my lad, I don't stand any nonsense. The General holds me responsible for everything you write, so I don't stand any nonsense. Do you know the Rules?"

"The Rules! What Rules?" I exclaimed.

"Come to attention, Sir, when you address your superior officer!" shouted the Major. "And don't forget to salute when you pass me, or any officer, in camp, or out of it."

Thinking it better to temporise, I adopted a conciliatory tone. "My dear Sir, I really don't know what you mean."

"Who the devil are you calling 'dear Sir'?" screamed the Staff-Officer. "But you're evidently new to your work," he continued, in a milder tone. "Let me give you a line. See you keep it, or it may be worse for you. You may take it for granted, as a Special Correspondent, that everything you do is wrong, and so you musn't do it."

"But you said something about the Rules?"

"Yes. You'd better get them into your head before you put pen to paper. It may save us both trouble. I will read you a few. 'You are not to go to the outposts on any consideration whatever.'"

"Where are the outposts?"

"Wherever they are, you are not to go to them. You are not to go anywhere unless I give you a pass."

"Then, with a pass, may I assume that I shall be all right?"

"Not a bit of it. My pass will be exactly worth the paper it is written on, and may be torn up at any moment, anywhere, by any one. When it's torn up, you come back as fast as your legs can carry you. For further particulars, see Rule 6."

"Anything more?"

"Heaps; You are not to write in cypher, but only to use English. So none of your Greek, or Latin, or foreign lingo. I have to supervise your intelligence. See Rule 8."

"Anything more?"

"Lots! Rule 10: 'The Military Censor has the power of obliging all communications sent by Correspondents to their newspapers to go to their destination through him.' Should he deem the intelligence to be dangerous to the good of the country, he may stop it, or alter it. In the case of telegrams, the Military Censor will generally exercise this power.' So be careful what you say, my man, or it will be the worse for you."

"I see. I am to trust my letters to you, and if you can't, or won't, send them, I am to see what I can do for myself," I exclaimed.

"Yes. But, mind, your 'new arrangements are to be entirely under my control and surveillance.' See Rule 18. And you are to write nothing, or go anywhere, without my sanction; and I am 'to give you as much information as I may consider advisable and consistent with my duty.' And you mind you come for it. See Rule 11."

"I do see." (For I had glanced over the Rules while he was speaking.) "And you are to have a copy of my paper regularly (Rule 15), and I am to be liable to dismissal at a moment's notice (Rules 16, 17, 18), and— This is simply shameful! Look here!" And I placed my hand on my arm in my agitation.

"Mutiny, by Jove! Striking a superior officer!" shouted the Staff-Officer. "Take him away! He is under the Mutiny Act, see Rule 4."

In a moment I was surrounded, and, under a Corporal's guard, was led back to my tent, whence I despatch this letter. Whether the Censor will let it pass, I have no means of ascertaining.

[Of course I will show these newspaper fellows at once what they must expect.—*Note by M. C.*]

No. II.

(From Our Own Submissive Special.)

NEVER mind where I am, but here I am at last, fairly within the radius of military jurisdiction, the Government licence duly granted, and everything perfectly *en règle* down to my distinctive badge. I am distinctively, if not becomingly, dressed in a suit of a broad yellow-and-black zigzag pattern, while my hair has been officially cut close to my head, that there may be no mistake about my identity. The sentinels have instructions to challenge me as I pass, and I have several times been shot at and arrested as a Persian spy. But the production of my licence has as yet generally resulted in my release, after a few days' detention in handcuffs, on a diet of bread-and-water. Matters are now progressing pleasantly enough. And when I tell you that I have been introduced to the Military Censor, who has only cut out three-fourths of my letter, as undesirable for publication, you will understand that I am beginning to feel quite at home at my work.

But to plunge in *medias res* at once, and give you the progress of the campaign up to the moment of my dispatching this letter.

Personally, I cannot vouch for anything, having only once succeeded in getting within seventeen miles of the scene of operations, on which occasion I was brought blindfold back in irons and severely reprimanded by the General in command. I think, however, you may safely assume that the campaign *has* begun. But to proceed with my letter.

This is a fertile country, as far as I can see it from my cell-windows. Of its chief products I know nothing. The dogs, cattle, and the smaller and more strictly domestic insects, seem, on distant and nearer view, such as might be met with in an English Midland county. This morning, in my walk under the sentry's eye, I have come across some specimens of the *Polyanthus vulgaris* that remind me strongly of those in the flower-walk in Kensington Gardens. I wish I could add any details of a military character, but a fresh order of the authorities just issued having made any attempt to gather any information whatever an infringement of the Mutiny Act, I am afraid I must reserve myself for another letter. You will be glad to hear that I am quite well, and getting accustomed to my distinctive badge.

P.S.—I open this to say that the Military Censor is an excellent officer, and will thoroughly deserve his K.C.B., and any other decoration or promotion that may be awarded him at the conclusion of the war. I shall have a great deal to say about him in my next, in which, in addition to some interesting information on the principal parasites of the country, I hope I may be able to announce that I have at last heard the sound of cannon. If I do enjoy this privilege, it will be due entirely to the kindness, courtesy, and consideration of the Military Censor. Here is the Corporal's guard come to take my candle away, and lock me up for the night, so I must bring this letter to a close.

\* Address suppressed by order of Military Censor.

BY LAST INTELLIGENCES.—"The cry of WOLFF"—Anything but promising for next election at Bournemouth.

## A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.



MR. PUNCH.—Having become the fortunate possessor of half-a-dozen Bank Shares by the will of a well-disposed relative, I have no right to grumble that in my old age I am forced to travel third-class by rail, and to ride in tram-cars. I make no complaint of this. The differences between classes—on and off the rail—are only skin-deep. Still, there are some of them that want lessening—and I think you and your artists could lessen them—however you like to spell the word.

It is little matter if I, with my shaky legs and uninteresting white hair, have

to stand in an over-crowded railway-carriage, while well-dressed young members of the "ARRY-stocracy" are comfortably seated. Male Man, old or young, must take his chance, and has no right to plead manners on his own behalf.

Nor is it everyone who is of CHARLES LAMB's opinion about "the sacredness of female old." But most of our sex, it is thought, are ready to recognise the claims of young womanhood, particularly with good looks to back them. Let me correct this impression, by exactly describing what I saw on the North London Line the other day. The seats were all filled in our carriage, when a modestly-mannered and modestly-dressed girl got in, exactly like the pretty young creatures JOHN LEECH used to draw for us in the olden—I mean my younger—time. Three young fellows occupied the seats on either side the door against which she stood. One was puffing a cheap cigar, another reading a red-and-yellow railway novel, the third pretending to sleep, with his hands resting on the head of his flashy cane. Not one stirred all through the ride!

Again and again I have seen pretty and delicate-looking girls, though of no higher rank, I am bound to add, than shop-attendants, or milliners' workwomen in all probability, on their way to their daily work, treated in the same un-cavalier fashion by well-dressed men. In fact, "every man for himself" seems to be the rule on the East End lines. The offer of a seat to a crowded-out woman, young or old, is the exception.

It is said that Mrs. TROLLOPE's telling pen-and-ink caricatures cured the Americans of throwing their legs on tables and over chair-backs. I can't help thinking a few of Mr. Punch's pen-and-pencil pictures might work an improvement, if not a cure, of the unmanly state of things I have described. I believe half of it arises from shyness; but it seems fast hardening into custom, and the sooner the indurating process can be stopped the better—or so it seems to.

Your constant reader and subscriber,

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

## Give and Take.

(To my Lord B., on his "*Imperium et Libertas*.")

FEAR for Liberties we have

If your *Imperium* waken,

All question we may waive

Of the Liberties you've taken!

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(An Ecstatic *Æsthetic à la Mode*.)

"I sits with my feet in a brook,  
And if any one axes me why,  
I gives 'em a tap with my crook—  
'Tis sentiment makes me," says I."

HER softly sculptured lips, sharply indrawn,  
As with some subtle shiver half suppress,  
Blanch to the snowiness of bleached lawn.  
The trim and taper finger-tips that rest,  
Soft as new-fallen snow-flakes, on her crook,  
Are tinted with a tender turquoise blue;  
Her feet flush red, as, plunged in a chill brook,  
Fair feet are apt to do.

The morbidezza of her marble cheek,  
Speaks it of dying lip or living death?  
One seems to see—so doth the canvas speak—  
The swift soft sibilation of her breath.  
So sits she, shadowing mysteries manifold,  
In incomplete expectancy of—what?  
Perhaps 'tis of an influenza cold,  
Perhaps, again, 'tis not!

What precious pregnancy of pulsing life!  
What vast potentialities of passion!  
What strange reluctance with desire at strife!  
The robe's white tissue, cut in clinging fashion,  
Against her coy carnations, warmly wan,  
Shines like to tarnished silver's chastened sheen,  
Her flesh-tints pure are joy to gaze upon,  
Purple, and grey, and green!

Languor supprest, quivering intensity,  
And unripe insufficiency of self,  
Speak in each eyelid broad, and caverned eye,  
And ridged clavicle's projecting shelf.  
Deep sympathies of crescent womanhood,  
Keen urgency of unperfected love,  
Dull aching thrills, as of half-frozen blood,  
That may not freely move,

Such aches as chaste desires—and chilblains—give.  
Oh! quite *too* perfect quiteness of sick sweetness,  
What subtly sensuous symphonisms live  
In thy soft sumptuousness of calm completeness!  
In which—ah! curse of Momus and his mockings!—  
Nought sees the ribald, rash, Philistine fool;  
Save a sham-shepherdess *sans* shoes and stockings,  
Foot-paddling in a pool!

## As Good as a Pantomime.

WE learn from the Roman Correspondent of the *Daily News* that:—

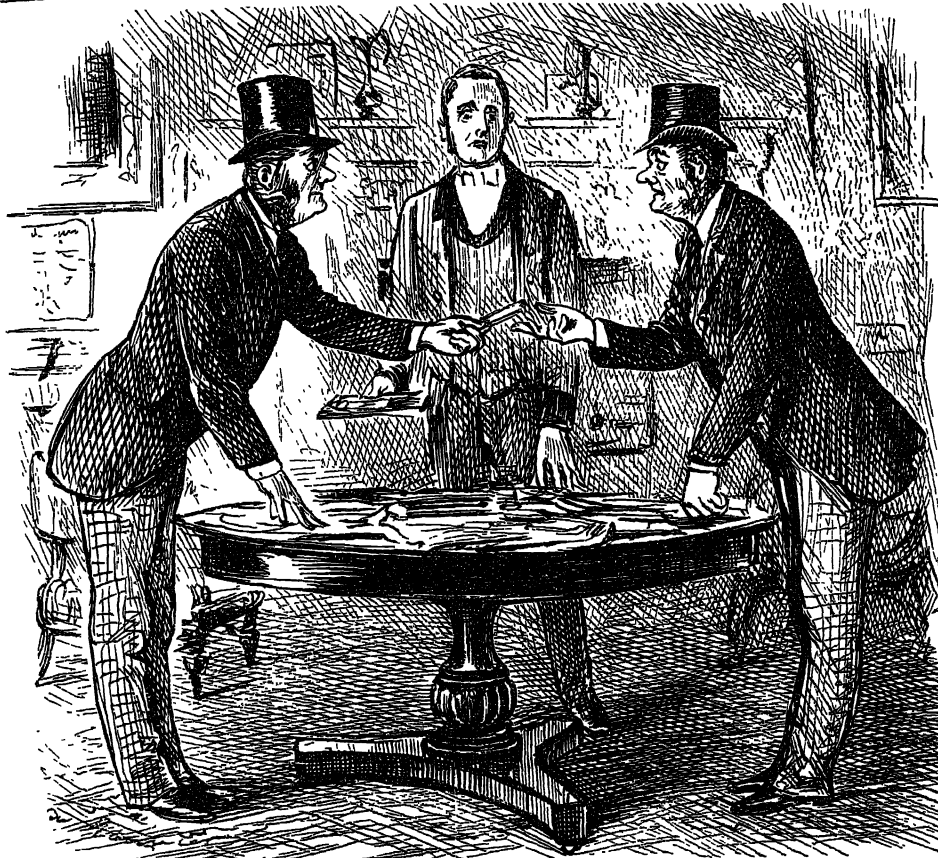
"Signor CAIROLI and Signor DEPRETIS have been busied in the formation of a Cabinet, to take up the work of the Government pretty much where it was broken off in July."

When to this is added that—

"—the President of the Budget Commission may be brought in to answer the expected criticism of Signor GRIMALDI,"

—no wonder if we anticipate that the criticism of Signor GRIMALDI will be "Here we are again!"

THE "DISTINCTIVE BADGE" (to be worn by Newspaper Correspondents accompanying Armies in the Field).—A gag.



DOUBLE IRRITATION.

*Brown (by no means an Adonis).* "THE LETTER'S FOR YOU, SIR! CON-FOUND IT ALL, WE'RE ALWAYS BEING TAKEN FOR EACH OTHER!!!"

*Smith (no Adonis either).* "I KNOW WE ARE! AND, IF IT COMES TO THAT, 'CON-FOUND IT ALL' YOURSELF, SIR!!!"

A VOICE EX CATHEDRÂ.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM an Arm-chair Politician. I am not at this moment sitting in my arm-chair, but if any Statesman wishes to address me, I can go back to it at the shortest notice. I have been told that I can turn the scale at the next election. It is very pleasant to feel one's own importance, and to know that it rests on so solid a basis as this very comfortable piece of furniture. My upholsterer informs me that there never was such a demand for well-stuffed and well-planned easy-chairs within his memory, and I know that his memory is good, for he has just sent me in a bill which I thought was paid two years ago.

Of course I have not yet made up my mind how to vote. In all probability I shall support that Party which soothes my fears and flatters my vanity with the greatest degree of success. I consider that English Politics are in a very unsatisfactory condition. Merit is not sufficiently rewarded. I myself have applied for appointments to five successive Governments, and have received merely evasive replies. I have no opinions, but I rather fancy that what the country really needs is a Ministry composed of men of the same opinion as myself. An Arm-chair Cabinet would, I think, meet the wants of the situation. My upholsterer thinks so, too.

As to the Eastern Question. The Government seem to me to have done their best, but not to have done it at all well. They seem to be a very honest set of straight-forward men, yet, at the same time, I am afraid they are rather deficient in integrity. I do not agree with those who accuse them of having carried on two unjust wars, yet I am not satisfied of the justice of the campaigns in which they have engaged. Their conduct of the finances may, perhaps, be open to criticism, though, as far as I can see, our finances are in a better condition than those of Turkey. I do not approve of the attacks that have been made on the policy of the Ministry, though, of course, the duty of an Opposition is to oppose what they think wrong.

MIND WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FEET.

HERR VISCHER, an eminent German authority on Art and Æsthetics, has lately been emptying the vials of his wrath in a Stuttgardt journal over rude people who lay their dirty foot-coverings on railway cushions in front of them. This is a nasty, dirty habit; but still, if people were never guilty of setting their feet on anything more sacred than Railway cushions! When one thinks of all that Prince BISMARCK, for instance, has set his feet on! And such big boots as he wears too—and so far from clean as they are sometimes! Suppose HERR VISCHER looked a little beyond the railway carriage! But *Punch*, in his insolent and insular freedom forgets there is the Correctional Police-Rod-in-pickle for the backs of all who dare impiously to pokefun at the awful Chancellor of the Empire, whose will is law,—justice to the contrary notwithstanding,—and whose warning to his critics in the press, short, sharp, and decisive, is "Shut up, or be shut up."

A Really Hard Case?

"The Irish labourer, JOHN WHELAN, who was sentenced to death at the last Manchester Assizes for the murder of his wife, by kicking her, but who was strongly recommended to mercy on account of his wife's irregular habits and the provocation he received, has been respited."—*Last Friday's Times.*

Of course he has, poor fellow! Sentenced to death for kicking his wife to death—and an aggravating wife too! Hard lines, indeed!

They manage these things better at Liverpool. There, the sentence in such a case is six months' imprisonment.

As to home questions, I do not see what reforms are needed, nor do I think anybody else does; and I am equally divided between a dread of going too fast and of standing still. I hope I have made my views perfectly plain.

My wife says something which I cannot quite hear about "a something between two bundles of hay;" but the female mind is always a foe to impartiality. Unless my upholsterer lowers his prices, I am opposed to Female Suffrage, as I foresee that my wife, had she a vote, would infallibly demand another Arm-chair. I think one Arm-chair Politician in a house is enough. Yours,

EITHERSIDE EASYMAN.

A Check Marked "No Effects."

WHATEVER the "Elswick Gas Check" may have done at Shoe-buryness (see the *Times*' report on its efficiency), it seems clear that, up to the present, the "Edison Gas Check"—as we may call the Electric Light—has not proved practically effectual.

LOGIC AND LIGHT.

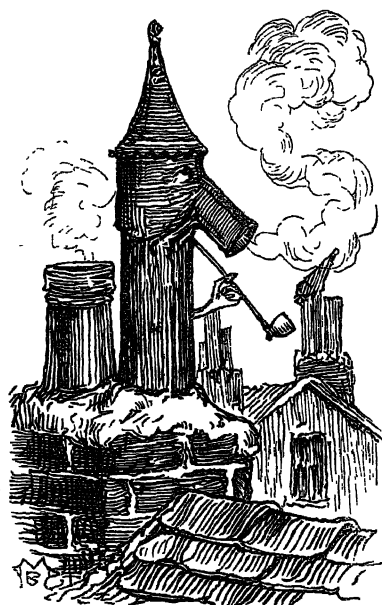
It used to be commonly said to be impossible to prove a negative. But now Photographers say that they can.

ARREST OF IRISH ANTI-RENT AGITATORS.—Daly Killen Davitt? If it was only Biggar Killen Parnell!

IRISH READING.—"Riotousness exalteth a nation."

THE ONE HOME-RULER FOR IRELAND.—The Law!

## A CHURCHWARDEN'S QUESTION.



AGACIOUS MR. PUNCH,

AMONG divers letters on the contemplated patching, cobbling, or tinkering, as it were, of St. Mark's, Venice, which have appeared in the *Times*, you perhaps noticed a somewhat remarkable one, to which the letter "G." is appended. "G." desires to ask a question, and asks accordingly:—

"What are the Venetians proposing to do more than every mediæval builder was ready to do at a moment's notice to the works of his predecessors? Mediæval builders never hesitated to pull down and re-build or to alter in the most ruthless fashion. Hence, surely, the great historical interest of mediæval buildings. Why should not the Venetians be allowed to do what we are so glad the builders of Peterborough or Canterbury did?"

Why, "G."? Do you wish to know? Because the Venetians are artists of a very different grade

from the architects who built Canterbury and Peterborough. If these latter altered the works of their predecessors, it was as though a MICHELANGELO, say, improved, or tried to improve, upon the composition of a FRANCIA. The same improvement might be attempted by a modern house-painter and decorator, and this is what the Venetians threaten St. Mark's with. But "G." proceeds to argue:—

"History does not end with any particular century; and if any society had

been strong enough to prevent the Decorated architects from meddling with the Early English churches, should we not have lost by the prevention?"

Perhaps; though it is not, *Mr. Punch*, a very disputable matter of opinion whether the Decorated Architects would not have done better than they did if they had restricted themselves to working in their own style, and had left Early English work alone? However, friend "G." is quite right in urging that "History does not end with one particular century." Of course not; but Architecture can degenerate—can't it? History did not end with the seventeenth century, or when the House of Hanover came to the Crown. Then commenced the Georgian era of History, and with it the Georgian style of Architecture, and the Georisation or Churchwardenisation of not a few mediæval churches. This appears to be pretty nearly the sort of process which the Venetian "restorers" propose applying to St. Mark's Cathedral, and therefore, perhaps, it is that their apologist "G." adopts that signature, meaning thereby "Georgian." If so, he signs himself "G." appropriately enough; but might he not as aptly write himself down "A."? You need not, of course, answer this question in condescension to the capacity of any one of all your innumerable readers. Imagine me, Sir, yours truly, an Architectural Connoisseur descended—collaterally of course—from

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

## Empty Benches out of Place.

MIGHT *Punch* take the liberty of asking the Governors of that wealthy institution, the Foundling Hospital, how it is that, with a handsome Chapel, a competent Clergyman, an efficient Choir, and a willing Organist, the congregation at the afternoon services, exclusive of the children of the Hospital, varies from three to ten, including Verger's children? Can this miserable meagreness of outside attendance have any connection with the printed board outside, requesting people (not Governors) to pay on admission; and, if so, might it not be an advantage to the crowded neighbourhood of Gray's Inn if one Board—of Governors—abolished the other board—of "pay at the doors," so that the beautiful service might be offered up before a congregation, instead of empty benches?

EGG AND COCKATRICE. — Confiscation Cromwellian: Agitation Parnellian.

## A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

MR. MASTER PUNCH,

I' TH close sheltered combe, by th' pond, where th' riv'let retarded its flow, With th' dusty barn-doors open'd wide, an' th' cow-stalls all 'rang'd in a row, There was old Uncle JOE's Venny-Court, as it stood in our forefathers' time, Wi' its gables, an' chimneys, an' porch, an' th' dairy-house whiten'd wi' lime. Where th' swallows i' morn began twitterin', Aunt ANN began bustlin' about, An' at slug-a-bed maids while she'll rate, Uncle JOE yellin' loud w'd turn out, An' a-field sharp th' teams vor th' hay, or, in barton, help milky th' oows; No peace vor the lazy was there, when the Farmer an' 's Dame 'gan t' rouse! There was plenty vor all hands to do, as in, quick, pass'd th' pails foam'n' full, Th' scaldin', th' mixin', th' skimmin'; th' light laughter o' maids never dull; There was DOLLY, an' KITTY, an' PRUE, wi' their coats all tuck'd up to their knees, While, a-tur'nin' the churn, i' th' corner, raw-bon'd ROGER groan'd, never at ease!

But away, i' th' dairy so cool, 'mong th' milk leads, th' curds, an' th' cream, Cousin MARY w'd stand, wi' bare arms, so sweet, as a shape in a dream! To see her a-mouldin' th' butter, while a-warblin' some wold ballad tune,— Th' pink tips o' her white nimble fingers, like th' blooth o' th' dog-rose i' June! Alas! all th' property's gone!—how it vell away needs not t' tell: All th' wold volk be pass'd to their rest; an' poor MARY is now never well! But how they do manage up there—at Venny Court—now, t'is a plan Vor a-workin' a Dairy Farm well, as do stagger a wold farmin' man! Uncle JOE own'd th' land, ye must know, work'd hard, an' wi' no rent t' pay, They all liv'd a free, happy life, an' contented, while all pull'd o' one way. But when t'was a-sold—Venny Court, t'was a-bought by a mighty rich lord, Who a tenant must have t' pay rent; let us hope he t' pay 't can afford! But dtheus is th' curious thing; dtheus new tenant pays rent an' finds stock, But 'e lets all th' dairyin' off, at a price, to a man in a smook! An' th' wold double cottage, below, wi' its small di'mond casements so quaint, Is all done up, an' righted complete, wi' new peäper, new glass, an' new paint; Vor th' Dairy-man must hev a house, vor hisself, an' his children, an' wife; But why they be wanted at all, why I can't understand vor me life! "Ye can't get two bites of a cherry," was a sayin' when I was a boy, But i' dtheus case they try t' get three!—a meal which I hope they'll enjoy. What's dtheus pother about a piano?—t' isn't music as does any harm! When I was a boy, there was music, an' sweet, too! at Venny Court Farm: When MARY w'd zing of an eve'nin, or young JOE breathe his soul thro' th' flute, There was rapture in many a heart, an' all our young voices were mute; When th' tasks o' th' day were all done, an' th' bat roun' th' rick-yard w'd flit, What mwore blessed thing c'd there be, than thus out in orchet t' zit!

But, I fear, dtheus new tenant's young wife has never a task vor t' do, No more an' she mid hev if she were th' wife ov a Gent., or a Jew, Why a plain dairy-farm sh'd be let, an' thus sub-let's a question o' taste, But on th' basis o' cash, an' p'raps brains, I think it's a question o' waste; There's a factor too much i' th' sum, cast it up, or turn 't round, as ye may, An' a profit t' find we must take th' sub-tenant or the tenant away. Gi'e th' former mwore coin in his pouch, or th' latter mwore fitness vor 's place, BUT TOGETHER THEY RIDE OVERWEIGHTED—AN' TH' YANKEE MUST WIN SUCH A RACE.

JERE SMALLBONE.

## "Ex Nilo—"

At the late meeting of the Anglo-Egyptian Banking Company, the Chairman, while announcing a dividend, gave his opinion "that a steady stream of prosperity had set in on Egypt, consequent on the overflow of the Nile," and he hoped that there would now be a satisfactory arrangement between the bank and the Egyptian Government.

The misfortune for the shareholders is that the tide of prosperity—i.e., the Nile—never can set in on Egypt without over-running its banks, or overdrawing them. Let us hope the new Controller may do something to keep—if not the river—the KHEDIVE, at least—within banks and bounds.

## In more Places than One.

"Every prospect of bad weather. Ships ordered to sea."

A little later—

"Weather now fine. Ships returning."

SURELY the above telegrams, sent in the course of last week, by LLOYD'S agent, from Madras, might have come from Admiral HOENBY, at Malta.

## BONDS AND BENEFICES.



OUR venerable friend, dear old Archdeacon DENISON, the other day, addressing a meeting of the English Church Union at Manchester, said some good things as usual. Having premised that Lord PENZANCE had been "shoved into a position he was unfit for," and predicted that "on Saturday he would either complete his character for folly by sending Mr. MACKONCHIE to prison, or fold his hands and go to bed," the resolute and determined Archdeacon declared that:—

"Members of the Church Union would not deviate a hair's breadth from their position. They could not suffer death like martyrs of old, but they could suffer bonds or imprisonment—"

That is, for persisting in Romanesque and illegal practices. They certainly can possibly suffer imprisonment; but, if they court it, let us hope they won't get it, so as not to be enabled to pose as Martyrs and Confessors. But the truest thing our Archdeacon said was, that the parties he referred to "could suffer bonds." They not only can, but do. They are in bondage to Articles which they ignore, and obligations which they violate; and they could free themselves at will from these bonds by disendowing and disestablishing themselves, but prefer to remain in them because their bonds hamper them so little as to allow them morally, or rather immorally, to dance hornpipes in fetters.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## John Chaddens Delane.

FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

Born at Bracknell, Berks, 1817. Died at Ascot Heath, Nov. 22, 1879.

THROUGH the dark hours one sleepless workshop strains,  
With strength of busy brain and lightning hand,  
Engines of iron hands and all but brains,  
To fix in words the whirl of sea and land.

The daily paper—brain-core of our times,  
To which Earth's nerves with lightning pulses thrill,  
Whence promptings to all classes, creeds, and climes  
Speed to take shape in action good or ill.

Work still finds man or makes him; need provides  
The central pivots of this central toil,  
Brains of this brain-stuff, guiders of these guides,  
Fresh under their night's load, calm through its coil.

If all these centres, brains, guides had been asked  
To name one centre, brain, guide of them all,  
For many a year the answer had not tasked  
Long time or thought; one name had had the call—

His name, who, from his schoolboy days, was marked  
By wise eyes for the work he was to do;  
Who—youth still—mate first, master soon, embarked  
On the great ship, that, with him, greater grew.

The old salts saw, and bent a scornful brow;  
At "WALTER's 'three-year-olds'" the laugh went round.  
Youth at the helm, not Pleasure at the prow—  
The good ship *Times* sailed, on bold venture bound.

And from that time *The Times* was JOHN DELANE,  
Till e'en that iron frame was warped and worn,  
And those tense brain-springs slackened 'neath the strain  
Of such toil as man's strength has rarely borne.

For thirty years and six, think of his life!  
To keep a wary eye and ready tongue,  
With blithe cheer for all sides, let party-strife  
Rage ne'er so bitter, 'mid the missiles flung

From hand to hand, hatred to hatred, still  
To feel no hate, and own no captain's beck:  
To wield power with soft word but iron will,  
Correct class-claims, and pen-presumptions check.

Wooded, welcomed, worshipped, to be stone to smile;  
To list the pretty prayer, and yet not yield;  
To be all things to all with honest guile,  
Frank behind mask, and open under shield.

Awake while we slept, his day was the night.  
Beside the shaded lamp his tireless eye  
Through the dark hours was watchful still and bright,  
To focus the world's face as it swept by.

E'en Science taxed him, brought him larger load,  
Harder to trim, and heavier to bear:  
When through the unsleeping wires unresting flowed  
The tide of news to winnow, sift, and share.

Still he found strength and spirits, Nature's balm,  
Year after year, till those who watched him knew  
Blanks in his blitheness, rufflings of his calm,  
And slower speech for thought that flagged, not flew.

And the strong hand, for the hard helm too weak,  
Was fain to rest, first for brief spell, and then  
Still longer rest and longer had to seek,  
Till we knew this born Captain among men

Had handed over charts and signal-book,  
And sailing-orders and all captain's gear,  
For leisure and repose hard by the nook  
Where he drew breath, to watch green leaves and sere,

And tend his garden and his stock, and live  
Among the country squires a country squire.  
Alas! he had but little time to give  
To that late idyl—not e'en time to tire.

Death finding him, unwontedly, at rest,  
Smote him who, till now, seemed too swift and strong  
For dart or scythe, too prompt and labour-stressed  
To hear the summons all must hear ere long.

Rest in thy grave, that knew no resting here,  
Editor without equal, strenuous soul,  
Staunch friend, despising favour, scorning fear,  
Far-seeing, forward-cleaving to thy goal.

He left a different scene from that he found,  
And had a large part in all change he saw.  
Nor slave, nor leader, of his time, but bound  
Abreast of it to keep its glass from flaw.

And not a hostile hand is raised to throw  
A black stone at his name, who in his place  
Had need to fight and fling so many a foe,  
But ne'er fought false, nor struck but at the face.

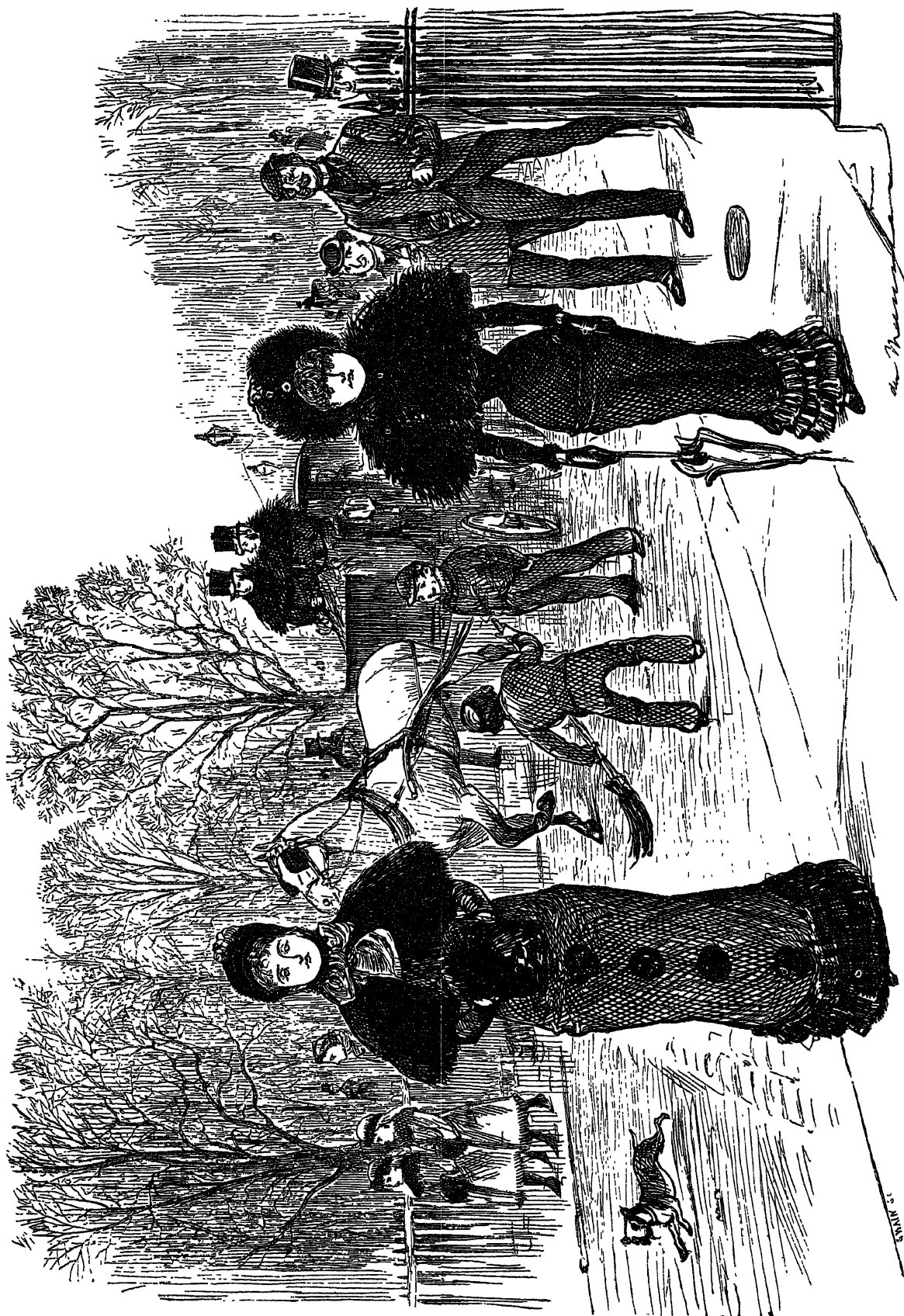
'Tis one who served him twenty years who writes  
This tribute to his memory. Those that read  
May well be proud of him, and pray our fights  
In Freedom's cause breed men like him at need.

## The Pacific Main.

It appears that the Pacific Republics, two to one, Peru and Bolivia against Chili, now for some time at war, originally fell out for the possession of nitrate and guano beds; so that, in fact, they have been fighting over fertilising material. In this particular the belligerents may be thought to exhibit some resemblance to poultry-yard combatants; though it may be doubted whether on either side they have signalised themselves by any display of valour analogous to that of the gamecock as compared with the less noble barn-door fowl. However, at Iquique there has recently been some warm work, wherein Chili, nevertheless, got the advantage. This, it is to be hoped, may lead to a termination of a struggle which certainly does not "beat cock-fighting," however analogous it may be to battles between feathered champions, each on his own dunghill.

DOOMED TO BE BLOWN-UP (by Anti-rent Agitators or Cabul incendiaries.)—A Balla-Hissar.





EST MODUS IN REBUS.

THE FUR TIPPET, WHICH LOOKS SO WELL ON JOHN THOMAS AND THE COACHMAN, AND IS SO BECOMING TO THE STATELY MRS. PARKER, DOES NOT SOMEHOW SEEM TO SUIT MISS HENRIETTA RIPPINGTON—'ANDSOME 'ARRIET, AS MR. BELLEVILLE AND HIS FALS CALL HER.

## "WANDERING WILLIE."

*A Fragment from a "Modern" Border Ballad.*

LINLEY SAMBOURNE. INV. D

Now word is gane to the Bauld BUCCLEUCH,  
In Dalkeith Palace, where that he lay,  
That Midlothian has summoned wordy WILLIE,  
His ain son's hame-seat to win away.

He has taen the table wi' his hand,  
He has gar'd the GLADSTONE sprung on hie—  
"Now confound these Dalkeith bodies!" he said,  
"But o' Provost and Baillies avenged I'll be!"

"Oh, is my rent-roll a borough rate-book,  
Or my dukedom a baillie's penny-fee,  
Or my son DALKEITH daft as weel as dumb,  
That Midlothian's Rads should lightly me?"

"And hae they brocht him—word-rife WILLIE,—  
Sae hard on the turn o' the Jingo-tide,  
And forgotten that the Bauld BUCCLEUCH  
Is master here on the Scottish side!"

"Hae they gien him ovations and airches o' green,  
And rugs and mauds, and claithes and gear,  
And forgotten that to the bauld BUCCLEUCH  
They're the main o' them tenants frae year to year?"

"Oh, were DALKEITH a lad o' brains!—  
As weel I wot that he is nane,—  
He wad gie this WILLIE a reddin' down,  
Though he'd talk a dog's leg frae the bane!"

"And 'gin his words and wits ran low,  
As there's little doot recht soon they wou'd,  
I'd tak' ither means to mak' these pairts  
Too het for this firebrand where he stood."

"But since my son's no a lad o' his haun's,  
And than talk against WILLIE wad sooner dee,  
I'll no trust a bawbee to DALKEITH's brains,  
And yet word-rife WILLIE bowled out shall be."

He has called him some five-score henchmen bauld,  
I trow there was nae lack for the game,

For their bits o' hau'dins the prices they paid  
He were a seely man could name.

He has called him some five-score henchmen bauld  
A' qualified under the bauld BUCCLEUCH,  
Wi' receipts in pouch and faggots on spauld,  
And colours on back o' the Tory blue.

There were five and five, before them all—  
Wi' qualification-papers right;  
And five and five, wi' hands no sae clear,  
But o' titles gude for a little fight.

And five and five, that wi' brass recht strang,  
Might pass the revisin' barrister's ee';  
And five and five, that had broken down,  
But for their swearin' unco' free.

And as, wi' our faggots on our back,  
By the palace-gates our stand we held,  
The first salutation that we met wi'  
Was wi' WILLIE's hard words to be sairly shelled.

"What recht hae ye, ye puppets mean?"  
Quo' word-rife WILLIE, "come tell to me."  
"We've our qualification gude at law,  
And mair than law-fast what man can be?"

"What recht hae ye, ye out-county men?"  
And what betoken your colours blue?"  
"That to stand fast to the gude auld flag  
We ha' qualified under the bauld BUCCLEUCH."

"And where be ye gaun', ye bits o' lads,  
With your Jingo jargon sae loud and hie?"  
"We gang to gie DALKEITH, at the poll,  
Not wit nor words, but majoritie."

"Where be ye gaun', as rational men?"—  
Quo' WILLIE, "Stop! and haud talk wi' me."  
Now a tough auld Tory led that band,  
And never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on Midlothian's vote,  
Ye faggot-voters?—Be aff!" quo' he.  
Then never a word spak' the tough auld Tory,  
But his thumb to his nose crouse cockit he!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then WILLIE he stood in Dalkeith Corn-Market,  
And nae time in tunin' his pipes he lost,  
His wind it was lang, and his voice it was strang,  
And nae trouble in choosin' his words they cost.

And ere he reached the end o' his screed—  
If to an end it was aye to come—  
Had DALKEITH's ainsell been there to hear,  
He'd hae prayed to be deaf as weel as dumb.

For when Lord DALKEITH he gars to talk,  
'Tis like an organ wi' name to blaw;  
But it's a' the neet and the morn to beet,  
Ane WILLIE begins, ere ye'll win awa!

And so sweet's his tongue, that ye haud your breath,  
And ye mind na the flight o' time ava';  
And I doot na the bauld BUCCLEUCH himself  
Wad ha' cried "Hear, hear!" before us a'!

\* \* \* \* \*

(Here the fragment breaks off.)

#### A DISAGREEABLE INN-OVATION.

A REMARKABLE demonstration of Welsh warmth of temper was recently experienced, on somewhat slight provocation by Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES, who is now engaged in delivering a series of lectures in South Wales. Mr. FORBES, we read—

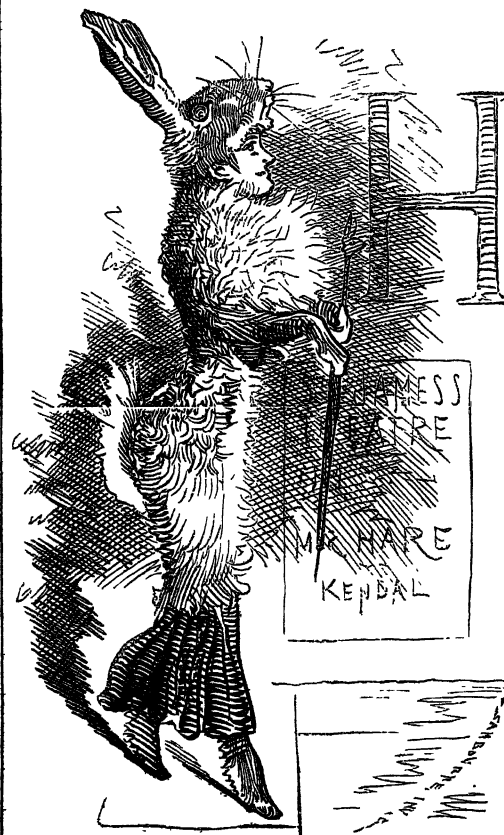
"Refused last night to deliver his address at Newport (Monmouth) in consequence of the local caterer refusing him permission to curtail his remarks, in order to enable him to catch a train. Mr. FORBES was followed to the station by an excited crowd, who hooted him, and pelted him with eggs."

"Elsewhere Mr. FORBES, on his lecturing expedition, has been received with well-deserved plaudits; but it seems that at Newport an immoderately indignant populace bade him farewell with a regular, but totally unmerited, ovation!"

THE COLOSSUS OF WORDS.—GLADSTONE in Midlothian.

#### OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Stage Door—Christmas Annuals—Children's Books and Christmas Cards—At Cambridge—The Hunchback.



HERE we are again! The season of Christmas Annuals has begun, in fact, to judge by these hardy annuals, Christmas may be said to have begun about a month ago. Mr. ROUTLEDGE (publisher), and Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT (editor), have hit upon a capital notion in *The Stage Door*, which has already "assembled in its thousands." The contributors are all of them well known to the theatre-going public, which, acquainted with the occasional lucubrations of Messrs. IRVING, NEVILLE, and TOOLE, has naturally exhibited considerable curiosity for the first appearance, as authors, of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, Miss HODSON, Mrs. JOHN WOOD, Mr. WALTER LACY, Mr. HARE, and Miss KATE MUNROE. They are for the most part amusing; Mr. REECE's playbill, however, being first among the funniest. But there ought to have been no authors admitted; it should have been written entirely by actors, actresses, the ladies of the ballet, the supers, and, most important of all, a genuine stage-door keeper.

The "wrapper" of *The Stage Door* is quite "up to the knocker." The Lady represented outside as issuing from the stage-door with a roll of music under her arm is evidently either a burlesque actress, an operatic *prima donna*, or one of the chorus, which is deceptive, as none of these are represented *inside*. On second thoughts, this may be intended to represent the burlesque actress, or *prima donna*, or chorus-singer, or whatever she is, leaving the theatre, carrying under her arm her *rejected* contribution. The glance which the stage-door keeper, supposed to be the editor, I presume, is casting over the top of his *Era* at the unhappy young Lady, is very suggestive of the poor man's nervousness, lest, at the last moment, she, the rejected one, should turn round on him, and have a row.

As the contributions are only "by those who enter" the stage-door, of course, the accepted story-tellers have all gone inside, and are stopping there. Not the least among its interesting and amusing features, are the portraits of the writers prefixed to each story. They are all beaming and beautiful. The likenesses are marvellous—most marvellous. Mr. WALTER LACY looks as if he had stepped out of a sporting tailor's advertisement; Mr. STERRY (why is he behind a stage-door? the sly boots!) apparently represents the Hatting interest; Mr. JOHN HARE shows what an admirable effect may be produced by wearing the St. James's open collar; Mr. FRANK MARSHALL is something between *Nicholas Nickleby* and the late Count de MONTALEMBERT; Miss KATE MUNROE's portrait is a study for an *Ophelia* at Colney-Hatch; Mr. TOOLE is as he appeared when suffering from the mumps; Mr. LIONEL BROUGH's portrait conveys the idea of his having been interrupted suddenly while washing his face; Mr. REECE is like somebody else, probably a Russian Prince; Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD seems to have partially recovered from a severe rash; while Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON's head of hair is apparently intended to exhibit the perfection of the perruquier's art when the

rules of self-measurement have been carefully observed. Altogether, including the illustrated advertisements (see the portrait of "The Blood Purifier" and others—real gems!), the *Stage Door* is a first-rate Shilling's-worth.

In *Little Wideawake*, from the same publishers, Mr. ERNST GRISSET is at his best in his illustrations to "The Black Rolf of Rookstone," and Miss GREENAWAY's "Miss Patty" is a charming frontispiece. Mrs. SALE BARKER's stories are excellent for young folks; and if the latter are pleased with their Mrs. BARKER, the publishers ought to be delighted with their "SALE."

Mr. CALDECOTT's *Babes in the Wood* is almost perfect from cover to cover, including the wrapper, or, one might say, considering the subject, perfect from *covert* to *covert*, including the wood-engravings. The picture of the wicked Uncle making much of the children, of his interview with the villains, and of the finish of the fight, are deliciously humorous, while the wandering of the babes is touching.

The same artist has also illustrated GOLDSMITH's poem of "The Mad Dog," in which, for the comfort of all burlesque rhymesters, the poet has made "foes" rhyme with "clothes." The picture representing the dog's jealousy of the cat as the foundation of the idea that

"The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad and bit the man,"

is intensely funny, and old and young will heartily welcome this new contribution to Father Christmas's library.

From the lugubrious locality of St. Paul's Churchyard, those old juvenile entertainers, GRIFFITH and FARRAN, successors to NEWBERRY and HARRIS, time out of mind the children's book-makers, pour on us a shower of boys' and girls' books, about all sorts of sport and earnest, from all quarters of the globe and all races, Kaffir and Red-Indian included, among which the young folks who can't find favourites, must be hard to please indeed. Of Christmas Cards, what is to be said? Ask Messrs. DE LA RUE and MARCUS WARD, those veterans of the game, and those who have "followed suit"—HILDESHEIMER and ROTHE, and BUTLER, and who knows how many besides?—whose "packs" now fill the stationers' windows. If they find that *Le jeu vaut la chandelle*—that they are winners by their Christmas Card playing—so be it. *Punch* hopes they may.

A fortnight ago I paid a visit to Alma Mater, and witnessed a very good performance of *The Game of Speculation* and *The First Night* by the A. D. C. of Cambridge. The house was crammed every night. One *matinée* was given for the benefit of the funds of the Adenbrook Hospital, when, as the prices were doubled, a considerable sum must have been realised.

Why does that absurd theatrical stucco-Shakspeare play, *The Hunchback*, keep the Stage so pertinaciously? I believe that most people think it is by some "old dramatist," with whose name they ought to be familiar, but aren't. They are not absolutely certain it isn't one of SHAKSPEARE's, or, at least, written by a cousin of SHAKSPEARE's; and I have actually heard it ascribed to SHERIDAN—without the KNOWLES. The true answer probably is, that, despite its tawdriness and its tinsel, and its absurd Elizabethan affectations, there are in it some touches of nature, which are genuine inspirations. These—and only these—prevent this silly, uninteresting and wearisome Five-Act Play from sinking into oblivion. When it was revived at the Adelphi, with Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, and Miss NELSON, it was a big success, and drew crowded houses for a long time.

At Sadler's Wells it has been reproduced for the sake of Miss ISABEL BATEMAN's *Julia*, a performance of considerable merit. Mr. KELLY's *Master Walter* is disappointing. Mr. WALTER BENTLEY was better as *Rob Roy* than as *Sir Thomas Clifford*—it is puzzling to have *Master Walter* and *Master Walter* in the same piece, and both disguised as somebody else—while Mr. F. W. WYNDHAM is quiet in *Modus*, which is a fault on the right side. *Leah* is already underlined for reproduction, with Mrs. CROWE in her original part. So that when Miss ISABEL has finished playing her *Julia*, her elder sister will come out in her *Jew Leah*.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT has got a good crew together to man his *Court Ship*. Mr. BYRON's Comedy crackles with witty things, which go off like Prince Rupert's drops, but Mr. ANSON makes his part, which is a sort of first cousin to *Perkyn Middlewick*, rather too burlesque. The Story seems to come to a natural finish at the end of the Second Act, and there is a mysterious Uncle played by Mr. PRICE,—disguised apparently as Sir GEORGE BOWYER, M.P.,—who has evidently founded himself on a mixture of *Sir Oliver* in the *School for Scandal*, and *Burchell* in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A good Paper might be written on stage Uncles,—and, by the way, on stage relations generally, a subject I will reserve, *in petto*, for a future treatise from the pen of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*Ours* has been revived at the Prince of Wales's, but I have not yet seen it. I cannot add *Ours* to my present *minutes*.—Y. R.

GLADSTONE'S GIFTS (*To and Fro*),—Dresses and Addresses.

## "HIGH POWERS IN CONJUNCTION—(OR COLLISION)."

"Professor KLINKERFÜS, of Göttingen, ridicules the notion, to which he assigns an English origin, of the danger to the Earth of the present position of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune."—*Times Foreign Correspondence*.



BUT what says Prof. KLINKERFÜS to the *Pall Mall*'s daily apprehensions of the danger to the Earth from the present position

tion, not of the four remotest planets, but of the three nearest European potentates?

If we have nothing to fear from conjunction or collision of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, dare we feel as safe *à propos* of their earthly parallels? These, we should say, are—for Jupiter, Germany, with BISMARCK, forger and flasher of bolts, most dangerous when out of clearest sky; for Saturn, Russia, devourer of her own children in Nihilist executions, and Turkish and Central-Asian slaughters; for Uranus (Greek, for "Heaven"), Austria, on the principle of association by contraries; and for the Sea-God Neptune, BRITANNIA of course, with Lord BEACONSFIELD ready and willing to sweep anybody into nothingness with his "*Quos ego!*"

*En attendant*—till better advised—if Professor KLINKERFÜS says "Pooh!" to the planets, Mr. *Punch*, no doubt like the idiot and buffoon, the irreverent ribald and ruffianly street-rough he is, is just as ready as Mr. GLADSTONE to say "Pooh!" to the *Pall Mall*!

### A Double Canvass.

"Mr. MILLAIS' admirable portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE is now on view in Princes Street, Edinburgh."—*Scotsman*.

IF GLADSTONE's canvass prove as good  
As MILLAIS' canvass of the man,  
Mid-Lothian stands not where she stood—  
The pocket-borough of a Clan:  
And, faggots of the bold BUCCLEUCH,  
The world has seen the last of you!

### NOT THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

It is announced in the Irish papers that a Mr. BOLSTER is to be the new Member for Limerick. Surely Home-Rule wants Pillars to prop it more than Pillows to go to sleep on!

### WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

THE latest bulletins of BISMARCK's health describe him as "suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart." Strange that the man of blood and iron should turn out soft-hearted, after all.

IMITATION MOSAICS.—DISRAELI's designs v. CHATHAM's.



### AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

*Land-Steward (to Tenant-Farmer).* "WELL, GILES, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SOW IN HERE?"

*Farmer.* "AIN'T 'ZACTLY MADE UP MY MIND, SIR; BUT IF WE COULD PUT IN A FEW STEWARDS AND LAND-AGENTS—THEY SEEMS TO THRIVE BEST ON THE LAND NOWADAYS!"

### BEARDING THE BUCCLEUCH.

(After Scott's "Lady of the Lake.")

DUMFOUNDERED at the Southron's jaw,  
Quoth the Unknown, "What right of law  
Hast thou Midlothian's vote to sue,  
Without a pass from bold BUCCLEUCH?"

"What right?" My pass, in tongue-fence tried,  
Hangs in my mouth, not easy tied.  
And sooth to tell," the Southron said,  
"This time I much shall need its aid.  
Although for but a week I'm out,  
Six columns daily I've to spout.  
Though while there's pen and postcard known,  
My taste for peace and rest I own."  
"Then why this wordy venture try?"  
"Partisan thou, and ask me *why*?  
Enough I seek to drive from place  
Lord B.'s black band, our land's disgrace.  
Slight reason may suffice to guide  
An errant Statesman's wanderings wide;  
A gauntlet thrown, a speech gainsaid,  
Proffer of rugs or breeks or plaid;  
Or, if the path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone."

"But Stranger, speech-primed though you came,  
To spoil Imperialism's game,  
How in Midlothian dare to show  
BUCCLEUCH's avowed and mortal foe?"

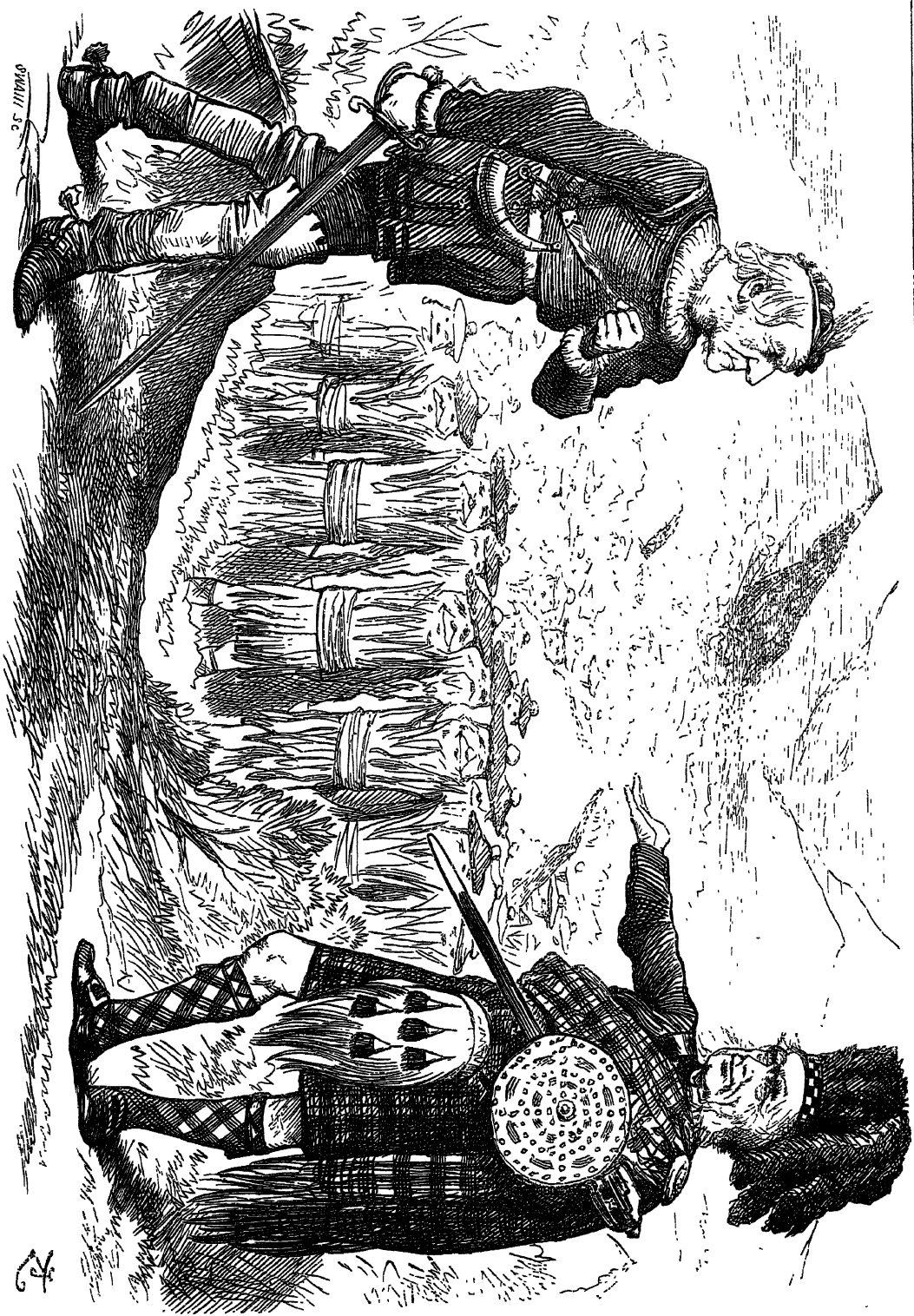
Answered Stout WILL,—"*BUCCLEUCH*, no doubt,  
Is honourable as he's stout;  
In fact, a right good sort, and I  
Feel for the Chief no enmity.

But by proud promise I am tied  
To match me with a man of pride.  
To talk I seek Midlothian now,  
But when I come again, I trow,  
I come with banner, band, and bow,  
As strong man seeks strong man for foe.  
No placeman spying chance of pow'r  
E'er hungered for the approaching hour,  
As I to see before me stand  
This Tory Chieftain and his band."

"Have then thy wish!" He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered with a will.  
Sudden from their concealment rose,  
Fellest if funniest of foes,  
The Faggot-Voters one and all,  
In answer to their Chieftain's call.  
Fresh levied troops, but game to fight  
Till all was blue. From left to right,  
Before, behind, above, below,  
Sprang up at once the lurking foe.  
That whistle thronged Midlothian's glen  
With Faggot-laden franchised men.  
That host ticked duly off, and tied,  
The Unknown's eye surveyed with pride,  
Then fix'd calm eye and kindling brow,  
Full on Stout WILL—"How say'st thou now?  
These are Midlothian's Voters new,  
And, Southron, I'm the bold BUCCLEUCH!"

WILL was true grit:—Deep in his heart  
These Faggot Votes provoked a smart.  
He manned himself with dauntless air,  
Gave back BUCCLEUCH his haughty stare,  
His back 'gainst principles he bore,  
Planted his foot firm on the floor,  
"Come one, come all! the Truth shall fly  
From its broad base as soon as I!"





## BEARDING THE BUCCLEUCH.

"THESE ARE MIDDLTOWN'S VOTERS NEW,  
AND, SOUTHERN, I'M THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH!!"

"He denounced the system of finger-votes, by which a practical fraud is played upon the Constitution, and counties are wrested from their natural electors, the constituents."—*Spectator's* "Notes of the Week."



## IRISH PROVENDER.



REFERRING to the well-known anecdote, respecting the man who said he had tried everything to quicken his horse's pace, and was asked if he had tried oats, the *Times*, in a leader on Irish affairs, observes:—"We have now tried oats with Ireland, and yet she is not satisfied." With reference to a kind of provender, possibly more acceptable to the collective Irish animal, on which oats have failed to have the desired effect, the question still remains to be asked—"Have you tried thistles?" Certainly, we have not yet tried Home Rule.

## WELL BESTOWED.

A GOLD Medal has been presented by the Society of Arts to Messrs. J. AND A. W. BIRT for

"the collection of buoyant articles sent in by them." We shall be glad to hear from these gentlemen.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensionary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**STOCK EXCHANGE.**—Built for exchanging Stocks of all sorts. Formerly there used to be a larger variety of Stocks than now. There were *satin* Stocks that went round the neck, and wooden Stocks that were *sat* in as a punishment, and Stocks which were worth so much *per scentum* to their growers, and were the pride of the Haughty Cultivists. Then there are the other Stocks which are considered as having something to do with Ritualism on account of their being *in-vestments*. On the Exchange there are all sorts of dealers,—fair dealers, dark dealers, plain dealers, and handsome dealers. Besides dealers, there are also shufflers. The dealers in Stocks are called Stock Brokers and Stook Jobbers. No one can become a Broker unless there is good security for his not breaking. As far as a client from the outside public is concerned, the distinction between a jobber and a broker, is about the same as between an attorney and a solicitor. There is a third class, which is an amalgamation of the two, and may be either a broker or a jobber, or something of both, and is called a Joker. The Jokers at one time formed a very large and powerful party, and the Exchange itself, like old Exeter Change, was very nearly being turned into a Bear Garden—a bare garden and nothing more. But Bulls on the establishment were not to be cowed; and having pronounced the Bears unbearable, they prevented them from having it entirely to themselves. "Bear and Forbear" was thenceforward the motto. But to a certain extent the danger still exists, and no stranger is allowed to venture unprotected among these ferocious animals. No one with a red handkerchief is ever admitted under any pretext whatever. The operation of Stock-breaking may be witnessed every morning early, and is most interesting. While the Jobbers, in their picturesque dresses, are driving in the Bulls and Bears for the day, the Brokers go on breaking the Stocks until they become merely Reduced Consols, when being in a portable form, they are taken to the Bank. On holidays the Bulls go to the theatres, and are great patrons of the style of entertainment called *Opera Bouff*.

**STOKE NEWINGTON.**—A suburb, so called from the large colony of Stokers residing in the neighbourhood. They are early victims of the *tender* passion; and on Sunday, being fond of finery, go about like wild Ingines.

**STRAND.**—Is the link between the City and the West, but it was more than a mere *link* when Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's electric light shone in every direction from the Gaiety Theatre.

**STRAND THEATRE.**—Formerly noted for burlesque, and now for *opéras bouffes*. It was at one time probably nearer the river than

it is at present, and was known as the "Home of the Swans," or the Swan-borough. "Mons" MARIUS, the celebrated Roman noble who, having become tired of crying over a ruin, is now singing for a fortune, has for a long time been one of the notabilities of this theatre. Miss ST. JOHN, or, as it is pronounced, "SINJUN," is another; and they both join in a duet—harmoniously *sinjun* together. It is still the Swan-borough, or Town of the Swans, where a *Hen durstn't* show up, though A *Hen-derson* does.

**STREETS.** (See STREETER.)

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Across the water. (See HOLLAND.) "A Surrey Sight!"—SHAKESPEARE.

**SWIMMING.**—Baths for this purpose on the Thames, established by a public benefactor, who had water on the brain and swimming in the head. They are getting on swimmingly.

T.—"He always came home to T,"—and here we are at last in this Dickensionary.

**TELEGRAPH.**—The *Daily Telegraph*, or D. T. The proprietors of this journal are the only instance on record of persons happy in a chronic state of "D. T." So far from its affecting their general health, they are announced as having the largest circulation in the world.

**TELEGRAPH OFFICES.**—Words, twenty a shilling, use of pencil and paper, or pen and ink, *inkcluded*. Many of the officials are young Ladies who are instructed to wire written messages, being of a very *ink-wiring* turn of mind. None but lissom and wirey young people are chosen. They soon overcome their natural repugnance to anything as startling as an electric battery, and work the wires regularly without even being shocked. The first qualification for a telegraph girl is that she must be an adept at the needle. (The eccentric person once notorious as Sal Volatile or "Wirey Sal" was a dancer, not a telegraphiste.) The second qualification is that they should be able to make an electric *battery* pudding. The examination stops at this point.

**THAMES CONSERVANCY.**—A Company Limited, having shares in the two Thames Banks which keep the river between them.

**TOWER HAMLETS LIBERAL CLUB.**—A Shakspearian Society for providing *Hamlets* on liberal terms to any of the theatres. Unfortunately, there is no *Ophelia* Club, and therefore the *Hamlets* have little opportunity.

**TOWER OF LONDON.**—Formerly the property of Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH, but now thrown open to the public. Ask to see the "Regalia"—which is the finest specimen of a cigar introduced into England by Sir WALTER RALEIGH. The wood block will interest Artists.

**TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**—Where the celebrated battle of Trafalgar was fought, the site of which is marked by the Nelson Column and the four Lions of LANDSEER, which commemorate the fact, that, in consequence of this great naval victory, the Great NAPOLEON did not invade our *lands here*. Sir EDWIN is the only sculptor who has carved the British Lion for the public.

**TRAVELLERS' CLUB.**—The great advantage of belonging to this Club is, that, on Sunday if you are out for a long walk and in need of refreshment, you can always show your certificate of membership, and be served with refreshments as a *bona fide* Traveller. In this Club there is a fine Commercial Room, much frequented by the best kind of Travellers.

**TREASURY.**—Open every Saturday to every one from 12 till 2. Present your bills and they will be paid in full. This institution as a relief for oppressed individuals is very little known. No change given.

**TURF CLUB.**—Principal members Bishops, qualified on account of their Lawn. *Motto*—"All Flesh is Grass: and Everybody more or less Green." Masters of Hounds, wishing to play cards, must bring their own packs!

**TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.**—This Exhibition is perpetually making "*hits*" with its *wax*. In the Chamber of Horrors, for sixpence extra, you can hear lectures on *orrrery*.

**TYBURNIA.**—A portion of London so called from old Tyburn, where the celebrated Tyburn Tree, *i.e.*, Gallows, was. The place to a certain extent still preserves its ancient reputation, as numbers of people "hang out" here.

## Paris to her Parliament.

(A Round. Offered to the Senate and Assembly reassembled at Paris, in the Luxembourg and Palais Bourbon, November 27, 1879.)

WELCOME, little Stranger!  
So long from us a ranger,  
From Versailles and all its glories,  
And all the silly stories  
Of our rowdyisms and shindyisms,  
And Victor-Hugo windyisms,  
Our Amnesterians plenary,  
And our Revolution scenery—  
Welcome, little Stranger,  
So long from us a ranger!



### THE LINE OF BEAUTY.

*Athletic.* "DON'T YOU BICYCLE?"

*Æsthetic.* "ER—NO. IT DEVELOPES THE CALVES OF THE LEGS SO! MAKES 'EM STICK OUT, YOU KNOW! SO COARSE! POSITIVE DEFORMITY!!"

### A GOOD LEAD.

GENEVA used to be a model to England in Puritan times. Once more she becomes a leader of new lights at this day.

*Punch* is glad to translate from a Continental contemporary, the *Journal de Genève*—

"Yesterday evening, passengers by the Rues de Mont Blanc, du Rhône, and de la Corraterie might have read, for the first time, the names of the streets enamelled in colour on the street-lamps."

The Editor congratulates the Administrative Council on this step, which he calls "a real progress, of which our town is the first, if we mistake not, to set the example." Not quite the first.

One London district has had the start of Geneva. As of old, the Wise Men come from the East. The Works' Committee of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, have some time ago had the names of the streets painted on many of the street-lamps. One of them writes to *Punch* to say, that "It seems a great improvement, and must be a great boon to strangers in the

neighbourhood." Not a doubt of it, says *Punch*; and begs to congratulate his correspondent and his Board on not having laid their heads together in this case.

### THE MAGPIE.

(*A Modern Study, after Cowper and Vincent Browne.*)

THERE is a Bird, who, by his note,  
And by the motley of his coat,  
Is known to all the town;  
A constant hunter of back-stairs,  
Eaves-dropping nooks, and area lairs,  
And keyholes up or down.

He has a look, though sly, elate,  
Whose twinkle seems to indicate  
Chronic internal chuckle;  
A port to all occasions squared,  
And, as events may turn, prepared  
To menace, trim, or truckle.

Fond of the Spy's ignoble part,  
He haunts the Court, the Camp, the Mart,  
And there securely pries  
Into Church, State, and Fashion's show,  
And all that occupies below  
The great, the good, the wise.

Think you that as he spies he muses  
On morals sage or honest uses  
Of all that doth befall?  
Not so, too high the bird you rate,  
No such thought in his hollow pate  
Finds room or place at all.

He sees in that huge roundabout,  
The World, with all its motley rout,  
Its jostlings, and its jars,  
Its loves, its needs, its wars, its creeds,  
Its public or its private deeds,  
Materials for "pars."

With pander smile or cynic sneer,  
Sycophant smirk or satyr leer,  
According as the matter  
Is smartly false or simply true,  
Of Court rose-pink or cad's broad blue,  
He does—what does he?—chatter!

With vulture-beak he loves to tear  
The veil from privacy, and bare  
All to the prurient rabble.  
If hearts be wrung or cheeks be flushed,  
Modesty outraged, proud hopes crushed,  
*N'importe!*—the bird must babble!

With eye of Peeping Tom, and tongue  
That to the wind all rule hath flung  
Of honour, taste, or reason,  
He vents—and vends—his balderdash,  
Of which one-half is veriest trash,  
The other vilest treason.

Out, bird obscene! *Punch* long hath seen  
Thy *mouchard* ways, malignant, mean,  
And, sick of having seen them,  
Would have all honest men combine  
To clip those noisome wings of thine,  
Or wring the neck between them!

### As Good as a Play.

WE have never heard of a legal adviser so completely identifying himself with his client as Mr. JOHN REA, in the Sligo proceedings against the Anti-rent Agitators. He not only defends KILLEN, but actually *is* KILLEN—he is so wonderfully funny in broad burlesque business.

LE CŒUR SUR LES LÈVRES.—How to read *The Heart of Midlothian*.—Look in Mr. GLADSTONE'S mouth.



"CUTTING!"

Customer. "I—AW—WANT MY—AW—MUSTACHES DYED."

Artist. "YESSIR—CERTAINLY, SIR—'BOUGHT 'EM WITH YOU, SIR?!"

## OVER THE BORDER.

MR. GLADSTONE is making a good thing out of his visit to Midlothian. Besides the mauds, plaids, rugs, tweed suits, table covers, albums, and caskets which have been duly recorded in the daily papers, numberless other articles, chiefly of a domestic and useful character, have been presented to him, but, most unaccountably, without finding a chronicler.

The following may be relied on as a tolerably accurate list of the many additional gifts from his friends and supporters, with which Mr. GLADSTONE will return across the border richly laden.

Several gallons of the very best Usquebaugh.

A hamper full of Dundee Marmalade, each pot authenticated with the signature of "E. JENKINS, M.P."

Finnan Haddies enough to supply the family breakfast-table until the meeting of Parliament.

Bannocks, oatcakes, scones, shortbread, and other trophies of the Land o' Cakes in reckless profusion.

Potted grouse, muir-fowl, ptarmigan, and capercaillie.

Brose, porridge, cockaleekie, haggis, and collops, in tins.

A dozen sacks of best rough-ground Scotch oatmeal (for porridge).

"A peck o' maut" for WILLIE to brew.

Boxes of kippered salmon.

A set of bagpipes beautifully mounted in electro-plate.

A Scotch cap.

A complete Highlander's suit.

Cairngorm brooches, buttons, mulls, sleeve-links, and studs to ditto.

Several Scotch terriers, Skye terriers, and Dandie Dinmonts.

A Shetland pony.

A team of Clydesdales.

Photographs of BURNS's birthplace, farm, monument, pipe, and punch-bowl; a lock of ADAM SMITH's wig; DUGALD STEWART's umbrella; the Ettrick Shepherd's crook; and the original covers of the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Various editions of *The Heart of Midlothian*, appropriately bound in boards enamelled with all the Scotch tartans—and,

Last, but not least, a tireless set of Scotch ears, and a countless number of Scotch hearts.

HOT AND COLD.—Peruvian Securities, in a Chili pickle.

## THE WAY WE DIE NOW.

(A Tragedy of Civilisation.)

SCENE—A Street in the heart of a great City on a bleak November night. Bundle of Rags discovered huddled together on a doorstep. Enter a Guardian of the Peace.

Guardian of the Peace. Come, now, yer mustn't do that 'ere. Git up, and go 'ome.

Bundle of Rags. I have no home. I'm very ill.

Guardian of the Peace. Well, yer can't be ill 'ere, you know. Come, git up! (Bundle of Rags staggers to its feet.) Oh, yer've been a-drinkin', 'ave yer? I shall have to run yer in. Now, then!

Bundle of Rags. I haven't tasted food for three days. I'm starving. Oh, let me be! Let me die here!

Guardian of the Peace (softened). Oh, it ain't drink, ain't it? Well, if yer've got nowheres to go to—'ere, I'll help yer. Come along!

[They "come along" till they reach the door of a Charitable Institution.]

Guardian of the Peace. 'Ere, 'ere's some one for yer. This 'ere young 'oman's very bad. I've 'ad a reglar job to git her along. We've come from the other side of the Cut.

Official No. 1 (surveying Bundle of Rags philosophically). Have you! Well, you've had your job for nothing, then. It ain't our business. It's the district 'ouse as is the place for her. [Shuts wicket.]

Bundle of Rags (tottering). But I shall never get there. Let me lie down, and die!

Guardian of the Peace. No, I can't let yer do that. You'll git along nicely enough presently. It's only a trifle over two mile. Come along!

[They again "come along," and arrive at the door of another Institution for the alleviation of human suffering.]

Guardian of the Peace. 'Ere now, help her in, will yer; and look sharp. She's very bad. We've come all the way from the Charity Shop, down Whitechapel way.

Official No. 2 (encouragingly). Well, and you've had your walk for nothing. You must take her to the Asylum,—that's what you must do.

Guardian of the Peace. Why couldn't he ha' told us that down at the Shop? Why, the girl's well nigh beat.

Official No. 2. Well, that's no business of mine. The Asylum—that's where you must take her. [Retires for the night.]

Bundle of Rags. Oh, but I can't go further. I'm dying! Oh, let me lie down;—do, do let me lie down!

Guardian of the Peace. No, now you cheer up; it ain't much further, and you'll be all right and comfortable when you gits there. Come along!

[They "come along" once more, and reach the gate of an Asylum for the Sick.]

Guardian of the Peace. Now, look sharp there! This young 'oman's very bad. She's almost a-dying. Come now, lend us a 'and, and let's git her in.

Official No. 3. Get her in without a order? What are you talkin' of?

Guardian of the Peace. Horder? They said nothink down yonder about a horder. Besides—look at her. She's as bad as she can be. Why, the girl's a-dying!

Official No. 3. I knows nothing of that. She can't come in without a order. [The Bundle of Rags dies.]

Guardian of the Peace. Well, she won't want one now, poor girl! [And the Bundle of Rags is taken in, without an order, as the Curtain falls.]

## A Parnellian Protest.

MR. PARNELL, reading this week's *Spectator*, came on this sentence:—

"DALY and KILLEN and DAVITT may be Fenian Head-Centres for all we know."

"Head-Centres those fellows!" he muttered. "'Tail-Centres' at most!"



## MARRIAGE AND MELANCHOLY.



MR. PUNCH,  
 THE other morning, at breakfast, I read in my newspaper a suggestion from the Rev. W. BICKERSTETH, Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, against which I wish to protest. For the convenience of parties desirous to attend weddings, Mr. BICKERSTETH proposes, as an amendment of the existing marriage laws, "the extension of the four legal hours for marriage, which are from eight to twelve in the forenoon, to the ten hours from eight A.M. to six P.M." Sir, I consider this a most injudicious proposal. The persons who desire to attend weddings, and can't, are much better occupied in

attending to their business. Those who don't desire to attend weddings, like myself, and yet occasionally get invited to them, can, as the law stands, plead business for absentsing themselves. If it is to be possible for marriages to be celebrated at any time from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, those persons will be in a great measure deprived of that excuse, and be obliged either to attend weddings against their will, or offend people whom they cannot afford to, and had better not.

For my own part, Sir, nobody can dislike more than I do attending a funeral; but I dislike attending a wedding rather more than a funeral. After "Marriages," in the papers, come "Deaths." Every wedding means at least two funerals in prospect, and commonly many more, which can be a pleasant thought for nobody but a cynical undertaker. At a funeral you can hold your tongue, and the more dismal you look the better; whereas at a wedding you are expected to laugh and smile, and make attempts at pleasantry and facetiousness whilst, if a rational man, you are inwardly reflecting on the vanity of human wishes in general, and expectation of domestic bliss in particular. These considerations naturally tend rather to depress than elevate the spirits of even a philosopher, not inaccessible to human sympathies, in their proper place, like yours truly,  
 DIOGENES SMELFUNGUS.

P.S.—In the report of "Marriages in High Life," I observe it is generally recorded that the ceremony concluded with MENDELSSOHN'S "Wedding March." If I were the organist on such an occasion, I should be disposed to strike up, as more appropriate from a thoughtful point of view, the "Dead March in Saul."

## "SAUCE FOR GOOSE NOT SAUCE FOR GANDER."

MR. PUNCH was dozing before the fire in his *sanctum* a few evenings ago, when his well-earned rest was disturbed by the sudden appearance of a number of foreigners. As they had not been announced, the Sage was naturally angry at their intrusion.

"Who are you, Gentlemen?" he cried. "And by what right do you force yourselves into my private apartment?"

"We are Italians," returned the spokesman of the party, "and we come here because we presume that you are the representative of that dreadful ignoramus, Signor JOHN BULL."

"Mr. JOHN BULL is my very good friend and *alter ego*," replied Mr. Punch, hotly; "but I am surprised at your daring to call him an ignoramus."

"Keep your temper, my good friend," said the Italian, motioning to his colleagues to seat themselves in the easiest chairs the *sanctum* afforded; "and remember that we are only here for your good. Signor JOHN BULL requires protection, and we are here to protect him."

"Signor JOHN BULL," as you call him, is well able to look after himself," growled Mr. Punch.

"Indeed, you are quite wrong. Signor JOHN BULL has no taste. For generations he has been destroying his most interesting, historical, and artistic monuments, in the name—once of Improvement, lately of Restoration. In your very Temple of Themis, which we passed on our way here from Cannon Street, we found destruction in full swing. Rude hands had been, are even now—being laid on the fountain, sacred to the genius of DICKENS, and on several of the Courts, if dingy, of high historic associations."

"They were the property of the learned Society, I suppose."

"Not at all—they belonged to the civilised world. Then look at your Castle and Cathedral 'restorations'—Durham and Windsor, Salisbury Chapter-House, St. Alban's, Ripon, Hexham!—to name a few only. Nay, what have you done with that most historical of relics—your one surviving City gate—Temple Bar?"

"Pulled it down at last—thank the Corporation!—and a good thing, too."

"You have no right to plead convenience as an excuse for irreverent Vandalism. It was not at all unlike our own Bridge of Sighs in Italian eyes. We still saw it crowned with heroes' heads, and haunted by the ghosts of JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, and BOSWELL. It was a centre of romantic association, if not a thing of beauty. You had no right to destroy it."

"But it was coming down."

"Well, if you had gained our consent, you might have restored it—in a reverential spirit. Lastly, what do you mean by putting CLEOPATRA'S Needle on the Thames Embankment?"

"That's our affair, and not yours."

"A barbarous and insolent plea! Believe me, you are wrong. Even the Americans show a greater respect for antiquity—more reverence for the fitness of places and things, than you do. They have found a Governor and a large body of the most cultivated natives of Rhode Island to protest against the transfer of the companion obelisk from Alexandria to New York. You have no right to outrage civilised opinion."

"Come, I like this!"

"But we don't," returned the Italian, courteously but firmly. "Ancient monuments belong to the world, and not only to the people who possess them. That reminds us. We have heard that you have lately been laying rude hands on the architecture of your venerable Universities, defiling the reverend age of Oxford with fire-brand new red brick."

At this point the patience of Mr. Punch gave way, and he also gave way to such a passionate exclamation of anger that—he awoke! The Italians had disappeared, and in their place he found the faithful Toby presenting him with a petition for signature. The Sage glanced through the document.

"Hum!" said Mr. Punch, "a request to the Italian Government to leave San Marco alone. Very proper indeed! San Marco must be saved at any cost. At the same time I am glad to see that letter from the Italian Minister of Works, giving the assurance that the eyes of the Italian Government are open to the damage that has been already done to San Marco in the name of improvement, and on the watch to prevent its being carried further. Still, it is our duty to look after them! Then he smiled as he remembered his dream. "What an absurd notion! Fancy a pack of Italians daring to interfere with our artistic improvements! The idea is too ridiculous! And now for this very proper petition."

And being a thorough Englishman, Mr. Punch signed it.

## STEP FORWARD AT SOUTHAMPTON.

PERSONS somewhat the juniors of the oldest inhabitant may recollect that some years ago the principal Newspaper pronounced Southampton "the most go-ahead town in the South of England." Since then, owing to adverse circumstances, Southampton has advanced in the path of material prosperity with somewhat shorter and fewer leaps and bounds than formerly; but still, in the moral and intellectual way, continues to make both positive and comparative progress. As witness the following scrap of local news:—

"It has been decided, by a majority of nine to four of the Council, to open the Hartley Institution at Southampton on Sundays."

Southampton was the birthplace of Dr. WATTS, who is commemorated by a statue—what matter if rather a comic work of art?—in one of its principal open spaces. Dr. WATTS was not only a Poet, but also a Logician and a Divine. As to both divinity and logic the majority of the Southampton Town Council, by throwing the Hartley Institution open on Sundays, may claim to have approved themselves worthy townsmen of Dr. WATTS. It may be hopefully anticipated that a considerable decrease in the average number of cases of drunkenness coming before the Southampton Bench on Monday morning will ensue upon the Sunday opening of the Hartley Institution.

## Bits and Bridles;

OR, OFFERTORY REMONSTRANTS AND ST. ALBAN'S RECALCITRANTS.

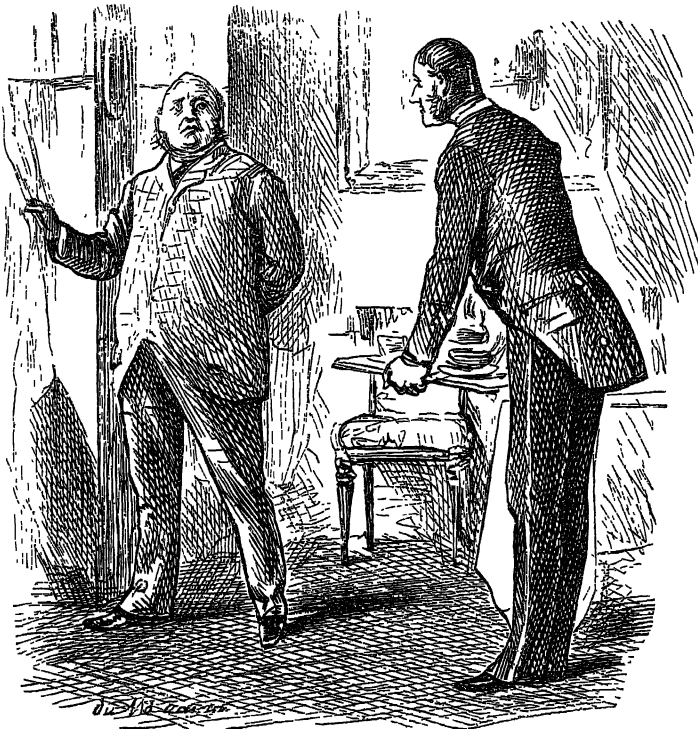
WHEN a facer MACKONOCHE hits

At the Law from the contest that sidles,

Why complain of Church threepenny-bits

With Church twopenny-halfpenny bridles?

BENJAMIN'S MESS.—The pudding which the Opposition wants Constituencies to prepare for the Government—Sa-go.



## FLUNKEIANA.

"HULLO, NUPKINS! SURELY, YOU CAN SWEEP AWAY THE SNOW FROM THE DOOR-STEP WITHOUT HIRING THOSE THREE BOYS!"

"I TAKE THE REMUNERATION ON MYSELF, SIR. I SHOULD LOSE MY CHANCE OF ANOTHER PLACE IF I WAS SEEN DOING 'PAROCHIAL' WORK!"

## THE MODERN "NINE."

In ancient Greece the old poets and historians tell us there were Nine Muses, all single Ladies, who presided over Music and Singing and Dancing, and other accomplishments, under the conduct and patronage of the heathen divinity, Apollo.

In modern England the newspapers have within the last few days informed their readers that Nine Ladies, four married and five single, have been elected members of the London School Board, to watch over reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, history, cookery, needlework, and other useful branches of learning, under the experienced presidency and guidance of Sir CHARLES REED.

As this is the first time the lady members of the London School Board have reached the classic number of Nine, it may be interesting both to the present generation and to posterity, and may also serve as a wholesome stimulus to those fair and youthful students who are now busy with their books at Girton and other Women's Colleges, to know what was the exact ceremonial observed at the first meeting of the new Board at their Offices on the Thames Embankment.

An extra staff of charwomen, selected by competitive examination, were employed for several previous days in cleaning and scouring the whole house from the basement to the garrets.

The Board-Room carpet was carefully examined by the official upholsterer, and in several places some needful repairs were effected under his personal supervision.

The whole of the furniture was well rubbed over and polished. Lace curtains were hung across the windows; exotics, palms, and evergreens tastefully arranged in pots and vases; and the busts of the Nine Muses wreathed with laurel. A grand piano, specially hired for the ceremony, was placed in position, and then tuned by the tuner to the Board.

Five minutes before the appointed hour of meeting, the male members entered the Board-room, dressed in complete evening costume, and wearing white, cream, or lavender gloves, and flowers in the button-hole. They took their seats, with countenances that betrayed expectancy, and some traces of agitation.

Precisely as the official clock tolled the hour, the doors were thrown open, the gentlemen rose and bowed, and the Nine Lady members, preceded by the Board Beadles, and escorted by the

## A DANGEROUS JUDGE.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS is, we fear, a very dangerous and revolutionary person. We read of his having recently at the Central Criminal Court sentenced a man to seven years' penal servitude merely for endangering his wife's life by a savage assault—and when he was drunk, too, and therefore, of course, irresponsible.

But even worse than this monstrous disproportion between the crime—if crime it can be called—and the punishment, is the reason given for it—"that this kind of assault must be stopped."

As though it were not of infinitely more importance to society—in these levelling days—that the due supremacy of the male and the proper authority of the husband should be supported, than that the lives and limbs of wives should be protected.

*De minimis*—says a well-known legal maxim—*non curat lex*. As little should it care *de minoribus*; and women—wives in particular—are the *minores* in the social hierarchy.

## Imperial Pop!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT glorious sport the dear old Emperor of GERMANY, "at the head of a brilliant party," had on a recent Sunday at Wusterhausen, bagging 287 head of game, including 186 deer of sorts, 99 wild boars, and 12 badgers!

I wonder which brilliant Sportsman, out of the thirty-two guns present, bagged the badgers. Let us hope it was not His Imperial Majesty. The less badgering he has at his time of life, the longer we are likely to have the pleasure of seeing his genial old face among us.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,  
Yours, devotedly,  
GERMANICUS.

MOTTO FOR MR. LABOUCHERE (*appearing for himself in various Courts of Law*).—"LAB-itur et Lab-itur in omne volubilis ævum."

returning officers of the several divisions by which they had been wisely elected, headed by the Recorder, entered and advanced down the centre of the room, to the seats assigned to them, on the right and left of the Chair.

As soon as the Ladies were seated, bouquets were presented to them by the nine junior male members, assisted by the Clerk. The married Ladies wore velvet robes, the unmarried ones silk dresses, with lace pelerines, or *fichus*. They were all perfectly composed.

The National Anthem was sung by the entire Board, to the accompaniment of the piano. Coffee and tea, with cake, biscuits, and white and brown bread and butter, were then served by the Board servants, in state liveries.

(N. B. To prevent misconception, we are anxious to state that the whole of the extra expenses—charwomen, grand piano, decorations, refreshments and liveries—were defrayed by the male members, not paid out of the rates.)

The Chairman and Vice-Chairman were then elected.

The Chairman delivered his opening address, which was interspersed with graceful references to his Lady colleagues, and to SAPPHO, CORNELIA (not *Cornelia Blimber*, but "the mother of the GRACCHI"), BOADICEA, HANNAH MORE, Mrs. BARBAULD, Mrs. ELIZABETH CARTER, and the Nine Muses.

The ordinary business was then proceeded with. All the Lady members took a distinguished part in it, and the newly-elected single ones delivered their maiden speeches.

At the close of the meeting, the whole Board again grouped themselves round the piano (in which position they were photographed), and sang a madrigal.

The Lady members then curtsied to the Chair, and quitted the room. After they had resumed their fur-lined cloaks and shawls, the Head Beadle entered, and made a communication to the Chairman, who, with the Vice-Chairman, the nine junior members, and the Clerk, immediately quitted the Board-room, and escorted the Ladies to their carriages.

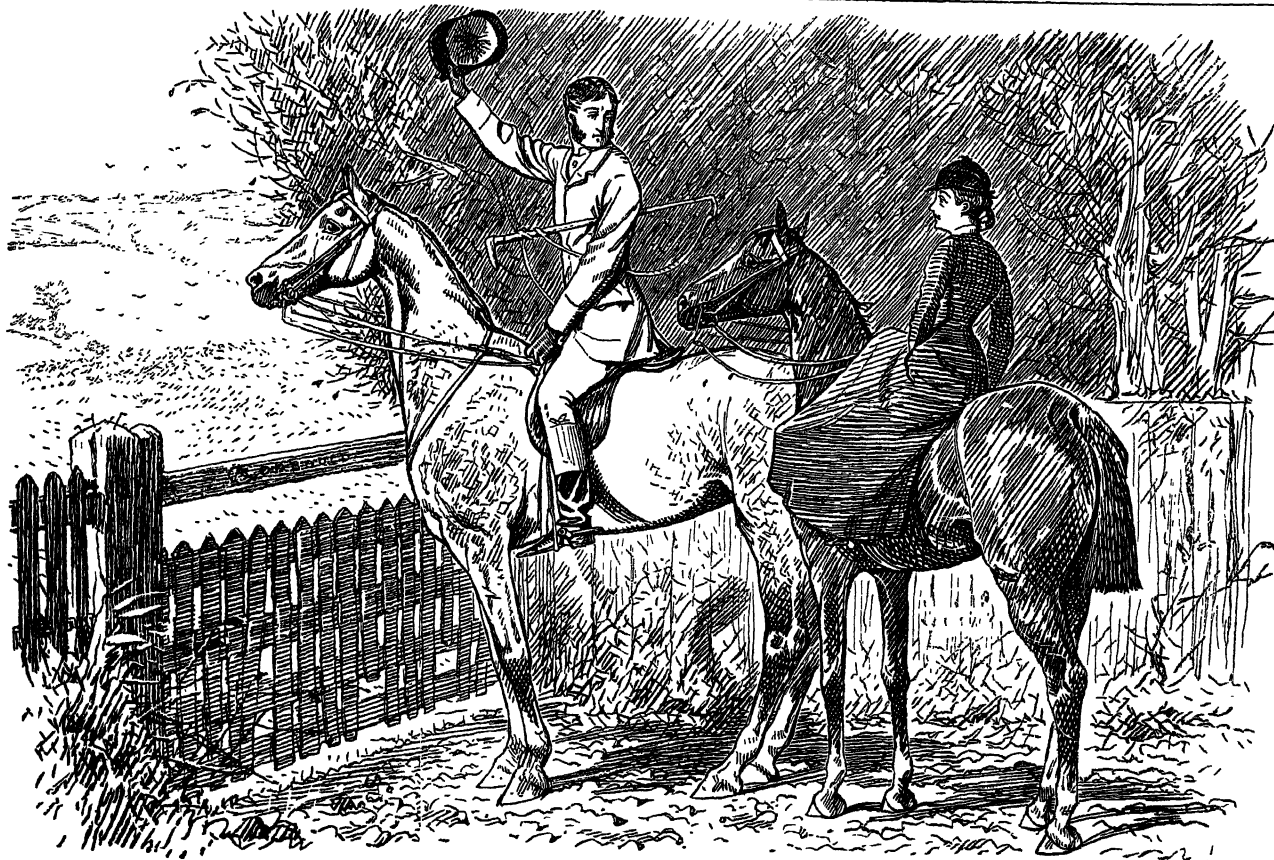
"*Rule Britannia*" was then sung by the rest of the Board, and the meeting broke up.

"LORD SEND US A GUDE CONCEIT O' OORSELS!"

"WHAT Scotland thinks to-day England will think to-morrow."  
—From a Scotch Correspondent.



ITALIAN HOT WATER FROM OVER THE PORTICO OF SAN MARCO.



## AT THE COVER-SIDE.

*Noble M.F.H. (to his Wife).* "HUSH, JENNY! THERE HE GOES—STRAIGHT FOR MORTON BROOK!"

*Her Ladyship.* "I WISH I WAS ON OLD BEGUM. I'VE NEVER TRIED THIS HORSE AT WATER."

*Noble M.F.H.* "SANDERS SAYS HE'LL JUMP ANYTHING. SO, THROW YOUR HEART OVER, AND SEND HIM AT IT."

*Her Ladyship.* "WELL, YOU GO FIRST, AND TAKE IT WITH YOU. I'LL FOLLOW."

## THE ART OF ARGUING.

*(Useful Hints for Polemical Politicians and Others.)*

In the first place, it should be distinctly understood that the Art of Arguing has nothing whatever to do with what is known to logicians as the Art of Reasoning. There is, indeed, diametrical opposition between the two Arts; and the rules of one would require complete inversion to adapt them to the other.

The sole aim of Arguing is to find your opponent (apparently) in the wrong, to which end it is by no means necessary that you yourself should be (really) in the right.

The expression of human opinion has perforce to take place through the medium of words—many of them—and sentences, often prodigiously long ones. Words are open to various constructions, and sentences may be taken in many senses, and in almost any sequence. The sense in which the original speaker uses his words, or the sequence in which he chooses to arrange his sentences, are matters wholly immaterial—save to himself. In these convenient circumstances lies the Arguer's opportunity.

The most important principle, or rule, of the Art of Arguing may, perhaps, be satisfactorily summarised in the words, "Pick and Pooh-pooh!" Without "picking," the finest fruits of argument could never be secured. You pick out a word or a sentence from your opponent's statement; place upon it "the only reasonable construction" (the one which suits you, of course) show—to your own satisfaction—its utter absurdity, and then triumphantly pooh-pooh the preposterous folly of your adversary's entire argument, of which you have given so fair a specimen. If he protest against your construction of his words or your redistribution of his sentences, you are not compelled to notice his protest; and your hearers—if of your own way of thinking—will certainly not do so. You are therefore quite safe, and secure an easy triumph. *Q. E. F.*

Should, however, the protest be so vigorously and persistently raised as to secure public attention, you have only to retort that

"All reasonable people (invaluable formula this) must have taken the words in the sense in which *you* have taken them," that however he may now strive to "explain them away" (another invaluable formula suggesting disingenuousness and moral obliquity on the part of your opponent), the impression they conveyed, and you doubt not were then *meant* to convey, is such as you yourself received.

This adroit rejoinder, of course, entitles you to go on giving your own original interpretation of his statement, which you do persistently; and as he cannot devote his whole life to the repetition of protest and refutation, you must ultimately succeed in fastening your own construction upon his expressions, which of course is the aim and end of all arguing.

It will be seen at once what splendid facilities the Art of Argument affords for discrediting an opponent's judgment, and—what is perhaps more important still—damaging his character. A Sophist and a Q.C. rolled into one could do no more in such matters than a skilled Arguer, though the latter may be as ignorant of dialectics as Buridan's ass.

A lengthy speech, for example, can hardly be carefully weighed or fully criticised in the compass of a short leader without the possession by the writer of the latter of such unusual and little-called-for commodities as candour, impartiality, and judicial balance. But by the use of the invaluable "pick and pooh-pooh" formula, you can—well, there is hardly anything that you can *not* do, except justice to your opponent's argument, which, of course, is the very last thing that an Arguer is likely to attempt.

## Gladstone—the Man and the Bag.

The Man and the Bag to hold a chap's swag  
Must be built on a different plan;  
There's no end of what goes *into* the Bag,  
And no end of what comes *out* of the Man!



## SKULLS FOR CIGAR-HOLDERS.

THERE have lately been displayed in Piccadilly, in the shop-window of Mr. WARD, the famous Taxidermist and Naturalist, numerous specimens of human skulls, neatly mounted and fitted up as cigar-cases and tobacco-holders. In the former character, the cranium is pierced with holes, through which the cigars stand out, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." We know nothing of the *locus a quo* of these ghastly relics of mortality. Probably they may be Zulu crania—war-trophies brought back by some of our young bloods, fresh from South-African warfare, and with some taint of its practices. We know that savage warriors—Maori, Dyak, and Fan—are fond of turning the heads of their slaughtered enemies to account as ornaments and symbols of prowess, if not as cigar-boxes. But this appropriation of foemen's skulls to purposes at once of use and ornament among ourselves, marks a distinct move in civilisation, and establishes another tie of fellow-feeling and common usage between us and our savage dependencies.

Considering the space filled by "the weed" in what some persons are in the habit of calling their "minds," it may be thought that to employ brain-pans as cigar-cases and tobacco-holders, is the most natural use for them, and that in fact it is rather an honour than an act of disrespect to a black-fellow's cranium to make it the receptacle for a rare brand of "Intimidades" or a choice lot of fragrant "El Gebelli." Still, most people have a sort of stupid prejudice against treating the relics of mortality—even black—with a familiarity bordering on contempt.

Others, it is true, "make no bones of it," and to this class, no doubt, the proprietors of these ghastly tobacco-holders belong. We all know the old saw, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"; but to bone 'em first, and then trepan their skulls to stick cigars into, is a step further than most would like to carry either old saw or new. If we were Mr. WARD, we should be on our guard against the very public display at present made in his window of these *post mortem* "porte-cigares."

## SOME HINTS FOR A REAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

## CHAPTER I.

*Prefatory Remarks—Existing Instructors—Probabilities—Inquiries—To be continued in our next.*

IN a recent most friendly notice of the *Personal Reminiscences of the A. D. C., Cambridge*, the Saturday Reviewer makes a suggestion as to a *modus operandi* for a University Dramatic Lecturer, which has seemed to be eminently worthy of amplification. To this logical and fair development, I now address myself in the few papers I shall have the honour to lay before the public, which is already interesting itself in the encouragement of a School of Dramatic Art, to be on the same platform, at least, with the Schools of Painting and Music.

Where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a want there's a safe to be a supply.

There is a growing demand for a School of Dramatic Art, or rather for a College within a University, to be called "The Macready," "The Kemble," "The Kean," or "The Phelps," as the most modern of the Colleges in Oxford is called "The Keble"—to which, by the way, one Irish gentleman, hearing another call it "The Kable College," sent his son, in order to prepare him for a post, a telegraph post in the United Atlantic Cable Co.

If a College could not at first be obtained, a Professorship of the Dramatic Art might be instituted at Cambridge, where the stage of the A. D. C. (or Amateur Dramatic Club) already offers admirable facilities.

Let a few energetic patrons of the Drama subscribe to endow a Professorship and a Scholarship.

Who would be the first Professor?

On looking over the *Era*, I find three advertisements about instruction, or, as it is termed, "Preparation for the 'Dramatic Profession.'" The first is put forward by Mr. COE, who "*Continues to PREPARE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN for the DRAMATIC PROFESSION, and AMATEURS for PRIVATE PERFORMANCES.*"

The second is the announcement that "MR. HORACE WIGAN PREPARES PUPILS for the STAGE. All Lessons in strict confidence."

I should like to witness a "strictly confidential" Lesson. Fancy the secrecy!—the mystery!—the instructions never delivered in anything above the lowest stage-whisper, a great deal of the action being taught by the most intense pantomime, and the Pupil being bound over, by the most solemn oaths, "*never to repeat a single word of what he or she had been taught in the 'strictly confidential' Lesson!*" Bravo, HORACE! True to your old sentiment—"Odi profanum vulgus."

It would be better for these two "Stage-Coaches" to unite and

work the road together as "WIGAN & Co." One more suggestion—why not change the name, by just one vowel, to "WIG-ON"? It would be much more theatrical.



HORACE WIGON.



HORACE WIGOFF.

"HORACE WIGOFF" sounds like the name of some distinguished Russian. (These are merely by-the-way suggestions.)

"Proceed!" said the young man. "Your story interests me much."

The third Advertisement in the *Era* is of

"THE NEVILLE DRAMATIC SCHOOL.—Patrons—H. IRVING, Esq., J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq., J. HOLLINGSHEAD, Esq., C. WYNDHAM, Esq., H. NEVILLE, Esq., and E. A. SOTHERN, Esq. Private Lessons. Public Performances. Pupils attaining efficiency assisted in obtaining Engagements."

To what extent does the patronage of the Patrons go? Do they lecture for nothing? or do they simply come and patronise?

Does Mr. H. IRVING, enter one of the Class-Rooms of the N. D. School, and singling out one little Pupil from all the rest, say,



F. C. B.

"COME HITHER, BOY!"

and then give him a serious lecture on *Hamlet's* ghost?

Does Mr. J. R. PLANCHÉ give them a lecture on extravaganza, dressed in the costume of a Herald Angel, and changing with a false head and tail to a Rouge Dragon? Does Mr. J. HOLLINGSHEAD inculcate upon them the absolute necessity of "No Fees"? Does Mr. C. WYNDHAM explain to them what is the true criterion of good acting? Does Mr. NEVILLE give them a Ticket-of-Leave for the holidays? Does Mr. SOTHERN send a Brother Sam's message to them, by telegraph, from America? Or do the Patrons simply go in there for a sort of "Speech-Day," hear the declamations, nod benignly, encourage the performance with a few words of praise, and then disappear till the next Speech-Day?



Do the Patrons give the "Private Lessons?" "Private Lessons" is introduced so abruptly into the Advertisement, that at first sight it appears like the name of a professional soldier engaged to drill the dramatic pupils. Is this what it means? Is "Private Lessons" a celebrated military drill-master, whom not to know argues the present writer unknown? If so, I beg Private Lessons' pardon? Is he any relation to Corporal Punishment?



PRIVATE LESSONS,  
The celebrated Driller.



CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.  
(Abolished.)

"Public Performances"—these are the outcome, I suppose, of the teaching of Private Lessons. Where, and when? The last line as to Efficient Pupils, is the most suggestive as to the probable duties of the Patrons. Wouldn't Mr. IRVING be glad to hear of something new, if only giving promise of a future ELLEN TERRY? And wouldn't Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD rejoice in a coming NELLIE FARREN? Long life to the two NELLIES of the Lyceum and the Gaiety!

### THE PULPIT IN PERIL.

#### PAROCHIAL MR. PUNCH.

No doubt Mr. WALTER, M.P., is a very clever man, and, at St. Paul's Chapter-House the other day, he read, I dare say, a very admirable lecture upon "Reading and Preaching," with a good many Latin quotations in it, which of course gave it all the more weight, especially with them that, like myself, are no scholars; but, for all that, on one point I take leave to differ from him. Recommending our respected Clergy to speak instead of only reading their sermons, in order, as I understood him, for them to suit action to words, he found fault with the established accommodation as unfavourable to that purpose; and then went on to say:—

"I fear, however, that our pulpits themselves have something to answer for in this matter, and that no great improvement in pulpit oratory is likely to occur till they are altered. I once heard an American preacher say that pulpits were the invention of the devil; but the fact thus roughly expressed is, that to be 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd' in a wooden or stone box a few feet above the ground, with a brass bookstand in front, and a pair of candlesticks on each side, is not the most favourable position for giving that full expression to the impulses of the soul which the attitude of a preacher towards his congregation requires."

With all due deference to Mr. WALTER, I hope neither I, nor posterity to come after me, may ever witness any such an unorthodox innovation as any new-fangled improvement, so called, of our venerable, time-honoured old English pulpits. Preaching away from his pulpit, a clergyman might as well preach out of his gown. He wouldn't seem to be a clergyman, he would look like a lecturer, or a political character speechifying, or a Member holding forth in "Parliament out of Session." To a right-minded congregation the pulpit seems as natural and necessary for the preacher as a shell for a kernel.

Sir, I recollect, some time ago, being in one of the London Picture Galleries, and there I saw what they called a "Cartoon" done by somebody said to be an "Ancient Master," by the name of RALPHO, I think, of St. Paul preaching at Athens. The figure meant for

St. Paul was full-length, standing in an erect posture, with his arms lifted in a way I am sure no Englishman ever saw in church. I couldn't fancy this represented the Saint preaching, from the absence of a pulpit, in which the preacher can be seen no further than down to the waist. Besides, in that Cartoon St. Paul was represented wearing neither a black gown nor a surplice, but a sort of robes which he could never have worn, for I am sure the Court of Arches would pronounce them illegal, as I trust it will also condemn and prohibit any ill-advised, however well-meaning, attempt to tamper with the regular, and right, and proper, and primitive structure of the pulpit and sounding-board, which, not to speak too sentimental, is deeply and fondly cherished, and bound up with the inmost feelings of decency and decorum in the bosom of every genuine British

Stoke Bovis.

CHURCHWARDEN.

### HOW OUR COUNTRY COUSIN WILL SPEND THE WEEK IN LONDON.

1. He will come up to London to see the Cattle Show.
2. He will walk about the streets smoking a cigar, wearing a pot-hat, and dressed in a suit of tweed dittos.
3. He will lunch at the grill-rooms in Piccadilly and the Strand.
4. He will be seen in great force at all the Refreshment-Bars.
5. He will be found (if very new to Town) in the "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame TUSSEAU's, and near the wonderful diver who breathes under water at the Polytechnic.
6. He will liberally patronise Hansom-cabs and omnibus knife-boards.
7. If the frost continues, he will be seen in skates on the ice in St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens.
8. He will visit the Crystal Palace and the Westminster Aquarium, and find greater amusement in the feats of the acrobats than in the wonders of Nature or Art.
9. He will dine at a *table d'hôte* where he can get four courses, a dessert, and a string band, all for the small sum of three-and-sixpence.
10. He will visit several theatres, and improve his mind with the wit of burlesque and the delicate fancy of *opéra-bouffe*.
11. He will assist at various music-halls, giving his support to the Chairman by drinking bad brandy and smoking strong London-made cigars in large quantities.
12. and last. He will at some time or other spend about a few hours at the Cattle Show (the object of his visit to Town) and will then return to the bosom of his family, with a muddled head and an empty pocket.

### MORE RITUALISM?

DEAR PUNCH,

WHAT are we coming to next? or rather, what are these Ritualists coming to?

I thought the Vestments question had been settled long ago, but surely it cannot be, as in last week's *Spectator* I see advertised, in large type, and evidently approved of by a high authority, the following:—

"Bishop KEN's approach to the Holy Altar in limp cloth, in superfine cloth with red edges, in French morocco and in Russian limp cloth."

Isn't it dreadful to think of! If these indecent apes of Rome are allowed to go on in this way, there is no saying in what fantastic garb they will approach the altar soon.

They do not choose very nice materials. Limp cloth is not so bad, but I'm sure it must be very uncomfortable to conduct service in French morocco. No doubt there is more in it than meets the eye; and I am sure if you would draw attention to it, we would soon have some more culprits brought before dear old Lord PENZANCE, who would be sure to punish them severely for such Papal practices.

I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

AN AGGRIEVED PARISHIONER, AND  
MEMBER OF THE C.A.

Martin House,  
St. Alban's Lane, N.W.

### Gladstone's Progress.

(How it looks from different sides.)

"A deputation of the weaving population then presented Mr. GLADSTONE with enough stuff for a complete suit—tweed coat and waistcoat, and shepherd's plaid trousers."—*Scotch Papers, gassim.*

From the Liberal point of View.—"Favourite pattern for Galashiels tweeds—The Gladstone Conservative Check!"

From the Government Stand-Point.—"A great cry and a little wool!"



## A PROTECTOR.

Tommy (on a Visit to his Grandmamma in the country). "NO FEAR OF THIEVES OR BURGLARS NOW, AUNT MARY, WITH A MAN'S HAT AND COAT HANGING UP IN THE HALL!"

## THE COLOSSUS OF WORDS.

DIMINISHED heads let lesser tonguesters hide;  
He stands, the Word-Colossus, with a stride  
Of such portentous stretch,  
As e'en the wearer of the seven-league boots  
Might envy. Who supremacy disputes  
With one who can a nimble compass fetch,  
Puck-like, in forty columns, from the Turk  
To hypothee, from BEACONSFIELD'S black work  
In three distracted continents, unto  
The small Midlothian mischiefs of BUCCLEUCH?  
The swift tumultuous torrent,  
To Tories and tired editors abhorrent,  
Flows on like Phlegethon, a fiery flood  
Of vocal lava, scathing, as it flows,  
All foes,  
Yet lucent as the wells of King BLADUD.  
How should one hope,  
By use of simile or sounding trope,  
With such a stream descriptively to cope?  
Lodore's loud water-floods, the brook of TENNYSON,  
Niagara, an angry woman's tongue,  
An Irish mendicant's ironic benison,  
And all similitudes e'er said or sung  
Suggestive of tumultuous, never stopping,  
Onpouring or down-flopping,  
Fail wholly, as his wordy war he carries on.  
None but himself can furnish fit comparison.  
For fire DEMOSTHENES, perchance, may serve,  
And BURKE for force and *verve*,  
For grace his friends may count him Ciceronian,  
But stintless fluency henceforth's Gladstonian.  
Surely, since first the roving Statesman stumped,  
The public ear was never so bethumped  
With words—words—words  
Spontaneous as the jargon of birds—

And quite as purposeless, protest his foes.  
For eloquence too easily that flows  
Wakes in the solid Saxon vague mistrust.  
Dullards who pin their faith to *Dryasdust*,  
Cold hearts that shiver at zeal's fervent rush,  
Cynics who brand all earnestness as gush,  
Who look on principles as pilots risky,  
Think right and justice things that, like neat whiskey,

'Tis needful to dilute,  
Before the common taste and needs they'll suit,—  
Declare, with air contemptuous or solemn,  
Sound wisdom spouts not column upon column,  
Like ever-squirting Tritons in a fountain,  
But talks *précis* or epigram—like us.

'Tis a *ridiculus mus*  
That after all is born of this big mountain  
Of vapid though exuberant verbosity,  
Inspired by sophistry and animosity!  
But ear-witched millions at the grumblers laugh,  
Satire itself must marvel though it chaff,  
And sober judgment, while it well might wish

The oratoric dish  
Were quintessentialised to smaller compass,  
Yet, midst all party and polemic rumpus,  
Sees in the old man eloquent who bears  
Blithely the burden of his seventy years  
A true Colossus, firmly poised and bold,  
The light of principles to hoist and hold  
Amidst time-serving veerings and vagaries,  
And, like the Sun-God of the Rhodian Chares,  
While a world's wonder to the common view,  
A useful beacon too.

## A SAFE AUGURY.

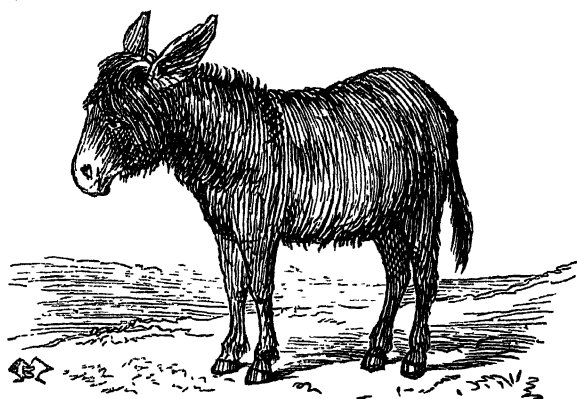
THE [member of the European Happy Family whose life is most threatened just now—Turkey.



THE COLOSSUS OF WORDS.



## "PICTURE LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY."



ADOPTED BY THE LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD!!

HERE is a frank acknowledgment by our friends of the School Board, transferred *verbatim* from the advertisement column of their own Educational organ.

May they not only take their "Little Adopted" to the water, but succeed in making him drink.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensianary for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**UNITED CLUB.**—A sort of Happy Family. No broils permitted. No parties allowed.

**UNITED SERVICE CLUB.**—A Sunday Association for the union of morning, afternoon, and evening services all in one, and getting them over. A Chaplain always in attendance. First and Second Lessons given *gratis* every Sunday.

**UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM.**—For the exhibition of a collection of dinner, tea, and breakfast—Postal and Civil—services. Any donor giving a service to the Museum simply writes to the Society, and says, "My service to you," and all further formality is unnecessary.

**UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB.**—Supposed to have Russian proclivities on account of its connection with the Cassock and the Don. This error has arisen from some mistake in spelling "Cassock." Had this bias been patent to all, the Club motto would have been "Russ in urbe"—but it is not so.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (GOWER STREET).**—Divided in faculties—which is a pity, as it ought to be united. It is governed by various authorities, including those who, in virtue (of their office), are called Deans, and Vice-Deans. Fortunately, the virtuous Deans are superior to the Vices, or the University would be in a bad way. In consequence of there being so many Scholar-ships, the College has a naval turn about it, as there are "boarders," and a "Steward." If a boarder is ill, he immediately calls for the Steward, who has to provide refreshment at a fixed price. The Female Students wear caps and gowns.

The following is a list of the Prizes:—

Andrews Prizes—divided into two classes. Sad Andrews, for serious subjects; and Merry Andrews, for jocose examinations.

### Prizes for Students of One Year's Standing.

(a) If a Student stands for one year, he gets a prize. The prize is a free "sitting" in Church for the next two years; and he certainly deserves it.

(b) If he "stands" drinks to the Students and Professors all round for one year, he is entitled to a prize, generally a cup, of some sort, not to hold less than a quart.

(c) If he stands on his dignity, and refuses to go in for either of the above, he is presented with a printed form, on which he can sit for the remainder of his natural life, if he likes.

**The Fielden Scholarships.**—For Cricketers, who have had a good innings.

**The John Stuart Mill Scholarship.**—For those who have been through the mill.

**Joseph Hume Scholarships.**—For Hume-orous writings.

**The Faculty of Medicine.**—Any Student, who can back himself successively, and take so many private boxes of pills within a given time, is considered to have the Faculty of Medicine, and is presented with a testimonial, representing the incident in MACAULAY's poem of *Horatius Cockles*.

**The West Scholarship.**—To be gained by the Scholars who wear no coat, only a West, and recite a poem in their shirt-sleeves.

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**—A development of the above Educational Institute, but possessing the power of granting degrees. The degree of "Bachelor" is given to anyone who is *not wedded to a subject*.

**VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.**—In the Strand. Celebrated for its JAMES's powder, its THORNE, and its *Two Roses*. For nearly five years it floated on *Our Buys*, a sea-piece supplied by Mr. BYRON. During that time, whenever you visited the theatre, there were the *Buys* and there was the *Flote*. Mr. JAMES—familiarily known as "JIMMY"—and Mr. THORNE, represented the "Jimmini" in the Theatrical Zodiac—or the Brandy and Zodi-ac. The name of the theatre is a trouble to Cabmen, who call it the "Wodevil," the "Wodyweal," or the "Vordyveal"—with generally an extra charge. "Fees" are not forbidden at this theatre, but the visitor can give what he likes, or doesn't like, and so the instance is only "*fee-nominal*."

**VAUXHALL BRIDGE.**—Which everyone "walks" over. Hence the name—*Walks-all Bridge*.

**VERULAM CLUB.**—"Qualification elastic." Therefore, only a little India Rubber is allowed in the card-room.

**VETERINARY COLLEGE.**—Qualification—to be able to pronounce and write the name correctly—after dinner. Open Vet or fine.

**VICTORIA CLUB.**—Open to anyone possessing a Victoria. Every member in this Club considers himself quite *chez lui*, or rather *one-horse-shay-lui*.

**VICTORIA PARK.**—Some relation to MUNGO PARK, the celebrated traveller. Beautiful—well worth seeing.

**WAR OFFICE.**—Where Wars are made. Anyone wanting a war—a war of words, or any other sort of war, must apply here. The entrance is near War-terloo Place. Information as to all Wars going on is given here to all applicants between ten and four every day by the officials in attendance. Field-M Marshals and field-glasses to be hired by the hour on the most reasonable terms.

## LORD AND PROFESSOR.

"Soon after the vacancy in the Chair of Experimental Physics, caused by the death of Professor CLERK-MAXWELL, a requisition, influentially signed by a large number of members of the electoral roll who appoint the Professor, was presented to Lord RAYLEIGH, to the effect that, in their opinion, it would tend greatly to the advance of physical science, and to the advantage of the University, if his Lordship would occupy the Chair. We are authorised to state that Lord RAYLEIGH has consented to become a candidate; and inasmuch as the memorial was signed by a very large number of the electors, there is little probability of a contest, so strong a feeling being expressed in favour of Lord RAYLEIGH's claims."—*University Intelligence, Cambridge*.

"Don," they say, comes from "Dominus," and Dominus is Latin for "Lord." But when before was Lord seen in gown of Don, or Don in robe of Lord? The House of Cavendish has supplied Devonshire with Dukes, and science with discoveries; and BOYLE was the scion of a noble House, as well as a world-renowned Chemist; but neither CAVENDISH nor BOYLE ever wrote himself down Professor.

Lord in the Professor's Chair—if it be only Lord by courtesy—Cambridge till now has never seen, nor Oxford neither; and that Lord a Senior-Wrangler, and First SMITH's prizeman to boot!

No wonder if all competition is cowed, and an unopposed way opened by awe-stricken candidates for Lord RAYLEIGH to take the Chair! The name is of happy augury. Such blended rays of rank and science blend in this Lord-high Professor's aureole, that he would be more than mortal, did not his very gait proclaim his race,—"Verus et incessu patuit Strutt!"

## Street Lamps and Street Names.

AN inhabitant of Cottonopolis writes to *Punch* to say that at Manchester the lamps at the corners of all the leading thoroughfares within the City boundary have for a long time had the names of the streets legibly painted on them.

Another example to the London District Boards—and nearer home than Geneva.

Two other London Vestries, Lambeth and Southwark, have, *Punch* is glad to hear, adopted this much-needed improvement. But as people don't drive out much to late dinners in these regions, the benefit of street names on street lamps does not reach this class of sufferers across the water.

How long will *Punch* have to keep "pegging away" before all London is blessed with this simple means of enlightenment?

## Query.

HERE is an oddly-worded advertisement from *The Guardian*:—

A PRIEST is desirous to obtain a situation as NURSERY GOVERNESS or Companion for a Young Lady.

Is this merely bad grammar, or worse Ritualism?





### "HONESTY THE BEST POLICY."

*Country Practitioner (surprised at the visit of a notorious Quack and Pill-vendor). "WELL! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE!?"*  
*Quack (evidently suffering from disturbed peristaltic action). "WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS, I FEEL RATHER QUEER, AND——"*  
*Country Practitioner. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ONE OF YOUR 'PEARLS OF HEALTH'?"*  
*Quack. "THAT'S JUST IT, SIR! I THINK I'VE SWALLOWED ONE—BY MISTAKE!"*

### CATTLE SHOW PRIZES, 1879.

#### CATTLE.

For the bull that has behaved with the greatest discretion in a china shop.

For the bull that has allowed itself to be taken by the horns with the least resistance.

For the cow that has accomplished the highest approximate jump to the moon. (N.B.—Jumping every day at two.)

For the finest pair of calves. (N.B.—Footmen are not eligible for this Prize.)

#### SHEEP.

For the pen of sheep that have suffered themselves to be most easily fleeced.

For the best battering ram.

For the most sheepish sheep.

For the sweetest sheep's eyes.

For the flower of the flock.

#### PIGS.

For the sow with ears best adapted for the manufacture of silk purses.

For the litter most contented either to go to market or to stay at home, to eat roast beef or to have none.

For the least pig-headed pig.

For "the fattest hog in EPICURUS' sty."

For the biggest bore in the place.

#### IMPLEMENTS.

For the "Elevator" best calculated to raise the spirits without causing inebriation.

"BOARD" WAGES.—Sandwich Pay—a shilling a day!

### FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

(Being London Jottings from an Italian Traveller's Note Book.)

THAT CROMWELL lived at South Kensington, in a flat in his own road.

That it was from the top of the Monument that CÆSAR uttered his memorable, "*Veni, vidi, vici!*"

That the Mansion of "the last of the Barons" is still to be seen at Kensington daily, by order, from ten to five.

That the English taste for Music dates from the importation of Italian Organ-grinders.

That the Underground Railway runs for fourteen miles through the ancient Catacombs of the Metropolis.

That the Egyptian Hall was built for his own entertainments, by RAMESES THE SECOND.

And, lastly, that the "Vandalic demolition of Temple Bar destroyed the sole vestige of the ancient Wall of London."

### Sentries in the Shivers.

LORD ELCHO has repeated his last year's appeal to "the highest military authorities," on behalf of the Guards on sentry at St. James's Palace, clothed during the bitterest weather, as they are in July. Is this because Privates of the "Coldstream" are supposed to be peculiarly capable of standing a low temperature? In the meanwhile our Guards remain exposed, at nearly zero, without great coats; so that instead of the "Coldstream," those gallant fellows might well be called the *Sans Casaques*.

### HIS NATIVE ELEMENT.

THE King of ABYSSINIA, or the "Negus," as his title is in the vernacular, wants to get access to the sea. Very naturally. Who ever heard of Negus without Port?



## TAKING MEASURE.

Tailor (to stout Customer). "HAVE THE KINDNESS TO PUT YOUR FINGER ON THIS BIT OF TAPE, SIR,—JUST HERE! I'LL BE ROUND IN A MINUTE!"

## MAGNETS AND MAGNATES.

"The Berlin *Post* states that while at Vienna recently, Prince BISMARCK, in private conversation, explained the object of his visit to be to discover, with the assistance of his friend, Count ANDRASSY, a political magnet strong enough to attract and hold fast all the elements of peace to be found in Europe: in other words, to devise means for enlisting all that is in favour of peace in Europe in the common service of peace, and for laying the foundation of a union strong enough and comprehensive enough to insure the maintenance of peace."

PRINCE BISMARCK in search of a magnet of peace!  
Horse-shoe magnet? Oh, no—not a bit!  
'Tis a rather different kind of hoof—  
The cloven—his magnet must fit.

But with BISMARCK there, and BEACONSFIELD here,  
For Peace laying heads together,  
If Brass and Iron can fence her from fear,  
All war-storms she's safe to weather!

## SOMETHING LIKE SPORT FOR A QUEEN.

THE bright young Bride of the kindly and intelligent young King of SPAIN has been welcomed to Madrid with the usual tribute of tormented Toros and trailing *tripas*. No wonder the first Bull-fight, in honour of the Royal marriage, has been a success, in spite of a piercingly cold wind. What wind could chill Spanish loyalty to its national sports, in the face of eight bulls slaughtered, several picadors, chulos, and spectators knocked down and seriously hurt, a gendarme tossed, and a score of horses disembowelled—not to mention minor diverting incidents of the day's amusement.

The Teutons have their princely battues and drives—of "fur and feather" at Wusterhausen, with hecatombs of great stags and mighty boars; or at Sandringham and Windsor, and the Scotch or Yorkshire moors, of pheasants and partridges, grouse and blackcock.

## WANTED, A LAMBETH LEO.

Is *Leo Romanus* about to claim kin, and roar in concert with *Leo Britannicus* by suddenly declaring himself on the side of Law against Gospel as it has hitherto run in the Vatican Vulgate? Here's his infallible Holiness writing to discourage Irish agitation, to repress Belgian defiance of secular authority and disobedience of the law of the land, and ordering all Roman teachers in Secondary Schools to conform to the laws of the State, instead of kicking against and over them. The next thing we may expect to see will be the Papal Lion lying down with the Varzin Lamb, the two together nibbling at the Falk laws, and squeezing their claws, pared closely down, into the same pair of shoes, one labelled "*Church-rule*," the other "*Cultur-Kampf*."

If only LEO exercised rule over the fence-flying sheep of our Protestant pale, how heavily we should have him coming down with his pastoral crook over the shins of our MACKONOCIES, TOOTIES, PURCHASES, and their fellows, when caught overleaping the metes and bounds of Law, and butting episcopal authority boldly in the face!

## Putting it Short.

ELECTORS of Midlothian,  
'Tis yours to speak your will,  
By choice 'twixt a great WILLIAM,  
Or a still greater BILL.

## Blood Relations and Brothers.

THE leaders of the Irish Land Agitation may be congratulated on having developed Nihilism amongst a section of their compatriots. Nihilism in Ireland is essentially just the same as Russian Nihilism, and, indeed, Nihilism as practised by Nihilists all the world over, on the principle of assassinating, so as to annihilate, everyone they object to.

But at least Teutonic princes do the killing—they are not satisfied to look on at it.

JOHN BULL even has bulls of his own to fight—Papal, Irish, Jingo, and others. But for Bull-fighting *pur et simple*, Spain, and only Spain, "goes the entire animal."

Talk of Progress Royal or National! May Royal and National Progress in Spain never get beyond the Bull-ring! *Viva el Campeador! Viva l'España!*

## "WARSPITE AND OUR SAILOR BOYS."

SUCH is the heading of an appeal on behalf of the Marine Society, which, from the day it placed its first training-ship on the Thames, has rescued fifty thousand lads from the streets, and homes only more hospitable than the streets. Think of the thousands of youngsters thus "set afloat" in every sense—lives which, but for this chance, had been hopelessly condemned to the wreck of the slum, the gin-shop, and the gaol, and own that peace's sweetness has brought forth few fruits so good as *War's spite* turned to such purpose!

The Marine Society with its floating homes and schools, and the Sailor's Hospital at Greenwich, are two of the charities most deserving in the eyes of BRITANNIA and the "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch for the life and soul of poor JACK," among the many good works for which all our hands may, with much comfort, be put in our pockets, in these hard times and at this Christmas season.

## A "Pall Mall" Protest.

"Two Russian cruiser corvettes, the *Rasdoynik* and the *Nayesdnik*, which recently anchored in the neighbourhood, have seized the opportunity of trying their machinery on the measured mile in Stokes Bay."—*Naval Intelligence*.

RUSSIAN cruisers off the Motherbank! In-Solent!



### AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

*Young Farmer.* "ARE YOU FOND OF BEASTS, MISS GUSHERTON?"

*Miss Gusherton.* "OH, REALLY, MR. PAWKER, IF YOU MEAN THAT AS A DECLARATION, YOU MUST SPEAK TO MAMMA!"

### RULES FOR RELIEVING DISTRESS WITH DISCRIMINATION.

(By a Discreet Alms-giver.)

1. NEVER give away a penny indiscriminately. If a beggar tells you he is starving, order him to come to you the next day. If he makes his appearance, it is a proof of the falsehood of his statement. If it had been true, he would have died during the night.
2. If a beggar asks you for money to pay for a lodging, give him or her into custody. The Police-cells are always available for such cases.
3. If you are implored to give a letter of introduction to a Hospital, refuse the request, unless the applicant can produce two medical certificates.
4. If a woman, with a child or children, asks you for bread, give her in charge. You may be sure that the children are hired, and that the woman has a hot dinner waiting for her at home.
5. If a flower-girl asks you to buy her violets at a penny a bunch, have nothing to say to her. Her stock, in all probability, has been dishonestly come by.
6. If a workman, whom you have known in better times, hints that a few shillings would save his family and himself from the workhouse, decline, of course; but do not miss the opportunity of pointing out the connection of his present poverty with past excesses in eating and drinking.
7. If any one asks you for anything, under any circumstances, before you entertain the application, require—
  1. Certificate of Birth.
  2. Certificate of Vaccination, and parents' marriage.
  3. Certificates of attendance at Board or Denominational School, and of grade passed in.
  8. If all these documents are not quite satisfactory, refer the applicant to the Charity Organisation Society.
  9. And, lastly, never forget two golden rules. The first—"That Heaven helps them that help themselves"—not that help others. The second—"That charity begins at home, and ought, as a rule, to end there."

If there is an exception to this rule, it is ten thousand to one that it is *not* the case in which appeal has been made to you.

THE MODERN MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The Restorer who sells the Visitors.

### THE END OF THE TUG AT STAMBOUL.

(See *Punch's* recent Cartoon.)

"PULL, Devil! Pull, Baker!" The end of the tug's come!  
Of the Devil, in bear-skin, horned, tailed, and so black,  
The poor silly SULTAN once more to the tug's come,  
While BAKER PASHA's on the broad of his back.

To Asia Minor he's sent on a mission,  
To observe—if he can—and report on Reforms;  
But to make them—that lies beyond ABDUL's prevision,  
With Pashas in protest, and Palace in storms.

On the quicksands a little more dragging of anchors,  
A little more folding the fat hands to sleep,  
A little more squaring of Galata bankers,  
A little more shearing of over-shorn sheep—

And when LAYARD of saving the Padishah's rasher,  
By coaxing or scolding, no prospect can see—  
Your Bull in a China-shop's far the worst smasher  
When a Nineveh winged Bull it happens to be—

Bag and baggage, at last, at the end of their tether,  
With his Pashas poor Padishah mizzles away,  
Leaving BEACONSFIELD, BULL, and F. O. to ask whether  
They have not mixed All Fools' up with Valentine's Day?

### A Christmas Box—on the Ear.

We read in the *Globe*—

"The Directors of the North British Railway Company have given notice that they intend to reduce the salaries of all *Clerks* in their employ by 20 per cent."

Canny Scots!

### PUNCH'S

WORLD-FAMED

POCKET-BOOK,

THE GREAT RESTORER,

FOR 1880,

CANNOT be too HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

THOUSANDS of TESTIMONIALS from ALL PARTS of the WORLD.

DR. PUNCH'S FOOD for YOUNG and OLD. Agreeable!  
Digestible!! Exhilarating!!!

There's not a prettier site on earth  
Than Fleet Street, 85,  
Where *Mister Punch* provides the mirth,  
And wit and wisdom thrive.

Here on the window cast your eye,  
Then in your purse you'll look,  
And, after that, walk in and buy  
Your *Punch's Pocket-Book*.

LAWN-TENNIS. For the Classic Origin of this Game, see *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1880.

HAMLET THE DANE.—For a learned and thoughtful essay on this creation of SHAKESPEARE's genius, see *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1880.

ALADDIN THE YOUNGER: NEW LIGHTS FOR OLD ONES. See *Punch's Pocket Book* for 1880.

INCREASED DIARY SPACE in *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1880.

WILLIAM'S FAVOURITE SWEETIE (JUST NOW).—Butter-Scotch.



## INOPORTUNE.

Newsboy (to irritable old Gent who has just lost his Train). "BUY A COMIC PAPER, SIR?!"  
 [Luckily, the old Gentleman was out of breath from his hurry.]

## CHRISTMAS PROBLEMS.

Mr. PUNCH is not about to follow the lead of some of his Contemporaries, by offering a prize of two pounds for the best answer to an enigma devised by his own special puzzler. If, however, the ingenuity which deals with such difficulties can be measured and rewarded, he is prepared to consider the form and amount of reward fairly claimable by the *Edipuses* who may succeed in giving the best solution of the following Christmas problems:—

1. Many people at this festive season who would willingly see their family circle in its largest sense drawn around them at dinner are debarred by considerations of expense. Mr. P. therefore offers a reward for the best Christmas menu (wine inclusive), for five-and-twenty at an outlay of eight-and-sixpence.

2. People who are in the habit of going to theatres, sometimes, in repayment of a past, or in anticipation of a future favour, volunteer to take a friend in with a Press order. Under these circumstances, they occasionally arrive after seven, when the order is not admitted. Mr. P. offers a prize for the best suggestion how to pass the evening pleasantly in such a case, it being understood that the Acting Manager is inexorable, and that the entertainer declines to pay even half-price to the pit.

3. Here is a social problem which in these days of musical development should come home to all. Mr. P. offers a prize for the best noise-producing machine with which to silence a next-door neighbour learning the ophicleide, who has disregarded a threatening letter from your solicitors, and gone on with his scales in spite of your having responded with a fog-horn and two kettle-drums from one to three A.M. for a fortnight?

4. Boys home for the holidays when on a visit often bring about regrettable family complications. Mr. Punch offers a prize for the best set of birthday-card verses for use of a parent, whose most promising boy has, at the house of a fidgety godfather from whom he has expectations, dropped the drawing-room clock into the water-butt, smashed the glass of the conservatory, and wound out the bell-wires on a walking-stick.

## BEGGARY AND THRIFT.

A WAG has suggested that the word "Mendicant" might be held to convey the secondary sense, "Mend I can't." An exception to this view of mendicancy appears to have had currency in a case reported from Torquay, and entitled "A Beggar with a Banking Account." A Mr. HENRY COATES, "who said he came from London," was summoned before the local police-court, charged with begging:—

"Constable PHILLIPS saw the defendant going from house to house begging, and secreted himself in a house the prisoner would call at in the course of his round. When the prisoner knocked at the door, the constable answered, and prisoner asked for assistance, saying he was a distressed tradesman. The policeman took him into custody, and on searching him found some money and an acknowledgment of a deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank. Prisoner was sentenced to seven days' hard labour."

Is it not more than questionable if Mr. COATES, though a beggar on system, a deliberate beggar, a beggar distinctly and pre-eminently professional, and therefore obligatorily dealt with for mendicancy according to law, can be regarded as one of those mendicants who cannot mend? The main objection to mendicancy is that it implies improvidence; but this is a crime that can hardly be charged on a beggar who puts by money, and owns a deposit in a Post Office Savings Bank. Arrest and imprisonment have closed for the present Mr. COATES'S career; but had he gone on begging and saving, who knows but that in time he might have succeeded in amassing a decent independence, or a sum sufficient to enable him to start in business. There is little chance that the House of Correction will do much towards correcting this mendicant. He will probably continue begging and saving, and risk occasional imprisonment in order to keep himself permanently out of the workhouse.

## Latest from Rome.

"The *Europe* publishes a telegram from Rome stating that the Duc de VERDURA has purchased from the POPE the *faience* collection at the Vatican, but the Italian Government... has declared the objects of Art in the episcopal palaces to be inalienable."—*Times*.

How green of the Duc de VERDURA to buy before he knew that he would be allowed to carry home!

5. It not unfrequently happens that if you assume a well-known character for a costume-ball, you may find yourself anticipated. Mr. Punch offers a prize for the best escape from the following difficulty: Having selected a *Hamlet* costume, on arriving, you find three more *Hamlets* in the tea-room before you. If you cannot get the start of them on the stairs, give suggestions what may be done with an anti-macassar to enable you to follow them with effect as a CHARLES THE FIRST.

6. The recent cold weather suggesting an old-fashioned Christmas, a prize for the best way of meeting it in a genial spirit would seem not at all inappropriate. Mr. Punch, therefore, offers a reward for the ejaculation most becoming the Paterfamilias who, just at the moment he learns that the upstairs water-pipes have burst, and are flooding his choicest high-art wall-papers, is met on the stairs by his mother-in-law with the announcement that she has come to stay a month!

POCKET-BOOK OF BEAUTY.

POCKET-BOOK OF BEAUTY.

THOSEWHODONT for the TEETH

OBJECT to BUY

A FIRST-RATE ARTICLE

Will go in for

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK

For 1880.

PERSONAL COMELINESS—

(vide Pictures of)—in

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK

For 1880.



PUNCH'S DREAM—AFTER STUDY OF THE WEATHER-CHART.

**Rather too Hard on Him.**

ADDRESSING a Liberation Society Conference, held, in prospect of a General Election, at the "Memorial Hall," Farringdon Street—

"The Rev. J. G. ROGERS, B.A., said the first thing to be done was to get rid of Lord BEACONSFIELD and all his works."

Is not this suggestion a little too sweeping? Say that it is expedient, if practicable, to get rid of Cyprus, and of a "Scientific frontier," acquisitions that may be enumerated among the works—even the works of fiction, according to Mr. GLADSTONE—of Lord BEACONSFIELD, still does the Rev. Mr. ROGERS consider it either possible or necessary to get rid likewise of *Vivian Grey*, *Sibyl*, *Henrietta Temple*, *Coningsby*, and the other literary works of the same author?



## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensian for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—"The place to spend an Abbey day." On entering take off your hat, salute the Verger, and say, politely, "Dean STANLEY, I presume." Walk round until you get an Abbey-tite. Give the Verger "something for himself"—not enough to hurt him—thus preserving the tradition of the Abbey, which you will see inscribed on the walls in letters of gold—

Don't be shabby  
On leaving the Abbey.

Then you can go across to the Aquarium and see the Great Seal, which for state occasions is always kept here in a tank.

**WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.**—Go over it. Good-bye. (See Royal Humane Society's Regulations.)

**WESTMINSTER CLUB.**—Splendid situation on the Embankment, overlooking the Thames, which it is impossible to overlook as it is right in front of you. Though the exterior is illuminated by the Embankment electric lights, yet the attention of the Club has been admirably directed towards *Gas-tronomy*. The *Chef* is probably from Paris, though each of his works is what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would have called a "*Chef Dover*." Certainly, whether from Dover or Calais, though French, he is never *callous* to the interests of the Club. He is most serious in trifles, and, from his ornamental-glazing use of the white of eggs, he shows how to make a brilliant *entrée*, and (dramatically speaking) "*eggs-it right*."

A very good *chef*  
Is worthy the *nef*  
Of Westminster Abbey.  
That's written *en bref*.  
Or leave out the "*z*,"  
And end 'em with "*ay*,"  
As *clef*'s written *clé*.  
That's all I've to say.  
So, *Chefs* all, good day!

**WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.**—"A Foundation of Queen ELIZABETH." Dear me! There were Giantesses in those days! Its speciality is for Queen's Scholars. Of course there is a Laundry attached to the school, where the Queen's *Collars* are washed. The "*Carey Benefaction*" is a great boon to the students; those who neglect its advantages are called the "*Don't Careys*." Dr. TRIPLETT left an exhibition open to Westminster Boys on certain days. This exhibition was one of Dr. TRIPLETT's crotchets. For further information see advertisements of exhibitions, amusements, &c. But the exhibitions, at Westminster School, are no rivals to the Aquarium or Madame TUSSAUD'S.

**WHIST CLUB.**—Naturally situated at Whist-minster. (Only it isn't—or it *whisin't*—some time ago.) Admittance for strangers only by sending in a card. Tables all made of deal. Every member must be good-tempered, thick-skinned, or *Packy-dermatous*. The Club opens at three, to a flourish of trumps. But before that hour all the morning the servants go in for their own quiet rub. The servants are dressed in flush liveries. In the big card-room is a picture of *The Warning to Whist-players*; or, *The Revoke-ation of Nantes*; also a Portrait of Admiral VON TROMP. Musicians are qualified for membership if able to *score a treble*.

**WHITE'S CLUB.**—The system of *Black-balling* entirely excluded. As the Orleans Club has a town and country house, so



### SO MUCH TO HIS CREDIT.

Uncle (bringing his Nephew home for the holidays). "GLAD TO SEE YOU HOME AGAIN, DICK. HOPE YOU HAVE SPENT LESS THIS HALF."

Dick. "OH, YES, UNCLE. I'VE GONE 'TICK' FOR EVERYTHING!"

White's Club, or the Club of White, has, besides the town-house, an entire island to itself, known as the Isle of White. This is a great convenience to members. The preference is given to everything white. The members are bound to eat whiting for dinner, to breakfast on the whites of eggs, and to turn up the whites of their eyes when they say grace. When on a visit to Brighton they must patronise the Albion. Any one having had misfortunes in business, must be white-washed before he can be eligible for election.

**WORSHIP (PLACES OF).**—See BOW STREET and POLICE COURTS, where everyone can go to his Worship any day of the week, Sundays excepted, when he can go to some other Worship.

[\*.\* In answer to numerous Correspondents, who have sent us heaps of letters, we regret our inability to add any one of them to the Alphabet. Only three letters remain—X, Y, Z, which will conclude the labours of this Exhausted Receiver.]

### STARTLING SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We read, in some of the Parisian papers, of wolves seen in the Bois de Boulogne. But what is a wolf in the Bois to a whole flock of canards on the Boulevards—one in the shape of a wolf, and several very like whales!

## CHRISTMAS TRIADS.

(By Smelfungus, Senior.)



AS our Welsh ancestors disposed all things in "Triads"—or sets of three—so SMELFUNGUS, Senior, would dispose certain Christmas phenomena.

*The Three Outdoor Curses of Christmas.*—A long frost, A sudden thaw, An east wind.

*The Three Indoor Curses of Christmas.*—Water-pipes that burst, Boilers that blow up, Houses that can't be warmed.

*The Three Dinner Penances of Christmas.*—Turkey, Plum-pudding, Mince-pie.

*The Three Evening Penances of Christmas.*—Parties, Pantomimes, Private theatricals.

*The Three Day Penances of Christmas.*—Holiday boys, High Church bells, Hospitable humbug.

*The Three Trials of Christmas Pockets.*—Christmas Bills, Christmas Boxes, Christmas Benevolent Appeals.

*The Three Trials of Christmas Tempers.*—Christmas Numbers, Christmas Cards, Christmas Waits.

*The Three Outcomes of Christmas Eating.*—Dyspepsia for the Elders, Stomach-ache for the Juveniles, Doctors' bills for all.

*The Three Growths of Christmas Drinking.*—Gout for the rich, Distress for the poor, Headaches for both.

Last and best, to these triads of SMELFUNGUS Senior let Punch add a triad of his own, with thanks to MESSRS. KELLY, WHITAKER, and LETT:—

*The Three Indispensables of Christmas.*—Kelly's Post Office Directory, Whitaker's Almanack, and Lett's Diaries.

## HIGHER EDUCATIONAL PANTOMIME.

THE age is nothing if not educational. The results of the elections for the London School Board have proved that the British Public are bent on strengthening the hands of the educators. Under these circumstances, Mr. Punch, always anxious to assist in the carrying out of every good work, begs to make a suggestion to the theatres. The pantomimes in a fortnight will be attracting thousands and thousands of juveniles. Why should not the "comic scenes" be turned to account in combining amusement with instruction?

Surely, something like the following would be far better than the ordinary trivial succession of painful practical jokes with hot poker, disgusting liberties with babies and nursemaids, demoralising robberies from shops and the person, and mischievous defiance of authority in the shape of a policeman whose corruptness is only equalled by his incompetency.

*When the Transformation Scene (the Home of the Fairy Scholastica in the realms of Useful Knowledge) has reached its highest development in the Sixth Grade, in a constellation of Mathematical Diagrams, illuminated with coloured fires, the Fairy Scholastica addresses the principal characters:—*

Go,—in another sphere more honours win,—  
Figures and Facts transform as Harlequin!  
This will be no mean agent in thy hand—(Gives cane)—  
"Knowledge is power"—'twill come at its command.  
And now, sweet maid, a pleasing task is thine,  
Sit on the School Board, as fair Columbine!  
You to your lessons,—second childhood's boon!  
'Tis not too late to learn as Pantaloon!  
You help him get instruction's physic down,  
As agricultural half-timer, Clown!

*The transformations take place, and the Scene changes to View of the Planetary System.*—The Planets, with their Moons, are seen revolving round the Sun. Trip for Harlequin and Columbine, in which, by means of scarfs gracefully disposed, they introduce a succession of Astronomical statistics. Harlequin and Columbine dance off. Enter Clown, clinging to the tail of a Comet, and Pantaloon in a balloon. As Clown describes a parabolic curve round the Sun, Comet's tail drops off, and he disappears in a shower of Asteroids. Pantaloon looks through telescope at Neptune, which suddenly becomes transparent, displaying information—"Discovered by GALLE (proceeding on the calculations of LE VERRIER and ADAMS) in September, 1846." Pantaloon greedily swallows Information; and Information, in its turn, swallows Pantaloon. Clown suddenly reappears on a planetoid, and knocks Pantaloon out of the balloon into an immense "milk-pail, which shows label, "Via Lactea—DEMO-CRITUS pinxit, A.C. 428." Harlequin touches label with his wand; and name changes to "Milky Way." Clown attempts to catch Harlequin, who jumps through Saturn. Clown tries to follow, but is caught by Saturn's belt. Clown and Pantaloon frightened by Dog Star. Harlequin gives Columbine his wand. She touches the Planets, and they change to their mythological representatives, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, &c. Clown flirts with Venus. Harlequin protects her. Clown sets Dog Star at him. Harlequin jumps through the Sun, which shows label, "Total eclipse." Clown tries to follow, but sticks half way, when label changes to "Partial eclipse." Rally of Planets, with Spill and Pelt of Asteroids. Harlequin, who has recovered his bat, strikes Sun, and the Scene changes to

*The Temple of Justice in the realms of Roman Law.* Ballet of Greek School-Youths and Maidens, illustrative of the Moods and Tenses of the verb *turno*. Enter Clown and Pantaloon. They knock at the door of the Temple. Clown lies in front of the door. Enter JUSTINIAN, who falls over him. Clown apologises, throwing blame on Pantaloon, and expresses his wish for instruction. JUSTINIAN shakes his fist at Pantaloon, and returns to the Temple. Clown and Pantaloon begin to study the Roman Law in the summary on the tympanum of the Temple. Re-enter JUSTINIAN, with a large Volume labelled "Institutes," with which he hits at Clown, who dodges, and Pantaloon is knocked down. Clown bonnets JUSTINIAN, and tries to run off with "Institutes." Enter Harlequin, who bats "Institutes." The Volume opens, and a series of living pictures are displayed, with explanations by JUSTINIAN, showing—1. "The Ceremony of Manumission by Vindicta"; 2. "The making of a Will under the Jus tripartitum," and 3. "A Thief guilty of *Hona vi rapta*." Harlequin bats the Volume. It disappears. Enter Roman Paterfamilias, with his daughters. Clown steals one. Paterfamilias insists on his Patria Potestas, and calls for the Jurisprudentes. They enter from the Temple, headed by PAPINIAN. Clown and Pantaloon attack them. Enter Lictors, with fasces, who scourge Clown and Pantaloon. PAPINIAN throws off his toga, and appears as Harlequin. He bats Temple. The Scene changes to

*THE LAST SCENE*—Cosmopolitan Abode of Geography, showing birds'-eye dissolving views of all the principal towns, rivers and mountains of the earth. Medley Ballet of European kingdoms, with Grand Allegorical Tableau of their principal Exports and Imports. Great Britain, surrounded by her Colonies, rises from the sea to the tune of "Rule Britannia." Chorus of Figures dressed as Facts, and Facts in the guise of Figures. Grand Topical and Educational Song by Facts and Figures, Kingdoms, Exports and Imports, Great Britain and Colonies, in praise of the School Board. Coloured fire and

Curtain.

## Making it Hot for Him.

We are delighted to read the following:—

**BILIN WATER.**—We have the honour of making publicly known that Prince BISMARCK has used the Bilin Water at the advice of his physicians for the last severe attack of neuralgia.

So many of our best possible instructors evidently consider that cold-water treatment is the best for Prince BISMARCK. We had ourselves thought that he was more likely to keep Europe in Bilin Water, than to have recourse to it himself.

## THE NEW REMEDY

For Everything.

## ASK FOR

**PLEASANT COMPANY'S EXTRACTS OF MERRIMENT.**—A slight addition of the Extracts gives great strength and flavour to dinner parties.

## SOMETHING LIKE A CATTLE-SHOW.

*The Farm, Mudborough, Loamshire.*

**M**Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,  
You must forgive me for not having looked you up last week during my visit to town, but the fact was I hadn't time. Besides, I am told that you are not half fun—that you hate music-halls, and can see no particular merit in *opéra bouffe*. So if I had called upon you, it was just as likely as not you would have refused to dine at my own particular crib and finish the evening at the Aquarium. You old London slow-coaches! you are not in it with a young English farmer, all of the modern time! Not you! But don't be offended, it's all right up to now!

I see from your last week's Number you have an idea that I did not do the Show thoroughly. That's all you know about it! I don't mind admitting that I was at first inclined to cut it, but TOMMY

TURNIPTS (a chap who lives down our way) told me it was prime; so I got into my toggery, chartered a Hansom, and made tracks for Islington.

Well, and what was it like? Why, not half bad, I do assure you. There were plenty of bars, where you could get as much liquor as you pleased; and the visitors of the fair sex were as cheery as possible.

And what did I see? Why, heaps of things. I had no idea that England boasted so many agricultural manufactures. When I got in, I found several lecturers hard at work explaining the merits of a thing they called "the Miniature Marvel," or some such title. It was a knife-sharpener and a glass-cutter and all sorts of things—all for the small sum of one shilling! Then in another part of the room was a lady illustrating the virtues of a little instrument for threading needles. Not very far off was a music-stall, full of the copies of comic songs. Then a counter given up to cigars and turtle-soup. And I hadn't gone a step further when I came to a place filled with copying-machines. I took a walk round, and found a stall devoted to patent bolts. Of course there were places where you could buy tea. Would the Exhibition have been a Cattle Show if there hadn't? Then I was much attracted by a counter covered with toys. All sorts of nice things in dolls and puzzles and what not. There was a place for buying cement, too, for mending broken glass and crockery. I need scarcely say that the Patent Medicines were well represented, and that you could purchase cures for all sorts of diseases. Then there were stamps for marking linen, and a lot of funny-looking stoves.

From this you will observe that there was plenty to see at the Cattle Show. I am sure I don't know how agriculture would survive the loss of such a valuable and appropriate Exhibition!

But I have written enough. So believe me,

Your affectionate Country Cousin,

15th Dec., 1879.

GILES JOSLIN.

P.S.—The Guv'nor has just told me that he has heard that there were some Oxen, a handful of Sheep, and a few Pigs in another part of the building. But this is a detail.

## TERRIBLE FOR THE "OLD LADY."

ONE of this year's Christmas Stories is called *The Ghost in the Bank of England*. Such a visitor must have seriously disturbed the Bank's "rest."

DRINKS, and HOW TO MAKE THEM. TRY OUR BEST

PUNCH.

All Sweets no

BITTERS

In his

POCKET-BOOK, POCKET-BOOK, POCKET-BOOK  
For 1880.

## A NEW PARADISE REGAINED.

WHILE we sit by our open fireplaces with coals at 25s. a ton, one side frozen, the other side scorched, in the face of frost and its miseries, looking for thaw and its worse miseries still, it is enough to make one's mouth water—if the frost would permit such water to flow—to read of a villa, lately erected at Brighton by Mr. MORRIS, which really deserves to be called a New Edition of MORRIS'S *Earthly Paradise*. We don't know if the poet of that delightful poem is the planner of this delightful dwelling. He is not above the devising of wall-papers, so why should he be above the planning of walls? But in that case it would seem as if the Poet had wished to realise his own dream in bricks and mortar. One has heard ere this poems and plays likened to "bricks and mortar," in a sense anything but complimentary; but in the case of this last and best thing in villas at Brighton, which Mr. MORRIS, its designer, lately exhibited and explained to a party of experts, architects, surveyors, municipal authorities, &c., even the poem of the *Earthly Paradise* might be flattered by comparison with so ideally perfect a mansion.

The arrangements for the circulation of air provide for its admission pure, its warming by a central stove, its distribution to all the staircases, passages, and rooms, its removal when breathed, and its final ejection from the house, *via* the kitchen chimney.

Of the structural contrivances by which this is managed this is not the place to give description in detail. Suffice it to say that the cost of warming and ventilation is reduced to a minimum, by rational arrangements made in the first planning of the building.

The worst of it is that my house, and yours, my friends, were built when no such arrangements were dreamed of; when we had nothing better than the old more or less smokeless open fire-place, and the old more or less wasteful and dangerous chimney flue. If we want to warm and ventilate our homes scientifically and economically, and on Mr. MORRIS'S *Earthly Paradise* principles, we must pull our houses to pieces from top to bottom, put ourselves blindfold into the hands of the architect, the builder, the bricklayer, and worse than all, the plumber, and even then, perhaps, unless we can call in MORRIS himself as *deus ex machina*, find that our plans do not answer, and that everything has to be done all over again.

So we shrug our shoulders, harden our hearts, and say to ourselves, "Better bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." Better calmly await the rending of water-pipes and the bursting of kitchen-boilers, and the other woes that flesh in frost is heir to, than set out for MORRIS'S *Earthly Paradise*, with the chance of missing our way.

But, hopeless as our own case may be, not the less happy the tenants who are destined to occupy the five hundred new villas about to be built on the Morrisian model. Brighton is already "a little Heaven below" in the estimation of those who share the late Mr. SMEE'S respect for the late GEORGE THE FOURTH, and regard the Pavilion as the highest ideal of architectural fancy. But with five hundred perfectly warmed, perfectly aerated, perfectly ventilated Morrisian mansions, there is nothing to stand in the way of its being universally acknowledged the *Earthly Paradise*—henceforth doubly consecrated to the name of MORRIS!

## SEASONABLE.

QUOTH Paterfamilias, black as the frost,

While, half-perished, half-roasted, he waited for thaw,  
"Tween Charybdis and Scylla the gulf must be crossed:

Of cold water too much we shall have to our cost,

When the change of the weather reveals each pipe's flaw!

Of hot water too little, when sky-high we're tost,

By the boiler a-bursting 'cause liquid's all lost

Through a leak in the feed-pipe which no one e'er saw!

While the Cook kept on coaling, intent on her roast,

And stoking and poking, as deaf as a post

To my lectures on heat and hydraulical law!—

So, 'twixt Hot and Cold Water, the Thaw and the Frost,

'Tis as nice a look-out as man *could* have to draw!

## Follow My Leader.

A HORRIBLE idea, no doubt—the blowing up the Emperor of RUSSIA—worthy of the most hardened Nihilist—even of Little John Nobody himself. But after all, the Nihilists have only "bettered the instruction" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. What has that eminent Jingo organ been about but blowing up the Emperor of RUSSIA, if not daily, weekly, at least, for the last three years?

STUDY ECONOMY by buying

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK and ALMANACK for 1880.



## NINCOMPOOPIANA.

(Surfeited with excess of "cultchah," Prigsby and his Friends are now going in for extreme simplicity.)

*Prigsby.* "I CONSIDAH THE WORDS OF 'LITTLE BOPEEP' FRESHAH, LOVELIAH, AND MORE SUBTILE THAN ANYTHING SHELLEY EVAH WROTE!" [Recites them.]

*Mufflington.* "QUITE SO. AND SCHUBERT NEVAH COMPOSED ANYTHING QUITE SO PRECIOUS AS THE TUNE!" [Tries to hum it.]

*Chorus.* "HOW SUPREME!"

## PERFORMER AND CRITIC.

(From the Bank.)

PRODIGIOUS! Will he never stop?  
Or, tripping, fall, or fainting, drop?  
Whew! What a twirl, a sweep how furious!  
The sight is really vastly curious.  
Such power and pace in one so old  
Are wondrous. Pheugh! it's precious cold!  
Standing I shiver, but, dear W.,  
No shift of season seems to trouble you.  
Weather by fageyish fifty dreaded  
You quietly confront—bareheaded.  
The north wind cuts one like a razor,  
But fervent zeal is like a geyser,  
That keeps a-boil midst Arctic snows,  
And WILLIAM's zeal no ebbing knows.  
How TALLEYRAND would—ah! a slip.  
No, right again,—what go, what grip!  
How does he do it at his age?  
If pluck and pace, now, made the sage,  
If slashing vigour proved sagacity,  
And policy meant mere pugnacity,  
Then WILLIAM were indeed a statesman;  
Instead of—whiz! you'll melt your skates, man,  
With furious friction. How they shout,  
Those Scotsmen gathered round about,  
To see amidst their native glens  
"FISH" SMART, the Champion of the Fens,  
Outdone by one of their own race,  
In play, and stay, in go, and grace.  
Mercury, were the flying steel  
Fixed to his godship's winged heel,

Could hardly show more speed or bellows  
Great Maia's son, though, was not "zealous,"  
More of my mettle, keen and cold,  
Patiently prompt and calmly bold.  
All energy is not red-hot.  
I've worshipped youth, but it was not  
Its verdant visionary zeal  
That I desired, and you yet feel  
In all its force, my green-gray rival;  
Such youth as yours seems a survival  
From peg-top time. Spread-eagling there  
Midst thunderous cheers! Do have a care,  
Thin ice is dangerous, after all,  
And at our age, you know, a fall  
Is sometimes fatal. Ah! that's grand!  
But *terra firma* is my stand.  
Perfervid Scots blood in each vein  
You boast? Well, I'm of older strain.  
Scot against Semite. An old fight  
Not ended yet. A wondrous sight  
Your exhibition; startling vigour  
Enables you to cut a figure,  
And to achieve the grand success  
Of marvellous long-windedness.  
But you're on slippery ground, sweet WILL,  
And have one fault,—you can't keep still.  
For me, though you may think it tame,  
I much prefer the waiting game;  
'Tis not *your* line, with show less rife,  
But fitter for our time of life.  
Your figure-cutting's *magnifique*,  
*Mais ce n'est pas la Politique!*

MOTTO FOR CONVERSATIONALISTS.—"There's nothing like Weather."





## PERFORMER AND CRITIC.

LORD B. (*log.*). "WONDERFUL!—BOTH WIND AND LIMB!!—AT OUR TIME OF LIFE, TOO, WHEN A FALL WOULD BE SO SERIOUS!!!"





## SENTRY GO!

*The Guardsman's Song.*

N Summer togs, through  
frosts and fogs,  
On guard where none  
tries entry,  
Snow nip, sun burn, I  
takes my turn,  
For my two hours  
on sentry.  
To and fro! To and  
fro!  
Day on, day off, on  
Sentry go!  
Or sick or well, I does  
my spell,  
Through night air,  
frost-fog sooty,  
Till Sergeant Death he  
stops my breath,  
And orders me off  
duty—  
To where all show, both  
high and low,  
And where there's no  
more Sentry go!

## LEARNING AND LETTERS.

THE "Three R's" in  
Elementary Education  
inevitably necessitate a  
fourth R—Rates, the  
higher the more objec-  
tionable to the parochial  
mind. It is therefore

extremely desirable that they should in every case be adequately  
attested by a fifth R—Results.

## A COURT COLUMN.

EDITORIAL.—*The Shum Circular and Back Alley Gazette* has been  
established to supply a long felt want. Why should the Swells have  
all the "real jam" in the way of racy tittle-tattle and spicy pusa-  
sonalities? The Slums have their "Society" as well as the Squares,  
and the prattle of the pubs. is as interesting to the *cream deller*  
*cream* of Court and Alley as the gossip of the Clubs to the *elect* of  
St. James's and Mayfair. But it wants collecting and dishing up  
tasty. In scanmag, as in salads, it's the dressing as does it. High  
or low, that should be the gossip's motter. It is ourn. We perpose  
to purvide our own pertickler public with the latest *ong dees*, 'ot and  
'ot, as the saying is. CATNACH and the *Litery Dustman* mean to  
enter into competition with huppercrust bards and babblers in their  
own line. This is a journal written by Costers for Costers, conducted  
in a style based on the best Swell models, and perdooced at a price  
which will bring it within the reach of all who are possessed of the  
perwailing taste of the time—and a penny. *Werbum sap.* We say  
no more, but proceed to our task.

I AM able to state that a splice has ject been squared between  
SUKKY, youngest daughter of GINGER JOE of the "Green Dragon,"  
and BEN SWIVEL, eldest 'ope of old SOL SWIVEL, the Marine-Store  
Dealer. The only droback to the 'appy 'ewent is that the perlice  
are said to be arter BEN, along of a little misunderstanding in old  
metal.

THE following epigram has been made on the okashun by a litery  
gent engaged on the *Morning Mud-Rake*.

"Young BEN her 'art did steel, she'll soon be lead  
To the high menial altar, should nought stop her.  
Her tin and SWIVEL's brass are going to wed,  
If only SWIVEL can avoid the Copper!"

I HEAR that long TOM FLUKE has sworn that if I so much as  
mention his girl's name in these here columns, he'll spyficate me.  
Werry sorry, Tom, as I was about to inform the public that—ahem!  
—the Lady in question has left you in the lurch, and gone off  
mysterious with a militia man. But I won't, Tom, oh no, I won't  
indeed! Anythink to oblige sech a gent as you, Tom.

No, Mrs. G., it was *not*, as I 'appen to know, your *Cousin* who was

standing treat to you at the tater-can, corner of F— Street, the  
other night. Still, if Mr. G. is good-natured enough to believe it,  
why what's the odds so long as he's 'appy?

THE latest *ong dee* at the "Blue Posts" is, that the money young  
BILKER was said to have landed at Croydon was not won on a race,  
but *after* one, the other runners being a policeman and the owner of  
the purse. Perhaps Mr. BILKER will hexplain.

Mrs. GREEN, acknowledged to be the reigning Beauty of Our  
Court, presided the other night, with all 'er accustomed grace and  
good-nature, at the raffle on behalf of NED SMART'S Widder. 'Ow  
haffable married Loveliness can be, to be sure, and, likewise, 'ow  
easily married Loveliness can dispose of—never mind 'ow many—  
glasses of "'ot with!" By the way, Mr. G. is commonly eluded to  
as "Invisible GREEN!" We wonder why.

Bugle-trimmed bonnets are now all the rage among the *elect* of  
the Up a Court Suckler—quite *the tong*, in fact.

*Apyrho*, there was a little tiff between Young BUFFINS and  
Trimmer JUGGINS along of a *bong mo* that BUFFINS made on the  
subject. "What do you think of my bugles, SAM?" asked the  
Lady. "Oh, blow the bugles!" retorted SAM, who 'ad lost on the  
Ledger and was out of sorts. Trimmer didn't see the joke; but on  
the following Sunday morning she was seen at Ampton Court with  
more bugles than ever—and BEN SLANT the Plumber.

No, no, my dear 'ENERY, a "Billingsgate pheasant" is *not* a bird;  
and a "two-eyed steak" has no connection with beef. They both  
mean the same thing, viz., a bloater! I'm getting quite tired of  
putting you right, 'ENERY; and the Editor of a Slum Journal—  
however slow—should, at least, be fly to the latest slang. *Do be*  
*more careful.*

Poor Old SMUDGE! He really didn't do the mackerel and 'am on  
the pavement 'arf bad—at least, in his best days. But too many  
goes of rum 'ot *will* tell; and SMUDGE, who so long lived by his  
chalks, has now walked 'em.

I have received the following correspondence for publication:—

MR. B. BLODE, SIR,

MY missus informs me you said as that last door I grained  
was a rediklus dorb. You're another! You ain't got no eye for  
colour, but you 'll soon 'ave some colour about your eye, if you don't  
watch it. Call yourself a Cricket? Crickets is wermin, and must  
be squelched accordin'. So take the straight tip from  
Yours truly,

O. FUDGE.

MR. O. FUDGE, SIR,

OH yas, you try it on! If it ain't a dorb I'm a Dutchman,—  
so there! A Cricket as *does* know wornit from maple is better than  
a paint-spiller as *don't*. As to my eyes, mind your own. Go and put  
your head in a paint-pot. Yah! Your anceterer,

B. BLODE.

We propose shortly to commence a series of unusually spicy papers  
to be called "Peephole Portraits, or, Quality on the Q. T." They  
will be illustrated by screaming sketches, drawn by JIGGER, the  
celebrated Comic Valentine Caricaturist, who 'as been speshully re-  
tained by us for this purpose at a enormous cost. The first one will  
be entitled, "Mrs. G. at the Photographers, or, a Beauty's Portrait,  
and 'ow it was took." It will be accompanied by a living likeness  
of that lady, in a heavy hindoor costume, intended "for privit suc-  
culation honly," but obtained by us—again at a tremendous expense  
—by the speshul means at our hexclusive disposal. These papers  
and pictures will constitute quite "a new departure" in the art of  
personal portraiture, and will certainly create a sensation, perhaps  
not altogether a pleasant one for certain parties. Order early as  
the demand will be immense!

## Silver for Sale.

ACCORDING to a Berlin telegram:—

"Government is about to take another step indicative of its intention to  
deal with the currency question, and will immediately resume the sales of  
superfluous silver."

Can Prince BISMARCK and his coadjutors really expect that  
German silver will be taken at any price by dealers in bullion?

## A BROAD HINT TO BEAUTY.

*How to Prevent the Sale of your Photograph.*—When you are  
asked to sit, let the Artist understand that you don't want his nega-  
tive, but give him *yours*.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

*English Buyer.* "BUT YOU ASK TOO MUCH FOR HER, PAT."

*Irish Farmer.* "SURE I COULDN'T LET HER GO FOR SUCH A THRIFLE, BARRIN' I WASN'T PAYIN' RINT THIS YEAR!"

### A SURVIVAL AT SEA.

SUCH bitterly severe weather as we have recently endured constitutes, even the most far-gone teetotallers can hardly deny, an exceptional case for an extraordinary nightcap—that is, a good stiff glass of grog on going to bed. Such must have been the drink which, if whiskey was yet, *Macbeth* used to sleep upon in winter. He probably meant that when he desired an attendant to bid his mistress strike upon the bell when it was ready. Grog hot and strong, with two or three lumps of sugar in it, and a squeeze of lemon.

In the Dog-days, a new and eligible beverage would be iced lemonade—pure and simple. That is to say, on land. But—on board ship, and that ship H.M.S.—what then? By custom, as in December so in the Dog-days. Hear "AN OLD FIRST LIEUTENANT," in a published letter accounting for the circumstance that nearly if not quite "all serious acts of insubordination on board ship occur in the afternoon, and are committed by the younger hands"—especially on tropical stations:—

"At half-past noon every day, in no matter what climate, each man receives a strong glass of spirits and water, and is allowed to smoke the strongest tobacco in the world. It is not to be wondered at if some young lad who, for months together, perhaps, never tastes alcoholic drink except at this time, gets unduly excited, and proves refractory to some perhaps only less excited petty superior. It would be cruel to deprive the men of their grog altogether, but surely they might have it later in the day, when physiologists are agreed it is more beneficial."

As it is, the summer drink for the British Navy, all the world over, differs from the winter nightcap of civil life only in not being hot and sweet, and in being a noonday instead of a nocturnal potation. "AN OLD FIRST LIEUTENANT" suggests:—

"The Admiralty might allow 'local option' to captains, and permit them to defer the issue of the strong spirit to a later hour, at least when climate or temperature renders it desirable."

To "local option," as expounded by "AN OLD FIRST LIEUTENANT," who can object but either a fanatical Total Abstemious or a confirmed Dipsomaniac? Such option, however, might still leave JACK his

allowance of grog in the form of a nightcap. Whether that would be good wear for the tropics, an experienced naval officer ought to know. In the meanwhile, the existing arrangements in the Royal Navy as to grog may be regarded as a survival of the good old times when grog was, as JACK used to be made to say, his sheet-anchor, when,—

"Sick or well, late or early,  
Wind foully or fairly,  
Helm a-lee or a-weather,  
For hours together  
I've constantly swigg'd it,  
And, bless me, there's nothing like grog!"

Nothing, doubtless, like strong grog in the tropics at half-past twelve in the day to inebriate a young sailor, and render him saucy and insubordinate. What wonder if JACK was, by this means, apt to be rendered very much too tight a lad.

### AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

MR PUNCH, DEAR SIR,

MIGHT I ask your advice in the following extraordinary, and I trust unprecedented, predicament.

I am a daily traveller to and from the City. Latterly a Lady with a baby has invariably got into the carriage. She will talk and always asks me to hold the baby for a few minutes before the train stops at her destination. Of course I am liable to be seen by my acquaintances handing the baby out to her, and as a respectable, single, middle-aged bachelor, I confess I don't like it. I cannot change my seat for fear of bronchitis, and if I leave the City later it interferes with my dining arrangements.

This has gone on now for three weeks! What am I to do?

Kindly inform Yours undecidably,

THOMAS TREMLET.

(Mr. Punch would recommend Mr. TREMLET to be guided by the Clown of his Local Christmas Pantomime.)

## SYMPTOMS OF CHRISTMAS.

*A Seasonable Alphabet.*

ATTENTION to Aunts and Uncles.  
 Bon-bons for very good children.  
 Concerts, instrumental, open air, by the Waits.  
 Doctors replenish their stocks.  
 Extraordinary civility from waiters, servants, messengers, porters, postmen, tradesmen's boys, and turncocks.  
 Fir trees, frozen pipes.  
 Ghost stories.  
 Hampers of spirits.  
 Invitations! Illustrations!  
 Joints and Christmas pieces.  
 "Kisses."  
 Lamplighters look beaming.  
 Mince-meat and Mistletoe.  
 "Natives" and strangers.  
 Oysters move uneasily in their beds.  
*Punch's Pocket-Book and Almanack.*  
 Quarrels made up.  
 Race-course, table-croquet, pheasants, hares, and every other description of game, both indoor and outdoor.  
 School reports, and reports of wonderful new crackers.  
 Turkey's breast agitated with the thought of speedy dismemberment.  
 Ushers welcome the holidays.  
 Vacation, with all the boys at home.  
 Weather.  
 'Xtra numbers in London during Cattle Show week.  
 'Xtra numbers of illustrated papers and periodicals.  
 Young folks, old jokes, and elder wine.  
 Zero?

## Dialogue for the Day.

*Pessimist.* Very hard times these.  
*Optimist.* But now they're mending.  
*Pessimist.* Not at all. Getting worse.  
*Optimist.* *Spero meliora.*  
*Pessimist.* *Timeo pejora.*

## Bores to the Bear.

ARE the Russian Nihilists fanatics whom nothing can satisfy? Or is it their determination not to be satisfied even with nothing?

*Ex nihilo nihil fit.* Adopting North Country pronunciation, "knout" may have been a root of Nihilism.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

(How to recognise it.)

WHEN, the moment you leave the house, you find yourself seated diagonally on three door-steps at once.

When you are summoned by the parish authorities because passing strangers perform similar feats on the pavement in front of your house.

When coals burn twice as fast as usual, and cost twice as much.

When, nevertheless, you sit in the study of your "eligible modern mansion," wrapped in a railway-rug, wondering whether the north-east wind can be as bitter at the Pole.

When all your nine children want guinea skates at once.

When "Mamma" insists that everything they wear out of doors ought "certainly to be lined with fur."

When all the pipes burst together, and the water comes in as usual—down the staircase.

When you are asked if you "call yourself a gentleman?" when you have given a Hansom cabman half-a-crown for taking you two miles.

When, with the thermometer at 15 degrees below freezing-point, you have to slide home from a theatre with your family, because cab-horses haven't yet learnt to skate.

When there's no hunting and no vegetables, and no getting warm water, much less hot, and when, with the doctor in the house, spirits falling and prices rising, you begin to ask yourself, savagely, what on earth people mean by congratulating themselves and you on an *old-fashioned Christmas!*

## TO LANDLORDS OF LONDON ROOKERIES.

"A ROSE by any other name will smell as sweet." Yes; but not some Paradise Rows in the back slums.



## VICARIOUS GENEROSITY.

*The New Governess.* "IF YOU SAW A POOR MAN STARVING IN THE STREET, WOULDN'T YOU GIVE HIM SOME OF YOUR PUDDING, TOMMY?"  
*Tommy.* "I'D GIVE HIM SOME OF YOURS, MISS SMITH!"

## A FLOATING TOM-TIDDLER'S GROUND.

THE *Eldorado* P. and O. steamer narrowly escaped foundering the other day in the Bay of Biscay. She was saved in great measure by the coolness of her Captain and the pluck of her passengers, who turned to, and baled for a day and a night. The first reports of the accident were too hard on the poor Lascars, who are not, as a rule, good for much in cold weather and a gale of wind, but who, on this occasion, according to the Captain's report, did their duty, most of them, like men, at least between decks, in batten down hatches and stopping the wash of the water into the engine-room.

Honour to all to whom honour is due, black or white!

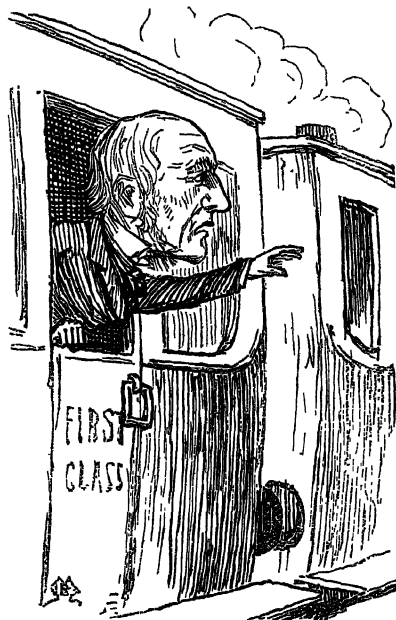
The *Eldorado* has earned her name, and proved that she had a treasure aboard, in her stout captain, efficient officers, willing crew, and plucky passengers—including our two gallant American lady cousins, who constituted themselves stewardesses for the nonce, to wait on the poor terrified women battered down under hatches, in dark, damp, and discomfort—babies and all.

*Punch* is proud to declare the *Eldorado*, as of right, full of nuggets—a real Golden Galleon!—which he rejoices to know is untaken by Davy Jones.

## "Who'd Have Thought of Seeing You."

THE other night, at a festive "small and early dance" at our friends the PONSONBY DE TOMPKYNS's, in one of the pie-crustiest—we mean the most promising—terraces of South Kensington (*née* Old Brompton), an uninvited guest dropped in to supper—the dining-room ceiling! In these days of tight dressing and loose building, before people give "small and early dances" with sit-down suppers, they ought to be sure that the Ladies *can* sit down, and the ceilings can stand up.

## THE RULING PASSION.



THE *Globe* (Dec. 9), chronicling the homeward progress of Mr. GLADSTONE, thus describes the scene at Carlisle, where the inexhaustible orator had addressed an adoring crowd from the railway carriage:—

"The train whisked out of the station before its illustrious occupant had said all he had intended to say."

As usual we have the play of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. Our chronicler leaves out the touching scene which followed on this abrupt intimation that trains, like "time and tide," wait for no man.—Mr. G., with half his body out of window, pouring forth his final promise to enthusiastic listeners on the platform—"to send his peroration on a postcard."

## A REAL GOOD CHANCE.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in the *Times*:—

A YOUNG WIDOW, having arranged to receive three Gentlemen of good position, as BOARDERS, in her well-appointed house, is anxious to meet with two or three agreeable LADIES, of undeniable position, to complete the circle, and form an agreeable home on co-operative principles. Preference given to those musical, travelled, and young.—Address, &c.

The Young Widow is very exact as to the number of Gentlemen, but allows a certain latitude to the supply of Ladies. The Gentlemen are already secured: they are, as it were, on the foundation. What is an "undeniable position"? And what are the "co-operative principles" which are to form the motive force of this magic circle? *A propos* of the magic circle, the Young Widow, in her anxiety to obtain an even number, and not to have an "odd lot," seems to remember *Zamiel's* warning in *Der Freischütz*, when *Caspar* wanted a certain party to complete his Charmed Circle—"Six shall achieve! Seven deceive!" *Absit omen!*—or *Absit O-Woman!*

## A Word for a Battue.

THE newspapers chronicle right seasonable donations when they tell us—

"The Prince of WALES has sent a present of pheasants to St. Thomas's Hospital and a similar present to St. George's Hospital for the use of the patients."

To the game legs and arms already in St. Thomas's and St. George's Hospitals, the game birds presented by the Prince of WALES are, no doubt, a welcome addition; and of course the inmates in whose diet pheasant was admissible failed not to do justice to His Royal Highness's benevolence. Those pheasants were the feathered fruits of a battue. Even an old-fashioned sportsman may grant that for once the end justified the means.

## Payne against Pleasure.

"It is reported that the Rev. Dr. PAYNE, Vicar of St. George's, Deal, has refused a donation of £5 from the late Mayor (JAMES R. LUSH, Esq.), on behalf of the Deal Dramatic Club, for distribution in coals, on the ground that he did not approve of the means by which it was obtained."—*Kentish Paper*.

"WHEN Churchmen triumph, Heaven is lost to sight;  
So sang the bard in sharp satiric strain;  
And here see Charity debarred of light,  
Having to struggle through a darkened PAYNE."

## PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1880.

SPECIAL Meeting of the Meteorological Society called to discuss "Jupiter Pluvius."

Cabinet Council summoned to consider what is to be done with "CETWAYO in London."

All ages, and especially the Middle Ages in fits over "The Knight and the Flea."

Mr. BRISKET and all the Butchers pronounce "Sweet Simplicity" a *prime cut*.

On the Stock Exchange nothing done but "quotations" from *Punch's Almanack*.

England and Italy hope to settle their international difficulty ("An Innocent Offender") without an appeal to arms.

Young Hunters named "Caldecott" and "Corbould."

THOMPSON'S *Seasons* nowhere: *Punch's* everywhere.

Question for Convocation:—Can the Son of a Bishop "adopt the Stage as a profession"?

The "Force" consider "Linked Sweetness long drawn out" as good as Sausages.

The Mint busy night and day coining Threepenny pieces to meet the enormous demand.

*Punch's Almanack*, 1880. Threepence.

## BAD WEATHER FOR WORDS.

ON arriving at Chester in his way home, Mr. GLADSTONE, according to the newspapers, was received by a party of the leading citizens of Chester, including Sir THOMAS and Lady FROST. But there happened also to be in attendance another Frost, doing, however, his utmost to give the illustrious WILLIAM not a warm reception by any means, but just the reverse. This Frost, it needs hardly be said, was our old friend Jack Frost, who, ubiquitous as he has lately shown himself in this island, necessarily made his disagreeable presence felt on the Chester Station platform. Though of no political party, he has offered the ex-Premier every possible opposition during the whole of his progress; but in similar case his welcome to the PREMIER would have been equally freezing. Happily he failed to produce any affection of the vocal or respiratory organs which would have silenced the most wonderful and enduring of orators.

## A Happy Home Cheap.

WE have never seen those desiderata, Home and Happiness in one, put up at anything like the low figure at which they are offered in the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

WANTED, LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS.—A Lady, 23 years established, offers a happy HOME, with careful training and education. Inclusive terms £1 12s. a month, or £5 5s. a quarter, with clothing.—Comfortable home for a genteel, useful young person, however backward in her education. Terms required, £3 the quarter.

Talk of Baby-Farming—here ought to be something like very superior "Boys' and Girls' Cultivation" on the *Squeers'* principle. Parents and Guardians, make a note of—and as you value poor children's happiness, don't take this "Lady's" offer.

Silver and Gold; or, Small Change for a Sovereign.

"If 'speech is silver,' from crown piece to tizzy,"

Quoth GLADSTONE, "a run for change who can sustain so?"

"If 'silence is gold,' of my Sovereign," quoth DIZZY,

"I'm master, and, please my star,\* mean to remain so."

\* ["And Garter."—ED.]

BILIN DIGESTIVE PASTILS are doubtless most valuable, but if you buy the "whole Bilin" they won't produce the same satisfactory and exhilarating effect as will PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK for 1880, which will RELIEVE YOU INSTANTLY of Three-and-sixpence.





## THE COMMISSARIAT.

*Our Bandmaster (to Purveyor of Refreshments). "WE MUST HEV BEEF SANG-WITCHES, MARM! THEM HAM ONES MAKE THE MEN'S LIPS THAT GREASY, THEY CAN'T BLOW!"*

## A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

THERE was once a poor lad, who wrought in the brick-fields, carrying a crushing weight of wet clay on his small head all the day long, and at night, when his ragged little companions were sleeping or playing pitch-and-toss, teaching himself to read by the glare of the brick-kilns.

He learnt, and turned what he learnt to profit. He rose, and from lad to man filled every place in the brick-makers' craft with credit, rising from workman to foreman, and from foreman to manager.

And then he set himself to call attention to the cruel over-work and ill-treatment of the wretched children whose labour he had shared in carrying more than their own weight of clay on their heads from pit to table, and from table to row—untaught, uncared for, and too often under-fed and ill-clad. In due time he won attention to the wretched case of this class of workers, of whose labours and sufferings, at first, none knew but those who had lived the life and worked the work. In time he got the protection of law and brought to bear on them, and in spite of neglect, opposition, and obloquy, procured the passing of an Act that brought these hapless little outcasts under the eye of Inspectors, limited their hours of toil, and secured them some scanty measure of teaching. But in doing this he gave grievous offence, and lost a well-paid situation.

Not daunted by this, the same man, whose business had made him conversant with the sufferings of another class of little ones not less neglected, the children of the bargees, whose life is passed on our canals, and who, constantly moving, escape most of the influences and restraints of settled life, pent in overcrowded cabins, often beyond all control even of their own class—untaught, brutal, drunken, and violent—got attention fixed on this neglected population, and was the main agent in the passing of a law for the registration and inspection of canal-boats, with some imperfect provision for the care of the children on board them.

But in this work the man sacrificed not only his time but his

means, and found himself unprovided for, when he had accomplished these two labours of his life.

His name is GEORGE SMITH, and he lives at Coalville, Leicester.

A body of noblemen and gentlemen, who know the value of his labours, and the cost to himself at which they have been accomplished, headed by names as nobly unsectarian as the Right Hon. Lord ABERDALE (Chairman), the Most Hon. the Marquis of HARTINGTON, M.P., the Right Hon. the Earl of DERBY, the Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G., the Right Hon. the Earl of ABERDEEN, the Right Hon. Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P., the Right Hon. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, M.P., the Right Hon. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., Sir CHARLES REED, LL.D., Chairman of London School Board, and P. W. CLAYDEN, Esq., have started a subscription for Mr. SMITH and his family. It has not yet reached anything like the amount required.

This Christmas time seems a fitting one for *Punch* to plead the cause of this practical preacher of good-will to men, this friend of the friendless, this helper of those who, till he came, had none to help them. The Treasurer of the Fund is F. A. BEVAN, of BARCLAY, BEVAN & Co.; its Honorary Secretary, AUGUSTUS MIRAMS, Esq., of 1, Temple Gardens, London.

In the name of the children of brick-field and barge, let *Punch's* readers find, out of their benevolence, a mite for GEORGE SMITH of Coalville.

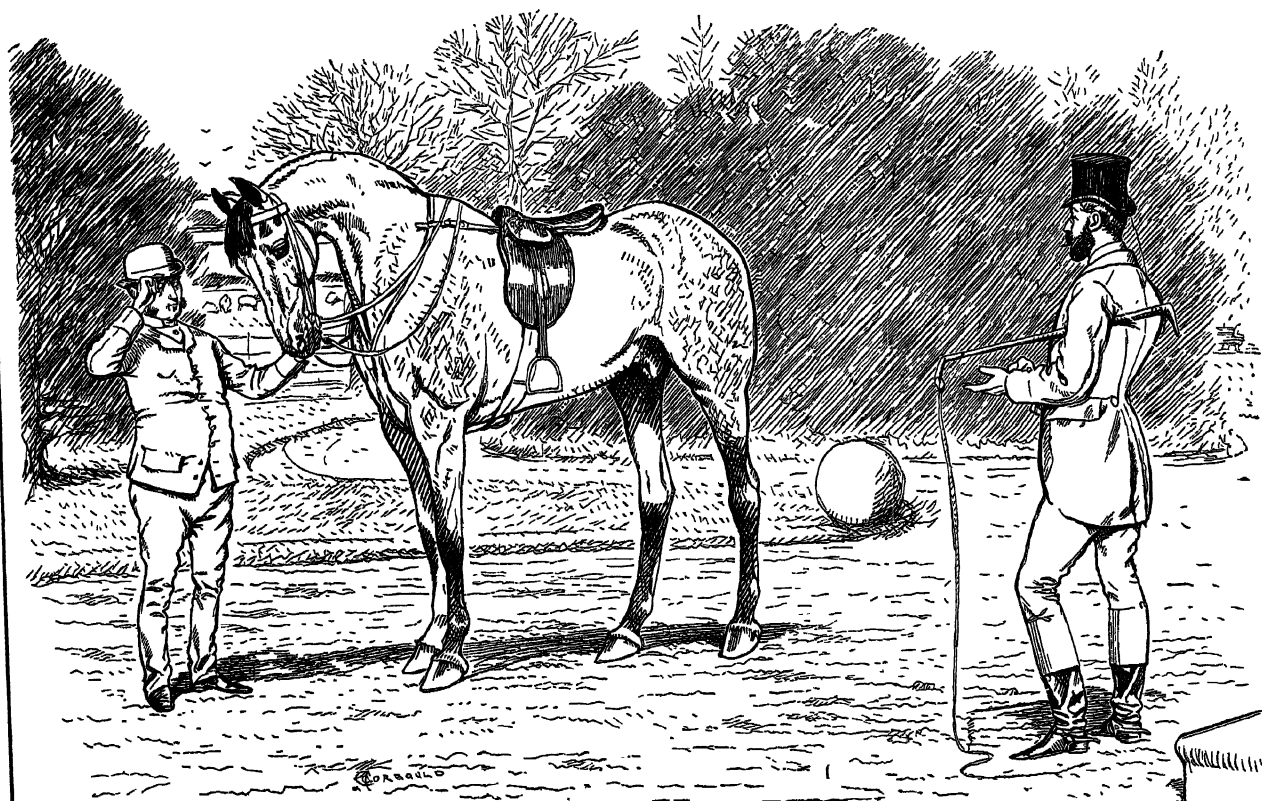
TITLE FOR A NEW ORGAN\* OF THE "CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD."  
—*The Christian Era*.

\* Not a musical instrument, but a newspaper, my reverend and artistic friends.

A THREEPENNY PIECE.—The Westminster Play—*The Trinumus*.

A RITUALISTIC SONGSTER.—The Missal-Thrush.





### MASTER AND MAN.

SCENE—Front of Country-house.

Visitor (starting for the Meet). "BY JOVE, THAT'S A GRAND GREY YOU HAVE THERE!"  
Coachman. "YES, SIR. WANTS A GROOM TO SHOW HIM OFF PROPERLY!"

### DAME EUROPA'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

PEACE and Goodwill? Ironical sound,  
The watchword of the season,  
Whilst trumpets sound and wars abound,  
And riot palsies reason.  
Poor Dame Europa! Creaking looks  
And cracking hinges fright her;  
The guarding of Pandora's box  
Were cheerier task and lighter.

For all within seems wrathful din,  
Safe progress at a sad look;  
In vain she thrusts her blade to aid  
The power of Order's padlock.  
Insurgent forces jar and clash  
All armed suppression mocking,  
Cold tyranny, rebellion rash,  
In ceaseless conflict shocking.

"'Tis Sovereigns and Statesmen rule,"  
Our Cynic Swaggerer vaunted;  
In Europe's School this bitter Yule  
That *bund* may well be daunted.  
Watching the chaos dark and drear,  
The jester murmurs sadly,  
"If *thus* they rule the world, 'tis clear  
They rule it very badly!"

With Russian knout and Teuton gag  
Crown'd Power sets bad examples;  
Assassin's steel against the heel  
Whose iron mercy tramples.  
'Tis vain! Be't Czar, Drill-Sergeant POPE,  
For all 'tis sheer insanity  
By steel and rope, from light and hope,  
To bar out poor humanity.

And England, where the bondsman's star  
Once blazed, but now burns dimmer,  
England that fanned, in peace or war,  
Poor Freedom's feeblest glimmer,—

Is the fit on *thee*? Thou shake hands  
With the crass combination  
Of those who see in bonds and bands  
Lost Order's sole salvation!

This war of selfish interests  
And rights antagonistic  
Threats thy new creed with sterner tests  
Than shouts or pleas sophistic.  
The flatterer hath thine ear to-day,  
To sober Wisdom's sorrow;  
But to the older, better way  
Thou 'lt turn—we trust—to-morrow.

Order is good; good is increase  
Of righteous reigning power;  
But sword-sway robs the world of peace,  
And cancels Freedom's dower.  
It can not hold! Best hide the rule  
Of patient right and reason,  
Trust that, and Europe's next fair Yule  
Will be a gladder season.

### Too Much of Turkey.

Nobody except an occasional and inveterate punster pretends to identify the Turkey traditionally sacred to Christmas with the Turkish Empire. Christmas, however, is distinctly characterised by a custom which exhibits one remarkable point of similarity between Britons and Turks. That is the general usage among all manner of cads, touts, underlings, attendants, and dependants, of demanding gratuities, which the British denominate Christmas Boxes, but which the Ottomans ask for under the name of *backsheesh* all the year round.

COIGN OF VANTAGE.—A Penny with two Heads.

### Paris, and the Peace of the World.

"EVERY trouble of the world is a trouble of Paris," writes M. Victor Hugo, in the bundle of bombastic antitheses which he has contributed to the Album for the benefit of the sufferers by the Murcia inundations. If he had said that "Every trouble of Paris is very apt to be a trouble to the world," he would have been nearer the truth and quite as effective in his antithesis.

LATEST UNIVERSITY HONOURS.

SENIOR Wrangler—Duke of ARGYLL.  
SMITH'S (W. H.) Prizeman—H.R.H. the Admiral Superintendent.

## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

PUNCH has long been pegging away at the Vestries and District Boards, to turn the street lamps to account for display of the street names after dark. His pegging has profited. He is glad to hear that the practice is spreading, and will soon, he hopes and trusts, be general. Wherever it is neglected, let rate-payers take up the cry, and bombard not their street lamps, but their District Boards. The manufacturer who has supplied labels with street names for the lamps in Camberwell, writes to *Punch* to say that he has furnished similar labels throughout the parishes of Kennington, St. George the Martyr Southwark, St. Mary's Newington, and Limehouse, as also to the boroughs of Leeds, Leicester, Birmingham, Bootle-cum-Linacre near Liverpool, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. He has also been supplying the Board of Works with lamp-tablets notifying the position of Fire-plugs and Hydrants, in the parishes of St. George the Martyr Rotherhithe, Deptford, Charlton, and Woolwich, and is now preparing to fix similar tablets in the parish of St. George the Martyr Hanover Square.

And now, besides this flood of new light, the fount of which having once been opened will go on flowing, *Punch* hopes, till all London is irradiated, and the night-wanderer will only have to cast his eyes up to the street lamp to read his whereabouts, we hear of new electric lights at the Victoria Station, and, better still, of a new railway carriage lamp, invented by Sgee, that later Lucifer, or Prometheus Lampadephoros of the nineteenth century. Already several trains of the Great Northern have been fitted with his new illuminating apparatus. The Great Northern but leads the way. Other lines must follow. Soon the present blinking, smoking, stinking railway-lamps, which only make darkness visible, and mock the efforts of the wretched traveller to decipher book or newspaper, will be of the past, to be looked back upon as the street-lanterns of old are now looked back upon in the light of gas, or as gas will one day be viewed in the brighter illumination of electricity.

"Light—more Light"—is *Punch's* cry, as it was fighting Ajax's, and dying GOETHE'S. All honour to Sgee for his railway—Argand—burner, and his new naphthalene with its forty-candle power—and when next he fits it to a train, may *Punch* be there to see, instead of to struggle with a tantalising twilight, as he does under the present mockery of railway-carriage illumination.

## HINTS FOR A NEW AND ORIGINAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

## CHAPTER II.

*Endowment—How—Supposing—Pausing—Suggestion—Liberality—Encouragement—Chorus—Priezes—Originality—School—College—Bicycling—Sketch—Poker—Professional—Advantages—Arrangements—Novel Effects—Chest—Immense—Property—Wealth—Proctors—Costume—Attendants—Supers—More Notions—Notice—Curates—Curtains—Coryphées—College—Dean—Chapter—In Our Next.*

OF course in any scheme for such a genuine Dramatic College as I am designing, the question of endowment being satisfactorily assumed, the first consideration will be, how will it be laid out?

First, in the Building, or, if possible, buildings.

Suppose a College the size of King's in the centre of the University of Cambridge.

Here, for a moment—this being a very large subject, and requiring a considerable amount of space, as anyone acquainted with King's College, Cambridge, will admit—I pause in order to throw out a suggestion, as the more things,—whether suggestions or hints,—that are thrown out, the clearer the space will become.

The suggestion is that everyone interested in this subject should kindly forward to this office, under cover to the present Responsible Writer, architectural plans and sketches for the proposed College.



The drawings shall be submitted to a Council for approval, and the designer, of the one that is decided upon as the best, shall be communicated with at once, and shall then

draw a prize for himself. The drawing of the prize shall be *entirely at his own option*, as, under the sanction of the Committee, he shall be empowered to *draw whatever he likes, as much as he likes, and for as long as he likes.*

Thus I start the scheme, in a liberal and generous spirit, which, I trust, will excite emulation.



*Chorus of Students (without)—  
Emulation! Emulation!  
What I want is Emulation!*

N.B.—Of course a resident Poet and Librettist will be required on the premises. Early applications necessary.



*Chorus of Librettists (without) singing, if possible—  
Application! Application!  
Come and make an application!*

The President of the Council (myself—as some one *must* be elected—reserves his own architectural designs for the College until he has seen the others, so that there may be no chance of anyone's copying his. Thus a fair opportunity will be afforded for originality.

The next object for the uses of the Endowment will be the establishment of—(1) a paid Official College Government; (2) Fellowships; (3) Faculties; (4) Schools; (5) Studentships; (6) Scholarships; (7) Sizar-ships; and (8) a Foundation School, in connection with the College, for the gratis Rudimentary Education

of the Young, which would be stocked with a constant supply of Fairies for Pantomimes, Imps, Goblins, Speaking Children for Melodramas, available for "turns" at any time of the year.

This is by no means an exhaustive Catalogue, but, like a bicycle, it is "something to go upon."

Supposing the College to form part of the University, the necessity of a Chancellor and a Vice need not be considered, as the Dramatic College authorities would of course be only too happy to accept present existing arrangements, and would specially undertake to find a responsible Pantomimist to carry the "poker" (red-hot first-rate property to be hired at so much an hour for the College) before the Vice-Chancellor on all State occasions. If this is at Cambridge, Mr. Merriman can have a string of traditional "Cambridge sausages" hanging out of his pocket. He will carry under his arm a book of the ancient Joseph Miller's University Statutes.



"POKER" PRECEDING THE VICE-CHANCELLOR TO THE SENATE-HOUSE (UNDER THE CONTEMPLATED PROCESSIONAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE).

Again, the University Senate-House would be at once placed in the hands of the Permanent-Scenic-Artist-Professor, and Senior Property-Master of the Dramatic College, who would see it properly furnished, taking a hint or two from the scene in *Othello*, and the other Senate-House in the *Merchant of Venice*. The Super-Master of the Dramatic College—a sort of musketry-drill instructor—would be charged with providing Senators at so much a dozen, to be paid out of the University Chest; and the University Chest might be the gift of Mr. HENRY IRVING, being the very identical Iron Chest used by him for so many nights at the Lyceum with a large property inside it. In this way, as in many others, the University itself would be immensely benefited by the accession of such an invaluable staff of Professors, as would be those of the New and Original Dramatic College, and none other genuine.

The Public Orator would be got up according to the generally-received type of what an orator, who has a public of his own, would be like.

The Proctors, or University Moral Police, would wear such a costume as would convey a distinct idea of their functions.

The Proctors' Assistants, or "Bull Dogs," would, for the first time in the history of the University, have a chance of appearing in character. They would be described in the programme—for no University function would be allowed to proceed without a programme, which could be supplied gratis ("No Fees"), or, with "a book of the words," could be sold for a shilling, and then there would be more coin of 'vantage to the University chest—they



there would be more coin of 'vantage to the University chest—they

would, I say, be described, in the aforesaid programme, as belonging to the K 9 division, and they could wear puggarees.

The officials of the Genuine Dramatic College should be eligible for all the highest University posts—except, of course, the University lamp-posts, which at present are quite the highest in the place, and are the means of giving more light to the students than can very many of the elevated officials.

A Chancellor—so called from his election being quite a matter of chance, and not because the office was originally connected with a mediæval music-publisher, then termed "a Chaunt-seller,"—could be chosen from among the ranks. Mr. BEN WEBSTER wouldn't be a bad choice. The University could then take its "Ben," which would be its first professionally theatrical step for the good of the Academical coffers.

[N.B.—New Specific! No more Coughs or Colds at Cambridge!!! For Academical Coughers—try our "University Chest Lozenges." Look out for trade-mark, and light on one of our own boxes.]

Another eminent University dignitary is the High Steward. His office is, of course, to preside over all the kitchens of all the Colleges. He is generally chosen for his skill in smoothing down the Dons in a difficulty, and his office is called, from the peculiar style of his elocution, the "Buttery." It would be invidious to designate any one member of the Theatrical Profession for this important appointment, which would be admirably well filled by so many among them.

The duties of the High Steward are—

First,—Of course never to be a Low Steward.

Secondly,—Once a year, when game is in, to make a High Stew. Failing this last, he resigns his office; accomplishing this, he re-signs the contract for the next year.

Thirdly,—He has during the summer to personally examine the University Refrigerator. This duty arises from the view taken of him as the *H'ice Steward*.

Fourthly,—As the University Oculist, as the *H'Eye Steward*. But in this phase of his character he mustn't come out as a *Lothario*—or a *Highthario*—or the young uneducated girls of Girton College—I mean Girton College—would complain that he "eyes too 'ard." Of course this complaint about the eyes would come from the pupils themselves, and be remedied by the Oculist—sometimes by the *Oculist*.

By the way, Girton College would form an *annexe*,—an excellent *annexe*, under the female presidency of ANNE X.—name not known at present—to be called Curtain College, or Green Curtain College. The avenue leading up to it to be planted with green bays. Here New Curtain Lectures could be given. The sooner the Act is passed for this purpose the better; and once taken up, it is to be hoped that none will let the Act drop for the sake of the Curtain.

So much for Curtain College at present. The official Visitor of Curtain College might be the Revd. Mr. HEADLAM who has taken so deep an interest in the welfare of Curates and Coryphæes—the only fees permitted. Surely the *Head-lamb* could be trusted to look after the sheep, both black (the curates) and white (the ballet). But let us leave the Lambkins who would soon get accustomed, or *ewes'd* to their Head Lamb, and return *à nos moutons*, which provide the Chancellor with his woolstack. Still, to a certain extent, Curtain College must be taken into the scheme, or where would be our *Portia*, our *Desdemona*, or any other moaner, our *Rosalind* or JENNY LIND—no, that's not Shakspearian, that's operatic. In a Chancelloress we should look for a *Lady Macbeth*, and as Lady Chancelloress she might become Lady MACBETH. But "Enough for this Chapter," as the Bishop said to the Dean when they'd got a quorum. *Au plaisir!*

#### A TECHNICAL DIFFICULTY.

(How to get Over it.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

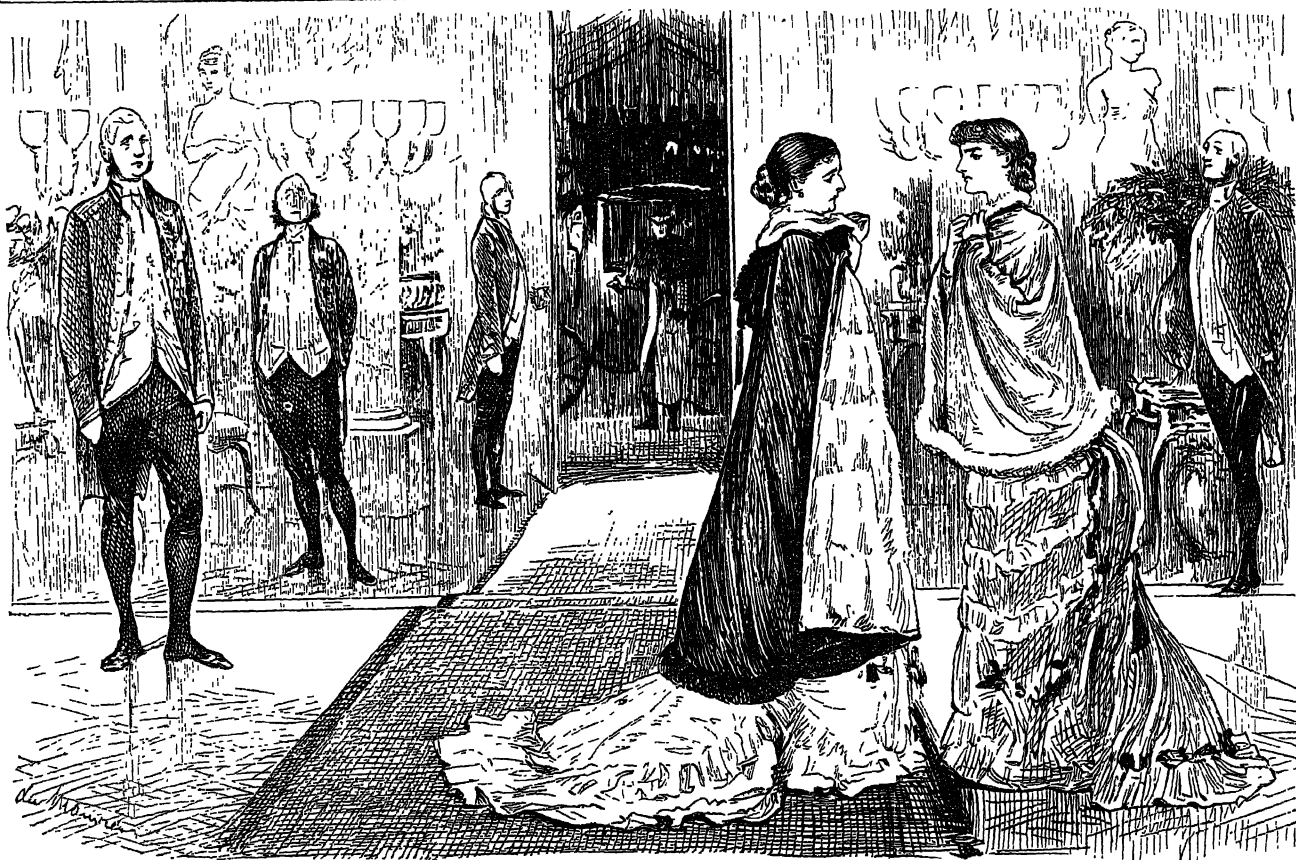
I HEAR there's some talk of starting a "Technical University." What's the good of this, when Oxford and Cambridge alone can supply the whole machinery? Look here. Why not send Bootmakers to All Souls', Dock-labourers to Pembroke, the China Trade to Worcester, Poulterers and Butchers to Clare, and so on? Then you might have the Clothiers and Outfitters at the Taylors' Institute; while Conjuring could be taught daily at the "Pass School." In fact, there is no limit, if you only go at the thing practically. If you want to teach an ironmonger how to make a *tripes* mathematically, Cambridge is the place to send him to, isn't it? However, I leave further suggestions to you; and, being in the Lamp trade myself, throw this light upon the matter, as

Yours, technically,

A UNIVERSITY MODERATOR.

A CHRISTMAS GAME FOR TOMMY.—(Black) Draughts.





## OF THE WORLD WORLDLY.

(SCENE—The Entrance Hall of Sir Gorgius Midas's London residence.)

Mamma. "ENFIN, MY LOVE! WE'RE WELL OUT OF THIS!! WHAT A GANG!!! WHERE SHALL WE GO NEXT?"

Daughter. "TO LADY OSCAR TALBOT'S, MAMMA?"

Mamma. "SHE SNUBS ONE SO! I REALLY CAN'T BEAR IT! LET US GO TO MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S. IT'S JUST AS SELECT (EXCEPT FOR THE HOST AND HOSTESS), AND QUITE AS AMUSING."

Daughter. "BUT MRS. TOMKYN'S SNUBS ONE WORSE THAN LADY OSCAR, MAMMA!"

Mamma. "POOH, MY LOVE! WHO CARES FOR THE SNUBS OF A MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW, SO LONG AS SHE'S CLEVER ENOUGH TO GET THE RIGHT PEOPLE!"

## STIRRING THE PUDDING.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

AIR—"The Roast Beef of Old England."

THE National Pudding all parties protest  
By themselves is best planned, and compounded the best,  
And each eager spoon-wielder will stoutly aver  
All would turn out quite well had himself but a stir  
At the glorious Plum-Pudding of England,  
Old England's unequalled Plum-Pudding!

The Stirrers-in-Chief, who've their spoons in the pan,  
Have been stirring away on their own special plan  
For a tidy long time, and triumphantly say  
That no Season has shown, for this many a day,  
Such a splendid Plum-Pudding for England,  
Such a genuine English Plum-Pudding!

Says the clever Chief-Cook, "Here are plums, if you please;  
JOHN BULL, like Jack Horner, loves whoppers like these.  
We will pour in the spirit, we won't spare the spice,  
And we'll mix it, and stir it, and make it all nice,  
This peerless Plum-Pudding for England,  
This perfect Old English Plum-Pudding!"

And his mates back their Chef, and they stir and they shout,  
"Leave the Pudding to us—we know what we're about;  
Whilst those fellows—pooh! pooh! they would spare, they would  
pinch,

And from spicing they'd shrink, and from stirring they'd finch,  
And so spoil the Plum-Pudding of England,  
The old-fashioned English Plum-Pudding!"

But their rivals—oh, wildly each one waves his spoon,  
And they cry, "You must call us to stir, and right soon.  
For your Chef is a duffer, his cooking a dodge,  
Mere messing and muddling to stickjaw and stodge  
Of the fine old Plum-Pudding of England,  
The famous old English Plum-Pudding!"

And there's one with a far bigger spoon than the rest,  
Who, they say, both at mixing and stirring is best;  
Prime stuff he turns out, made with taste and with care,  
Pudding wholesome as toothsome, or so they declare,  
Who'd have him stir the Pudding of England,  
The wondrous old English Plum-Pudding!

Well, we know the old Saw about too many cooks;  
But a Saw is not always so sage as it looks;  
And a Pudding so big as JOHN BULL'S may require  
All the hands and the spoons that toil on and ne'er tire  
Of stirring the Pudding of England,  
The mighty old English Plum-Pudding!

The proof of the Pudding's in eating, they say;  
And JOHN BULL, who must to eat it has likewise to pay;  
And so, at this season, let's wish them success,  
And hope that among them they won't make a mess  
Of the rare old Plum-Pudding of England,  
The old English Christmas Plum-Pudding!

MONSTER CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—Giving your Mother-in-law the good wishes of the season.



STIRRING THE PUDDING.



## NEW WORK FOR WOMAN.



O a new sign  
of the times  
—a sign in-  
scribed with  
“Minor food  
production”  
—a Contem-  
porary calls

attention. A Ladies' Society is being founded, which is to devote its energies to the development of “horticulture, poultry-raising, dairy-work, bee-keeping,” and the like. It is suggested, though we are not aware that this will figure on the sign, that the Society may not even draw the line at pigs, and that we may see its Lady members deep in the mysteries of a different “wash” from that to which they have hitherto confined themselves, the upshot whereof will not be clean linen, but streaky bacon and delicately roseate pork.

Well—did we not read, only the other day, in the memoirs of the excellent wife and family of our exemplary primate, that Mrs. TAIT was wont to assign to each of her daughters a pig, as her special charge, to be sold, when fatted, and its price appropriated as the girl's special gift to her mother's Fulham Orphanage? What the Miss TAITs did for charity, the members of the new Society are to do for profit. But as charity begins at home, let it be understood that these Ladies are only beginning at the beginning, to go further and fare better, instead of worse.

Mrs. THORNE is announced as the foundress of this new “Ladies' Association for the promotion of horticulture and minor food production.” It is a supplement, if we should not rather call it an introduction, to the Ladies' School of Cookery. It will help to supply the meat for which the other excellent Association should aid us to find cooks. *Prosit!*

There are diversities of gifts among women as among men. If some of our sisters follow their natural bent to Girton and the Tongues and Sciences, others to the Female Medical School in Henrietta Street and the Healing-Art, why should not others, of a more material turn, find the best field for their energies in “minor food production”? There is room for them all. Let the minor-food-producers, with Mrs. THORNE at their head, hoist the petticoat—as MAHOMET is said to have hoisted his wife KADIJA'S—and write under it, “*In hoc signo vinces!*”

## FROM MAY TO DECEMBER.

## A TRAGEDY OF CONTRAST.

## ACT I.

SCENE—An Official Chamber. TIME—Eight Months back. A Far-Seeing Premier discovered at open window, smiling radiantly at the little birds in the Spring sunshine. Enter a Sanguine Indian Secretary.

Sanguine Indian Secretary (holding out telegram). Ah, here you are! I've run all the way from the India Office without my hat, to bring you the joyful news.

Far-Seeing Premier (turning from little birds, still smiling). From LYTTON—ah! So the savage succumbs?

Sanguine Indian Secretary (with exultation). Yes, the submission is complete. He's to come to Gandamak to-morrow, to take any terms LYTTON offers.

Far-Seeing Premier. Excellent! A perfect Spring morning's surprise, and will quiet the Session like soothing-syrup. The whole scheme can now be realised imperially.

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Gradual incorporation—eh?

Far-Seeing Premier. Precisely. Before we finish this campaign, the standards of the EMPRESS shall be seen floating proudly in the blue haze that crowns— You haven't got a map of Afghanistan in your pocket, have you? What range runs north of Cabul?

Sanguine Indian Secretary (considering). I don't think it's a range. I fancy it's a river. Do you know, I don't think there's anything particular, but I'll look when I get back to the Office.

Far-Seeing Premier (encouragingly). Do. But don't bother yourself. A scientific frontier isn't always a physical phenomenon. Ha! ha! (Slaps him, good-naturedly, on the back.) We know that, don't we? So, wire to LYTTON “full powers.” *Divide et impera.* Anything you like. “*Mysterium et potestas*”—that is, I mean, “*Imperium et libertas*.” The good news, a glimpse of sunshine, and the little birds, have quite for once excited me. Come, confess it. This Afghanistan card has been the best I've played. Thank your stars that you serve under a far-seeing Chief!

[Takes up his hat.

Sanguine Indian Secretary (taking his arm). I do. Ah, you are coming to the office. We'll look at the map, and wire together.

[Exeunt arm-in-arm, in the very best of spirits.]

## ACT II.

SCENE.—Same as in Act I. TIME.—Yesterday.

Far-Seeing Premier discovered, brooding gloomily over a dying fire.

Enter a Sanguine Indian Secretary.

Sanguine Indian Secretary (holding up telegram). Ha! I'm glad I have found you in. Here, read this. Here's a monthful!

Far-Seeing Premier (still staring at the fire). What, another of those beastly messages? Well—what is it now?

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Communication cut off. Tribes all risen like one man, and supports can't move up to reinforce.

Far-Seeing Premier. Hum! go on. What does LYTTON say?

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Oh, there's a whole lot of it. But it's all the same. Mulls in every direction. Commissariat broken down. GOUGH shut up at Gandamak. BRIGHT hedged in at Jellalabad. Here's a bit we can publish. “If the tribes do not disperse themselves on finding they make no impression on ROBERTS, a strong force will be pushed up, and re-open communications.”

Far-Seeing Premier (grimly). Send that out to the papers with the “compliments of the India Office.” I hope they'll like it.

Sanguine Indian Secretary. I hope they will. Talking of reinforcements, if this job proves tough—

Far-Seeing Premier (poking out the last embers of the fire with a dash). They must be poured in.

Sanguine Indian Secretary (dejectedly). Yes, but this mull may mean another Six Millions.

Far-Seeing Premier (starting up wildly, and waving the poker over his head). Six millions, or sixty! what do I care? We are in for it. Empires are not built up with halfpence. I'll still show the world that this Afghanistan card is the best I've played. If there is one thing on which I pride myself, it is prevision.

Sanguine Indian Secretary. Quite so. But if we mean a campaign or two, annexation, and the consequences in the shape of budget, where shall we be, do you think, this time twelvemonth?

Far-Seeing Premier. In Elysium! (Puts on his hat.) Come along. We must wire something like a programme to LYTTON. (Taking his arm.) Courage! and thank your stars you serve under a Far-Seeing Chief!

Sanguine Indian Secretary (with a sigh). I do! I do!

[Exeunt arm-in-arm, brushing away a tear as the Curtain falls.]

## CHRISTMAS HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

CHOOSE a good stock of registered envelopes at the Post-Office, and enclose in them Bank of England notes to your needy friends and relations. You can enjoy philanthropy and exercise in combination by yourself dropping some of these Christmas remembrances (in plain envelopes) into the letter-boxes of those for whom they are intended.

Send to the Bank of England or the Royal Mint for a supply of new half-sovereigns, and treat yourself to the novel sensation of watching the astonishment and delight on the faces of your accustomed callers on Boxing-Day, when you present them with these coins in lieu of the long-established sixpence or shilling.

In this distribution do not forget the Waits, the German and other bands, and the solitary itinerant performers, who have done so much to spread the knowledge of instrumental music in the street or square in which you live.

Another unexceptionable variety of the Christmas-Box is to engage several of the best boxes at the theatres when the pantomimes are at full speed, and distribute the tickets among those of your acquaintances whose families are largely in excess of their incomes. You yourself must not fail to secure a stall from which you can observe the gleeful countenances of your young friends above you.



### A VERY DIFFERENT MATTER.

*Southern Lord (staying at Highland Castle).* "THANK YOU SO MUCH. I—AH—WEALLY ENJOY YOUR MUSIC. I THINK OF HAVING A PIPER AT MY OWN PLACE."

*Sandy the Piper.* "AN' FAT KIN' O' A PIPER WOULD YOUR LORDSHIP BE NEEDIN'?"

*Southern Lord.* "OH, CERTAINLY A GOOD PIPER LIKE YOURSELF, SANDY."

*Sandy (sniffing).* "OOH! INTEET I—YE MIGHT EASILY FIN' A LORD LIKE YOUR LORDSHIP, BUT IT'S NAE SAE EASY TO FIN' A PIPER LIKE ME WHATEVER!"

Assemble all your relations whose circumstances are not so affluent as your own round your dining-table, and insert in each one's napkin a bank-note or cheque. This new design in napkins will be much admired. Pay the travelling and hotel expenses of all those who have come from a distance, and give them hampers well stocked with Christmas cheer, toys, and illustrated publications, as a surprise for those who are left at home.

On Christmas Day take a long walk with a bag of sixpences in your hand, and without a thought, save one of good-natured pity, of Archbishop WHATELY and the Charity Organisation Society, distribute these coins to all you meet to whom you intuitively feel you can offer them without wounding their feelings. Repeat this experiment on New Year's Day, but on a different line of road.

### KETCHING IT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

ANOTHER man of mark has joined the majority. Mr. CALCRAFT, born with the century, and from 1828 to 1874 Finisher of the Law, expired on Saturday last week at Hoxton, full of years if not of honours. He might at least on his retirement have been decorated with a *cordon bleu*.

By almost a curious coincidence, on the subsequent Tuesday, Mr. CALCRAFT's successor, Mr. MARWOOD, adventured to come out at Sheffield as a lecturer.

"All kinds of curious people are turning up at Sheffield just now, the latest being Mr. WILLIAM MARWOOD, the executioner. Last night he announced to give his 'great lecture' on 'The Times,' and about six hundred people assembled to listen to him. The great lecture proved to be a very small one. After some rambling talk on the Bible, the Irish Question, the QUEEN, and the election, in the course of which he repeated himself again and again, MARWOOD abruptly sat down, being, as the Chairman said, a very nervous man."

The *Echo* adds that "ultimately the audience became clamorous, as Mr. MARWOOD, after a second attempt to go on, sat down in despair. . . . Apparently most of them had come expecting to hear something of MARWOOD's professional experiences, which the Chairman said it was impossible for him to give." Instead of that—

"Commencing with a religious exhortation, he reminded his hearers that the wheel of Time was constantly casting people off into eternity, whereupon a wag shouted, 'And so is thy rope.' As to the election, he was content to express a hope that the best man would win. He rejoiced that England is at present on friendly terms with all the Powers, and her mission was to take Christianity to all the nations of the earth."

Is Jack Ketch also among the Preachers? Mr. MARWOOD, "if a very nervous man," seems also to be a decidedly cheeky one. His transition from the scaffold to the platform having proved a failure, he will now, perhaps, return from the platform to the scaffold. Mr. MARWOOD is reputed to be "the inventor of the long drop." He naturally, therefore, gave himself plenty of rope; with the proverbial consequence. May his melancholy fate prove a warning to other pretenders not to attempt performances beyond their line. In the public executioner attempting to deliver a lecture, what a regular "hempen homespun" have we had swaggering at Sheffield!

### POLITICS FOR THE PRESENT.

CONSIDER the conformation of a slice of plum-pudding, boys, and be careful how you introduce the thin end of the wedge.

HOW TO BRING A QUESTION WITHIN THE RANGE OF PRACTICAL POLITICS (in the Days of William the Conqueror).—Murder a few Policemen. Blow up a few Prisons.





### BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

*Grown-up Sister.* "OH, CHARLEY, IF YOU MUST GO AWAY, CAN'T YOU INTRODUCE ME TO ONE OF YOUR SCHOOLFELLOWS, TO LOOK AFTER ME TILL YOU COME BACK?"

*Charley.* "OH NO! IT WOULDN'T DO! IT WOULD BE SO ROUGH ON A FELLOW TO FAG HIM OUT LIKE THAT!"

### THE SISTER AT OUR GATE.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, Vice-Queen of Ireland, has turned that somewhat empty dignity to useful account, by her plea addressed to the millions in England who have to spare for the tens

of thousands in the West of Ireland, whom this cruel winter has found insufficiently provided with such poor food and fuel as they are but too thankful to have in average years in sufficient quantity to keep life together.

Surely her prayer will be answered. If England could find her

hundreds of thousands for starving ryots in India, and her tens of thousands for victims of famine and inundation in France and Hungary, and her alms for all sufferers, all the world over wherever a great need calls, she will surely find of her abundance to stay the hunger and warm the nakedness of the poor Sister at her gate!

The means of organisation at the command of the Vice-Queen of Ireland should insure the right application of whatever help England may give; and there is no fear, in spite of all that Irish agitators may do to harden English hearts against their dupes, or tools, but that the blessing of warm Irish hearts will go up over the gift of kindly English hands.

## A PLEA FOR CHRISTMAS DINNERS.



THIS is Christmas time—and a hard, cold, nipping, seasonable Christmas time if ever there was one—the time to show that our hearts appreciate the lesson of the season—the season of hospitality and charity, and—best and cheeriest of all—of that hospitality which is charity at the same time.

There are all sorts of clamouring mouths held up, and craving hands held out—all alike deserving, it may well be, as far as need goes—but so numerous that a whole Christmas Number would not suffice to contain their mere names. There is the organisation for Destitute Children's Dinners; the Cottage Mission,\* with

its prayer for the wherewithal to find a better Irish stew than PARNELL's for some hundreds of starving little ones, to whom the mere smell of Irish stew must be as a whiff from the Garden of Eden—its taste, Eden itself.

There is the prayer for "Robin Dinners," the quaint idea of some kindly soul, fired by a Christmas Robin Redbreast's song in *Heart and Hand*, who invokes the name of the bird on behalf of the little "ragged Robins," the weeds of our gutters and slums.† No matter to which hospitable charity they give, let all our readers give to one or other, and justify their own abundant Christmas dinners by the thought that they have found a dinner for some of those who, without them, would have gone dinnerless on the day of good-will.

\* Mr. A. AUSTIN, 14, Finsbury Circus.

† See the plea prettily pleaded in a pretty little volume, *Robin's Carol*, and *What Came of It*, emanating from the abode of the anonymous organiser, 7, Paragon, Blackheath.

## HAPPY-THOUGHT GUIDE TO LONDON.

(Being a Dickens of a Dickensian for the use of Visitors to the Metropolis.)

X.—This letter has cost me a lot of trouble. I have besought anyone and everyone to tell me what he knew about any place in London beginning with "X."

The answers could be divided into four classes:—(a) the positively negative, (b) the irritatingly humorous, (c) the stupidly ambiguous, and (d) the undeniably rude.

Class (a).—These had never heard of any place beginning with X, never wished to, didn't want to be bothered, and said good-day as soon as possible, and walked off.

Class (b).—The irritatingly humorous. These wags knew of a score of such places.

"Any number of 'em," said one.

I prepared pencil and paper.

"Any number!" I exclaimed, delighted. "Any number of places beginning with X! Go on—name them."

Then came the irritating reply,

"X represents an unknown quantity."

I left in disgust.

Fifty, at least, replied at once, as if struck by quite an original

idea, "Oh, X-eter Hall, of course." Others suggested, "The X-change." One held out some hope.

"You might fairly write the crosses as 'X.' As, for x-sample, 'King's X,' 'Charing X,' and so forth."

I thanked him and made my x-it.

Several humorous persons suggested that under "X," "Double X," and "Treble X," I should include all the Breweries.

I gave up the humorous people. They were unfeeling and unsympathetic.

In the next Class (c) were the stupidly ambiguous, who winked slyly, and asked why I wanted to know. One of them suggested that I might include one particular part of London under "X," i.e. St. Mary Axe, if "Axe" were only pronounced "Exe," in a sort of Mining Lane fashion. This wouldn't do.

The last class indulged in repartees which with a less busy man would have led to breaches of the peace, courts of law, mandamus (or "mandam," as a lawyer's clerk, who had learnt his Latin grammar to some purpose, said it ought to be—for if *hippopotamus* in the plural is *hippopotami*, oughtn't two *mandamus*es to be expressed by *mandami*?)—appeals, certioraris, Houses of Lords, Queens in Councils, and Emperresses in Indias,—but, fortunately, I have neither time nor money for these costly luxuries. So I merely took somebody else's umbrella out of the Club-stand, and left, as the shades of evening were falling fast.

No, after fair Examination I conclude that there is no X in London at the present moment, unless there be a church dedicated to Saint Francis Xavier. When we want to add to London, evidently we must have *An-x*.

YACHTING CLUBS.—For special information apply to any of the Jolly Young Watermen at the various London cab-stands. The members of Yachting Clubs must always be in Yachting costume—i.e., *costume de rigueur*. The general rule—or the admiral rule—is, that everyone must "know the ropes."

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Entirely intended for the Young Ladies.

YORICK CLUB.—For Theatrical Amateurs. Originally started by "some village Hamlet."

YORK PLACE.—As an article of consumption not so celebrated as York Hams. York Place is caught in the Archbishop's See of York.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The most delightful lounge in the Metropolis, though a beastly place. The animals are fed at regular hours, but visitors can feed themselves at any time. The Bears at any hour are ready for buns, which are thrown to them by privileged subscribers, each of whom, though no rabbit, is what the French term a *bunny*.

This letter finishes the Alphabet, but, in reply to numerous inquiries at our Letter-Box Office, the present Compiler begs to make the following address:—

To Correspondents.

DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

You have asked me not to stop at "Z," but to add several other letters—in fact, to "keep it going." Immediately on receiving your request, I applied to the Post-Office, but the authorities there informed me that it was utterly impossible for them to give me any more letters. I add to my alphabet, on my own account, this one letter, which is more of a postscript than a letter, and remain

Your humble Alphabetical Guide, Philosopher, and Friend,  
H. T. G.

## IN THEIR STOCKINGS.

Christmas Eve Surprises—Selected.

The Emperor of Russia's.—A "Constitution" in good working order.

Mr. Gladstone's.—A majority from Midlothian.

The Sultan's.—A Christmas-box—in ready money.

Mr. Labouchere's.—All the back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph*, gilt-edged, bound in vellum, and labelled "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*."

M. Grévy's.—A French moderator—properly trimmed.

Lord Lytton's.—An Earl's coronet, and a free passage to Southampton.

Lord Salisbury's.—A bundle of Christmas Cards from the Duke of ARGYLL.

The Duke of Argyll's.—A box of Christmas Bon-bons from Lord SALISBURY.

Lord Beaconsfield's.—A recipe for a few hours' real peace, with or without honour, at Hughenden.

And Cetera's.—A roast ox, half-a-dozen of rum, and *Punch's Pocket Book* for 1880.

ERRATUM.—We have to correct a mistake in "A Floating Tom Tiddler's Ground" in our last number. The *Eldorado* is not a P. and O. steamer.

## NEW YEAR WISHES.

*From the Sage to All and Sundry.*

OUND out,  
merry bells,  
the last  
"twelve"  
of the  
year!  
Clash loud  
through  
the night  
from the  
clock-tower  
near,  
While the  
Sage in his  
sanctum is sitting alone,  
His task, like the bells', for  
old Seventy-Nine done;  
And, again like the bells',  
though a trifle more  
weighty,  
To be taken up soon for  
young incoming Eighty.  
Good wishes all round's the  
first work of the year,  
And to friends and to foes,  
to the far and the near,  
The Sage sends them forth  
on the wings of his Wit.  
"What d'ye lack?" The  
old cry of the huckstering  
cit  
Is his cue. May the  
New Year bestow as it  
flies  
Better sense on the fool,  
greater strength on the  
wise,

On the eloquent tact, on the satirist heart,  
On the clever more conscience, more taste on the smart.  
Your health, my deft DIZZY, here's wishing you luck,  
Higher goals for your power, and patience, and pluck;  
Better judgment in choosing new watchwords for BULL;  
And, to warm that cold gumption of which you are full,  
Just a spark of that much-contemned zeal for the right  
Which steadies the aim while it sharpens the sight,  
And, like a straight jock's patient pounding, comes fast;  
When the dodgers are done with, and wins at the last.  
More power to your elbow, Friend GLADSTONE, grey youth,  
And, a trifle more tact in your zeal for the truth.  
May your seventy-first year bring you triumphs, dear G.,  
*Plus* a wee bit of skill in the Art of *précis*.  
Stout Brummagem JACK, here's your health in a bumper!  
May fairness more temper your force as a thumper;  
Be a little less eager to butter the Yankee  
And bully the Briton, and *Punch* will say, "Thank ye."  
To SALISBURY let us wish less of asperity,  
And, let's say, a clear-up in his views about verity,  
To NORTHCOTE more backbone, to LYTTON more light,  
To PARNELL less sense of wrong, more sense of right,  
To BULL fewer bogies, more trade, finer weather,  
And parties who pull rather better together.  
Good wishes! Their objects may turn up their noses,  
Content with their state, as the dying year closes.  
No matter! Here's health to the grumblers all round,  
And ere the next New Year's bells cheerily sound,  
May they learn *Punch's* greetings, though pungent, are still  
Inspired by an honest and hearty good-will,  
Still informed by good sense which ne'er gushes or cants—  
Those best New Year's wishes that go to worst wants.

## Shutting the Stable-door, &amp;c.

THE Indian Government is concentrating an Engineering Staff on the Railway from Peshawur to Jellalabad. Colonel BONUS, R.E., is the Engineer-in-Chief. Let's hope he'll be a good one. But hitherto the Bonuses of the great Indian Engineering Firm of BEACONSFIELD, LYTTON, & Co., have not been brilliant.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

MR. PARNELL has started gaily for America, and carries with him the best wishes of the Irish Landlords. Having kindly secured for them a very light November gale, they now fervently wish him a very heavy December one.

## PRECIOUS RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

AFTER a gallant resistance on the part of the South-Western Railway Company to the claim of £16,000 awarded by a jury to Dr. PHILLIPS, a London physician, as compensation for injuries caused by negligence of their servants, the Court of Appeal has confirmed that verdict, and the Company will have to pay the money. Down on the nail, too; for their counsel, Serjeant BALLANTINE, in vain besought the Court for a stay of execution. The Court said they had no power to stay execution; and might have added, that if they had any they would certainly not exert it. The plaintiff had lost a practice of £7,000 a year by the defendants' default, and the Lords Justices perhaps considered that, willing as they might feel to be as merciful as possible to the poor Company, they were bound rather to compassionate the poor physician, and not to stay, but, had they been able, on the contrary, to hasten execution as fast as possible.

So now what will the South-Western Railway Company do? Will its Directors take counsel together, and enact a new bye-law declining conveyance of passengers earning incomes over a stated amount, except at augmented fares? Will they require such passengers to declare themselves, their callings, profits, or earnings, and to submit themselves to be labelled "Doctor," "Lawyer," "Author," "Artist," "So much a year. With extra care"? Or will they, more prudently, consult with a view to the completest possible correction of any discoverable defect in their existing arrangements likely to result in the bodily harm of somebody, and to be detrimental to any passenger's income large or small? Perhaps by this time they have fully corrected some, at least, of the defects of that description which they have had repeatedly pointed out to them. Peradventure, there now no longer remains at any of their stations a single platform to whose level the descent has to be made either by a step so narrow as to be unmanageable without risk of slipping, or by the expedient of jumping down—great-toe and other lower extremities of elderly gentlemen affected with gout, notwithstanding.

In the meanwhile, Railway Companies should be careful how they carry physicians, or other professional gentlemen in large practice. They are in like position with the boatman who carried CÆSAR and his fortunes, with the difference that if they fail to take due care of CÆSAR, they may find themselves obliged to make the wreck of CÆSAR's fortunes good.

## A NEW POSTAGE-STAMP.

WE are promised a new postage-stamp, of a paler red—which looks as if Ministers wished to disclaim a warlike policy,—and with better gum,—a symbol, it may be said, of their adhesiveness or determination to stick to their places. The Queen's Head, we are glad to hear, will remain intact. In these days of Nihilist and Socialist attempts on Royal lives, this may be meant to reassure timid people. It is true that in England the danger to the Queen's Head is Nihilist in another than the Russian sense—in that it amounts to nothing, and arises from nobody.

But, after all we have heard of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S views, it is a comfort to know that the Queen's Head remains where it was—at least on her subjects' letters. In the impression on her subjects' hearts there never was any question of change.

## AUGURY AT FAULT.

A SEVERE winter is commonly said to be betokened by flocks of fieldfares and redwings. Ornithological observers report that they have not seen any. Perhaps the severe summer killed them all.

TO BE READ WITH A SCIENTIFIC EYE.

"CABUL" when we would sit on,  
"Cab-l-under" we have lit on!

THINK OF THE POOR LETTER-CARRIERS!—The best Postman's Christmas-Box—A Letter-Box, in the front-door.



LEAP-YEAR, 1880.

**An Old Nursery-Rhyme.***(New-set for Sheffield.)*

WADDY and WORTLEY were two ready men,  
 They talked like steam-engines again and again.  
 The odds upon WORTLEY they ran very high,  
 With Bungs, Blues, and Tearemites all in full cry.  
 But the Blues they might bounce, and the Bungs they might brag,  
 The PATS who backed WADDY gave WORTLEY the bag!

**SAYINGS AND DOINGS.**

SAID PASHA, it is stated in a Constantinople telegram, has issued an order prohibiting the Slave Trade in the SULTAN's dominions, under a penalty of a year's imprisonment and the manumission of the slave. This is all very well, *Said*; but when will it be *Done*?

A "LEAP"—IN THE DARK!—1880!





THE CIMABUE BROWNS. ("TRAIN UP A CHILD," &c.)

*Antiquated Grandpapa (fresh from Ceylon).* "Now, my DARLINGS, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A REGULAR DAY OF IT. FIRST WE'LL GO TO THE ZOO. THEN WE'LL HAVE A JOLLY GOOD BLOW-OUT AT THE LANGHAM HOTEL. AND THEN WE'LL GO AND SEE THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE!"

*Master Cimabue.* "THANKS AWFULLY, GRANDPAPA! BUT WE PREFER THE NATIONAL GALLERY TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS!"

*Miss Monna Gioronda.* "YES, GRANDPAPA!—AND WE WOULD SOONAH HEAR HANDEL'S *JUDAS MACCABEUS*, OR SEBASTIAN BACH'S GLORIOUS 'PASSIONS-MUSIK,' THAN ANY PANTOMIME, THANK YOU!"

### SEASONABLE CELEBRATIONS.

At the urgent solicitation of his Welsh neighbours, who feel that as he lives in Wales it is only just that he should favour that country with a public exposition of his views and opinions, Mr. GLADSTONE has consented, with the beginning of the new year, to speak in public at Llanidloes, Machynlleth, Pwllheli, Swansea, the Cathedral Cities, and the principal railway stations, and from the Menai Bridge. A torchlight procession up Snowdon is in contemplation as a grand *finale* to the campaign, but it is feared that the season will interfere with Mr. GLADSTONE delivering an address on the financial position of the country from the summit. Great preparations are making for Mr. GLADSTONE'S reception throughout the Principality; and presents of Welsh ale, Welsh flannels, Welsh slates, Welsh ponies, and Welsh rabbits, will greet him at every stage of his progress.

We are glad to announce the revival of some fine old Christmas customs by the legal profession. On an early night in the holidays a Lord of Misrule, and a Master of the Revels, will be elected. The Judges, Queen's Counsel, Benchers, and Barristers, will assemble under their auspices, in the Great Hall of the Middle Temple, and take part in a game of Snapdragon. Afterwards the Sergeants-at-law will sing a selection of glees and carols; and a steaming wassail-bowl, borne on the shoulders of the two junior County Court Judges, will close the entertainment.

The LORD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS will be "at home" in Guildhall, on New Year's Eve. A gigantic Christmas-Tree will be the principal attraction, with Gog and Magog as supporters. The LADY MAYORESS, assisted by the Sheriffs and the Society of Arts, will also preside over a "bran-tub," in which the Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and Corporation Officers, the Masters and Wardens of the City Companies, the Cabinet Ministers, the Ambassadors, and

the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House will have the privilege of "dipping."

Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON has invited a party of the principal scientific chemists to dine with him on New Year's Day. After dinner, samples of the wines bequeathed to Dr. RICHARDSON by Sir W. C. TREVELYAN will be placed on the table, and subjected to qualitative and quantitative analysis.

The time-honoured custom of seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in will be kept up by the Horological Society, assisted by the Queen's Remembrancer, the Master of the Ceremonies, and the Staff of Greenwich Observatory. The Horologists perform on their new chronometers on this occasion; and the scene will be illuminated by the Electric Light.

On Twelfth-Night the Earl of BEACONSFIELD will entertain the Conservative Peers who are minors, and a large party, both juveniles and adults, in the apartments of the Stationery Office. A great variety of conjuring tricks and illusions, and some novel and startling experiments with chemicals, &c., will be prominent features in his Lordship's programme.

The annual dole of cigarettes and *Curacao*, accompanied with warm stockings, will be distributed on New Year's Day to decayed and deserving Members of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, in the Colour-yard of St. James's Palace, by the Prince and Princess of WALES.

### Boar and Bore.

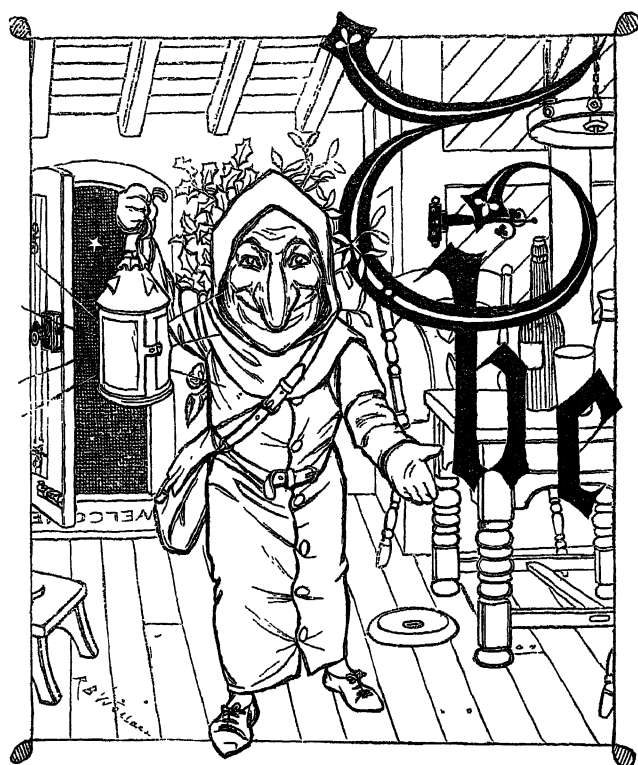
AN OVIDIAN (NOT DARWINIAN) METAMORPHOSIS.

(A Flash from a Midlothian Faggot.)

OBLIQUO laceravit aper Calydonius ictu:  
Ore Caledonius lassat nunc rhetor aperto.



## THE "FIRST FOOT," 1880.



which everybody can see the stage. That is the problem. Required a single London theatre

CUSTOM of the North,  
As the Old Year struggles forth,  
And the Young Year, his inheritor, comes with the joy-bells in,  
Is that who steps earliest o'er  
The threshold of the door,  
As the "first foot" doth the wassail-cup and cheer of welcome win.  
So with the infant year,  
*Punch*, the friend of all, is here,  
With peace and good-will greeting to his readers high and low.  
Better first foot than he I trow could never be  
To come in with the joy-bells, 'neath the stars, across the snow.

## A Desideratum.

LET us hope that when the BANCROFTS are about re-modelling the Haymarket, they will improve on Lord BEACONSFIELD, and give us not only a "scientific front-tier," but a scientific second and third tiers, too—in fact, a dress-circle from

## PRESENTS FROM OUR CHRISTMAS-TREE.

*Earl of Beaconsfield.*—A pair of Garters for two legs—one embroidered "*Imperium*," and the other "*Libertas*."

*Lord Cranbrook.*—A rod in India pickle.  
*Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach.*—A barrel of the best Anglo-Dutch and another of Natives.

*Mr. Montagu Corry.*—An elegant and useful Secretary, with private drawers.

*Mr. Bright.*—A firkin of best American butter.

*Lord Chelmsford and Sir Bartle Frere.*—Collars of their Orders in Cape diamonds.

*Earl of Derby.*—A reversible Coat, warranted a perfect fit at last.

*Mr. Gladstone.*—The *Heart of Midlothian*, in cloth, (best tweed,) and a ton of Butter-Scotch.

*Mr. Lowe.*—A packet of Grantham Gingerbread.

*Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*—A Christmas hamper, containing two bottles of lemonade, two of Apollinaris and two of soda-water, a plum-cake, a pound of tea, and a packet of loaf-sugar.

*Mr. Mackonochie.*—An ecclesiastical Suit, Oxford mixture, warranted durable.

*Marquis of Salisbury.*—A Russian Note-Paper-Case, with cipher, and key to ditto.

*Miss Terry.*—A fourth Casket, with her portrait as *Portia* set in diamonds.

*Mr. Waddy.*—Fourteen thousand sharp Sheffield Blades.

## SUGGESTION FOR MADAME TUSSAUD.

As a set-off to the Chamber of Horrors—a Chamber of Beauties, with a ring of British belles in full swing.

## OLD GRUMPS'S CHRISTMAS DINNER ALPHABET.

A was A 1, that's *me*, asked for my money;  
B was the Bosh, which some asses think funny;  
C was the Children, big bores—great and small;  
D was the Dinner, turkey, mince-pie, and all;  
E was the Evening I thought ne'er would end;  
F was the "Family"—not a good blend;  
G was the Greengrocer, proud of his post;  
H was the Husband, a much henpecked host;  
I was the Idiot, old stories who told;  
J was his Jokes, whose reception was cold;  
K was the Kitchen, where things went to pot;  
L was the Lady-help, helpless and hot;  
M was the Music, through which people talked;  
N was the Noodle, my good things who balked;  
O was the Oranges, dreadfully acid;  
P was the Poker of fun, pert and placid;  
Q was the Quizzer, who wore out my patience;  
R was the Row, among too near relations;  
S was the Snub, which I gave when'er crossed;  
T was my Temper, several times lost;  
U's the Umbrella, they said I'd mislaid;  
V the Vexation I freely displayed;  
W my Will—which those folks shan't be better for;  
X the Expense, which, thank Heaven, I'm no fretter for;  
Y stands for Yule with its prickles of holly;  
Z for the Zanies who call Christmas jolly.

## CLAIMS OF THE "CLAIMANT."

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

Talk of Liberals avin' sitch a preshus feller-feelin for the People, Hoo was it as passed two sentences of penial servitude to foller one arter tether upon the unfortunate Nobleman now a languagin at Porchmouth? Hoo, but Lord Chief justass COBURN? Yah! He's a Liberal, he is; and wot politics is the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that's been and granted a fie-at agin his judgment as will werry likely amount to a New Year's Gift of liberation to Sir RODGER TICHBORNE, leastways next Febuary. Wy, a Conserwa-

tive is Sir JOHN OKER, and as a member of Her Majesty's Guvment no doubt he've done wise in consultin the convictions and feelins of many a true Englishman that can't and won't be convinced or persuaded nohow, say what yer like, but wot im they calls the Claimant is the riteful Hare. The Lower Orders, the Cads, the Residyum as they're called by the erty Aristouaucks, they knows hoo to look to for their reel Friends, witch favours their wishes.

I'm bound to say there's menny and menny a burrow where the Ministerial Candidate at the next election will pole the vote of every man jack which puts faith in the Hurl of BEACONSFIELD, cause as how he likewise beleeves in that there other Nobleman aforesaid, and which is also the sentemence of your umbal servant,

WILLIAM PUTTY.

P.S.—A Conservative Working-Man.

## MILITARY NINEPINS.

*Despatch from General R.:*—

My Army Corps temporarily shut up in a very strongly fortified position. Will make short work of the enemy when Gen. B. comes up. Meantime quite comfortable. *No danger!*

*Despatch from General B.:*—

My troops quite 'strong enough, but can't go far. Will smash the foe as soon as Gen. G. arrives. Quite happy. *No danger!*

*Despatch from General G.:*—

My soldiers in splendid fighting trim, and full of dash. When Col. M. joins with his contingent, will carry all before us. All serene. *No danger!*

*Despatch from Viceroy:*—

WHEN M. joins G., and G. unites with B., and B. reinforces R., we may expect a speedy termination of this brilliant campaign, so ably planned and so promptly carried out. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to be assured on all hands that there is *no danger!*

MORE SHORT THAN SWEET.—We regret to see that the brief comment on "*Such a good man*" at the Olympic is "*SUCH a bad play.*"



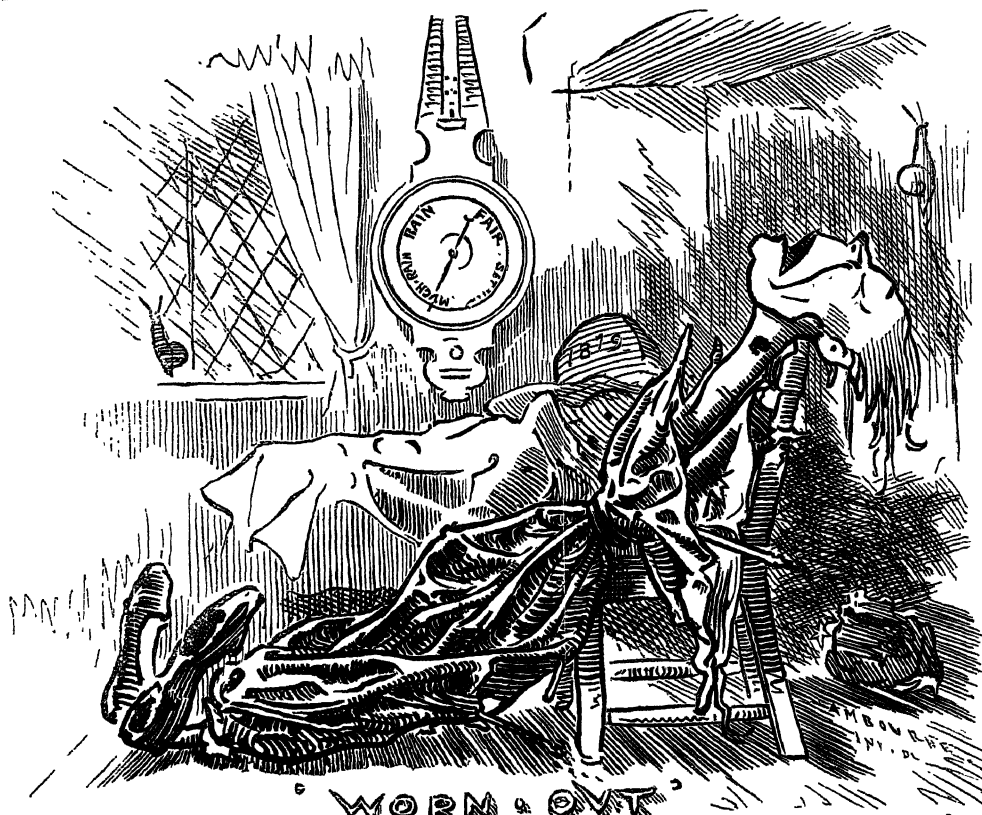




"AT BAY!"







A RECOLLECTION OF THOMAS FAED, R.A. & THE YEAR 1879.

### CONVIVIAL CULTURE'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with the following:—

*"Avalon by Caerlaon. Eve of a Dying Year."*

"MY QUAIN'T AND CHARMING FRIEND,

"FOR so, my dear Mr. Punch, I think I may be allowed to address you—I want you, who so truly appreciate the fresh spirit that animates us, to let me offer your readers a few hints as to the only possible æsthetic fashion in which culture can stoop to the celebration of that revel of Philistinism, the modern holiday. I would teach you, and those who, like you, strain with aching eyes towards that subtler beauty, which neither you nor they can understand, how to greet the awaking of another—

'Long and languid year.'

"And first, understand that the spirit of the Old World Masque——"

Press of matter obliges Mr. Punch to condense the interesting communication of his cultured correspondent.

He has, however, run roughly through his ten pages of very cramped manuscript, and the following will be found a pretty complete *précis* of its contents:—

On the evening of the 31st December, ask all the people you know to look in at about eleven, in cotton-velvet doublets, tight silk hose, and frizzy hair.

When your guests are assembled in rooms without carpets, but hung with worm-eaten tapestry, very yellow Old Church lace, and Venetian mirrors, and set about with ancient settees, too rickety to recline upon, and angular chairs that go over if sat down on un-mediævally, go out into the street with your family (in silk tights), and accompany yourselves on various three-stringed instruments, a mediæval hand-organ, a ring of bells, a pipe and tabor, and timbrels, in a "Nowell," until stopped by sneezing or ordered off by the police.

Come in and *pose* a bit, and get warm, if you can, on a supper copied from a rare Florentine *menu* of FRANCESCO DELLA INDIGESTIBILE, the chief feature of which should be a cold pasty of Ligurian ortolans, served up with slices of raw cabbage.

Hang about listlessly, addressing young Ladies as "damosel," their Mammas as "Lady mine," and any fellow you do or don't know, as "Sir Knight." Keep this up till the ortolan pasty begins to tell on the company, and then get as many of the guests as you can to form a procession in the street outside, and with a Middle Age *motet* or carol, to wake the long and languid Year.

If this doesn't bring the neighbourhood down on you, and necessitate a visit in the early morning to the nearest police-court, go home and pledge "the fleeting tide of time" in the nearest approach to Ypocras or Malvoisie as drunk by the Troubadours, that you can get at your "Stores," and go to bed congratulating yourself that you have seen the New Year in in a spirit of true æsthetic culture.

N.B.—If your hair is much frizzled, take care you don't go too near the gas.

The above is pretty much what Mr. Punch makes of the æsthetic programme, which he recommends to those of his readers—if any—to whom the old-fashioned Philistine way of seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in, is a pain and a reproach.

### "AT BAY!"

RINGED by the wild and wolfish pack,  
In dense and denser bands—  
Above him storm-clouds lowering black,  
Around him snows and sands—  
A moment, borne by numbers back,  
At bay the Lion stands!

His back against the rifted rock,  
Not firmer rooted there  
Than he against the assailant's shock,  
With savage fangs set bare,  
Reckless how many thousands flock  
Down from their mountain-lair.

Not his nor ours to ask the why  
Or wherefore of the fray,  
That, thus before a wolfish cry  
The Lion brings to bay—  
Of strength for nobler empery,  
And less ignoble prey.

Enough, the Lion's of our blood,  
And to the work address,  
For which stern duty, ne'er withstood,  
Hath on him laid behest,  
Bidding him make his Empire good  
North and south, east and west!

So while our Lion stands at bay,  
Our prayers must be for him,  
That his strong arms may cleave their way,  
His clear eyes wax not dim,  
Till Lion-prowess shall o'er-sway  
Wolf-numbers, gaunt and grim!

### ANGLO-IRISH IDEAS.

BESPEAKING the Huddersfield Liberal Club, and referring to Home-Rule, Mr. E. A. LEATHAM, M.P., said:—

"He should be very glad to see strictly Irish business transferred at once from London to Dublin. He would also like to see Ireland governed according to Irish ideas."

If Irish business could be transferred from London to Ireland, Imperial business would, no doubt, be less impeded. But, then, Mr. LEATHAM, if you ever live to see Ireland governed by Irish ideas, how much Irish business of any kind do you expect to see done in Dublin, or anywhere? Sure, your Honour, aren't Irish Ideas of business, as developed by Ireland's Representative Home-Rulers, simply Obstruction?



## AN INFANTILE SELL.

*Effie.* "NOW I'M THE CLOCK. I'LL TICK, AND YOU TELL ME WHEN TO STRIKE, AUNT! TICK—TICK—TICK—TICK—TICK," &c., &c.

*Aunt.* "NOW STRIKE!"

[*Effie boxes her Aunt's ears.*]

## MINISTERIAL NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT.

WITH a view to stem the tide of Liberal reaction, and at once to amuse themselves and the North Country public by a seasonable entertainment in these depressing times, the Members of the Ministry have agreed to give a *Soirée* in one of the Industrial Capitals of the North, which, is not yet definitely settled. *Punch* has been favoured with an early copy of the Programme:—

**Exhibition of Dissolving Views**, by the Earl of BEACONSFIELD. Grand display of Magic-Lantern Slides, showing "Beauties of Cyprus;" "Views of Old and New Stamboul," in which will be shown the Shadow Entertainment popularly known as "*Les Ombres Turques*" or Karagooz, with the humours of the Old Turk improving himself off the face of Europe; "Herd of White Elephants at Play." A "Scientific Frontier" (with Phantasmagoric effects). Concluding with grand Allegorical Tableau representing "Peace with Honour."

*An Interval for Refreshment.*

**Reading**, by the Marquis of SALISBURY, from "*Les Rois en Exil*," illustrated by highly-coloured Pictures of CETEWAYO, SECOCENT, YAKOUB KHAN, and ISMAIL PASHA.

**Magnified Views in the Oxyhydrogen Microscope—**of Ministerial Finance—Past and Present. By the Right Honourable Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE.

**Grand Gymnastic Performance.** Vaulting over Facts and Figures, by the whole Troupe. Concluding with Balancing Feats by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

**Nigger Melody—"On the Stump,"** with seasonable Topical Allusions to Yule-Logs and Faggots. By the Right Honourable E. STANHOPE.

**Reading**, in character, from the *Merchant of Venice*—Lancelot Gobbo's famous Soliloquy, "To Budge it, or not to Budge it." By the Right Honourable Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE.

**Sheffield Song**, with Clog Hornpipe Accompaniment.

AIR—"Gin a Body."

Gin a body—S. D. WADDY,—  
Strength with WORTLEY try,  
Gin a body beat a body,  
Need a body cry?

By Viscount CRANBROOK (who has been prevailed upon to appear on his way to Scotland to answer Mr. GLADSTONE).

Glee—

AIR—"Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree."

Oh! the Zulu, and the Turk, and the bony Afreedee!

Lord B., Lord C., and the Marquis of S.

**A Game at General Post.** Led by Lord JOHN MANNERS, who will leave his old nobility at home for the occasion. Ending in general confusion and loss of seats.

**Duet** (from *Madame Favart*, by kind permission of Mrs. SWANBOROUGH).

"We are such artless things!"

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD and Marquis of SALISBURY.

**Selections from H.M.S. Pinafore** (with the kind permission of Mr. DOYLEY CARTE and Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN), by Right Hon. W.H. SMITH, and the Naval and Civil Lords of the Admiralty.

**Comic Reading—"Tall Talk"**—By the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, on Stilts.

"*Cross-Purposes*"—Monopolylogue, with changes of costume, à la WOODIN. By the HOME SECRETARY.

**Irish Jig and Break-Down.** By the Right Hon. J. LOWTHER.

**Part Song.** By Heads of Departments.

"Good-bye! Sweethearts! Good-bye!"

With drum and trumpet accompaniment. By Viscount CRANBROOK and Lord STANLEY.

**Finale and General Chorus**, with Solo Parts for each Minister—

"It may be for years, and it may be for ever!"

A select body of County Members, in their true-blue uniforms, with Mr. CHAPLIN, will be in attendance for the purpose of Protection.

N.B.—No Money Returned.

## Cattle Plague in Cyprus.

(A Really Superfluous Importation.)

WITH the plagues of man so shared us,—  
Enough 's as good as a feast;—  
Europe might have surely spared us  
Her peculiar plague of beast!

## PUNCH'S ADVICE TO PARNELL.

SEND a liberal donation to the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH's Relief Fund.  
Settle in the United States.  
Become an American Citizen.  
Stand for the Presidency.



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